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THE HOLY FAMILY.

(After Painting of Franz Defregger, Munich School.)

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CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

PUBLISHED AT NIAGARA FALLS BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF NORTH AMERICA WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL APPROBATION.

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1897.

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Addressed to Readers of "The Carmelite Review."

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

RING out, sweet bells, a joyous chime,
And greet the coming year.
Ring out far o'er the virgin-snow,
Through starlight bright and clear!
Within my spirit softly thrills
That music of the bells;
An echo of their silvery tones
From mystic harp-strings swells.

II.

I fain would greet all kindly friends,
—Far distant from my view,—
Who love Mount Carmel's glorious Queen,
And welcome her "Review."
Accept, in these low notes of song,
From "Enfant de Marie"
A New-Year's prayer that to you all
It may a blest one be.

III.

We'll lay it at thy sacred feet
O Blessed Mother-Maid!
Its joys and sorrows all shall be
'Neath thy maternal aid.
The first fair flowers of early spring,
—White as the drifting snow,—
The scented rose of summer-time
Unfolding in its glow.

IV.

The beautiful autumnal leaves,
All things most sweet and fair
We'll twine around thy holy name
As emblems of our prayer.
And as thy well-loved Feasts come round
To light our soul again,
In all their gladness we'll rejoice
And grieve in all their pain.

V.

Our echoes of an Angel's voice,
—Soft-breathed at midnight calm,—
Our sighing for thy bitter woe
Beneath the dying Lamb.
Our songs exulting in thy bliss
When, from "the desert place,"
Thy soul, O free white dove, takes flight
To gaze upon God's face.

VI.

All these sweet melodies shall rise
From earth, O Mother dear!
And thou wilt listen tenderly
All through the coming year.
Illume our onward, upward path
With thine own star-like ray,
And when life's passing days are o'er
Lead us *thyself* away.

VII.

Away, afar from pains of earth,
From all its cares and tears,
Away to light, and peace, and joy,
Of God's eternal years!
Our Lady of Mount Carmel, hear
Thy children's sigh of love.
Look down upon their coming year,
And bless it from above.

"*Regina decor Carmeli ora pro nobis!*"

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XIV.

McMaster's Spirit of Gratitude to God and the Mother of God—Some Edifying Letters—His Last Illness—His Preparation for Death—His Pious End—Public Expression of Profound Regret at His Death from Eminent Members of the Clergy and Prominent Laymen—The Obsequies—Sermon by His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, D. D.—The "Month's Mind—Lines from Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly.

THERE was a beautiful tradition amongst the Jews which Lancicius quotes from Philo. It was to this effect: When God had created the world, he asked the angels what they thought of this work of his hands. One of them answered that it was so vast and so perfect that only one thing was wanting to it, namely, that there should be created a clear, mighty, and harmonious voice, which should fill all the quarters of the world incessantly with its sweet sound, and offer thanksgiving day and night to its Maker for his incomparable blessings.

Indeed, the blessings of God, both spiritual and temporal, are so great and so numerous that every one of us must say with St. Gregory of Nyssa: "I think that if our whole life long we conversed with God without distraction, and did nothing but give thanks, we should really be just as far from adequately thanking our heavenly benefactor, as if we had never thought of thanking him at all. For time has three parts, the past, the present, and the future. If you consider the present, it is by God that you are now living; if the future, he is the hope of everything you expect; if the past, you would never have been if he had not created you. That you were born, was his blessing. And after you were born, your life and your death were equally his blessing. Whatever your future hopes may be they depend also on his blessing. You are only master of the present; and therefore if you never once intermitted thanksgiving during your whole life, you would hardly do enough for the grace that is always present; and your imagination cannot conceive of any method possible by which you could do anything for the time past, or for the time to come. Since the benefits and blessings of God are unspeakably great, from their multitude, their magnitude, and their incomprehensibiilty, they are by no means to be concealed in silence or left without commemoration. Though it be impossible for us to commemorate them adequately, yet we must openly acknowledge them, revere them in our heart, and religiously worship them as far as possible. For though we cannot explain

them in words, we can make acknowledgment of them in the pious and enlarged affection of our hearts. Indeed, the immense mercy of our Eternal Creator condescends to approve not only that which man can do, but all he would desire to do; for the merits of the just are counted up by the Most High not only in the doing of the work, but in the desire of the will.

Hence the spirit of thanksgiving has been in all ages the characteristic of the, saints. Thanksgiving has always been their favorite prayer.

When the Archangel Raphael was about to make himself known to Tobias and his family, he said to them: "It is time that I return to him that sent me; but bless God and publish all his wonderful works." Probably, as he parted from them, he showed them a glimpse of his angelic beauty, as they went immediately into an ecstasy of three hours, which filled them with a spirit of thanksgiving. "Then they, lying prostrate for three hours upon their face, blessed God, and rising up they told all his wonderful works."

The Christians learned this spirit from our Lord Jesus Christ, who always thanked his Father in the beginning of his prayers, and when about to operate any miracle.

From the epistles of St. Paul we learn that this great Apostle constantly exhorted the Christians, "always to give thanks for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God and the Father."

The ancient Christians saluted one another with these words: "Thanks be to God." Those very words were always in the mouth and heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And in heaven, as St. John assures us, the blessed prostrate themselves before the throne of God to thank him continually for all his benefits. St. Cyprian, on hearing the sentence of his death, said: "Thanks be to God," and gave twenty-five gold crowns to the man who was to cut off his head. St. Lawrence thanked God on his gridiron. St. Boniface, in the midst of horrible torments, exclaimed: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, I thank Thee." St. Dulas, while he was being cruelly scourged, repeated: "I thank Thee, my Lord Jesus, for having deemed me worthy to suffer this for love of Thee." There is nothing more holy than a tongue which thanks God in adversity. To say but once "Thanks be to God" in adversity or illness, is better than to say it several thousand times in prosperity. Father Didacus Martinez, the Jesuit who was called the Apostle of Peru, because of his zeal for souls and his indefatigable labors in that province, used to say daily four hundred times and often six hundred times, "*Deo gratias*," "Thanks be to God." He tried to induce others to practise the same devotion, and declared that he knew there was no short prayer more acceptable to God than this, provided it was uttered with a devout intention. Hence, St. Lawrence Justinian says: "Only let God see you are thankful for what he has given you, and he will bestow more and better gifts upon you." St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi received a revelation in which she was told that thanksgiving prepared the soul for the boundless liberality of the Eternal Word.

In one of the revelations of St. Catharine of Sienna, God the Father tells her that thanksgiving makes the soul incessantly delight in him, that it frees men from negligence and lukewarmness altogether, and makes them anxious to please him more and more

in all things. "Happy is he," says St. Bernard, "who at every grace he receives, returns in thought to him in whom is the fulness of all grace; for if we show ourselves grateful for what he has given us, we may make room for still further grace in ourselves. Speak to God in thanksgiving, and you will receive grace more abundantly."

Now this duty of thanksgiving seems to be forgotten by many Catholics. It would not be easy to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty. There is little enough of prayer; but there is still less of thanksgiving. For every million of *Paters* and *Aves*, which rise up from the earth to avert evils, or to ask graces, how many follow after in thanksgiving for the evils averted or the graces given?

Men are grateful to their fellow-men, grateful even to animals. But to be thankful towards God, their greatest benefactor, seems unaccountably to have fallen out of most men's practical religion altogether. If we have reason to pity God, if we may dare so to speak with St. Alphonsus, because men sin against his loving Majesty, still more reason have we to do so when we see how scanty and how cold are the thanksgivings offered up to him.

"This sin of ingratitude," says St. Bernard, "is an enemy of the soul that entertains it in every way, depriving it of the good it has acquired, and preventing the acquisition of more; it is a scorching wind that dries up the sources of piety, the streams of mercy, and the torrents of grace. I have an extreme hatred of ingratitude, because it is a murderer which directly attacks the soul's salvation, and in my opinion there is nothing in religious, and in persons who practise piety, so displeasing to God as ingratitude for his benefits. Why is it that often God does not grant what we ask of him with the greatest earnestness? Is his power weakened? Are his riches exhausted? Has his affection for us waned? Alas, no! The true cause is that we do not thank God for his benefits.

There are few who thank him as they ought for his favors."

Indeed, there is nothing more odious even among men than ingratitude. "The ungrateful man," says St. Irenæus, "is a vessel of ignominy into which God pours the gall of his anger; while the grateful man is a vessel of election and honor, into which he continually pours the precious waters of his grace, and makes of him a great instrument of his glory."

Now the spirit of gratitude was quite peculiar to McMaster, from the beginning of his conversion to the Catholic faith to the end of his life. "God," he often said to his children, "bestows so many wonderful lights upon my soul." Being unable after the serious accident of his fall, to write himself, he communicated through his son Alphonsus, the following words to one of his daughters: "In your first letter after hearing of the hurt, you wrote of me as lonely without my daughters. I assure you in God's presence, not one such even most transient thought has passed through my mind at any time. I had as soon thought of missing your dear Mother or my own kind mother, whom I have not seen for forty-six years. My heart is only full of thanksgiving to our Lord in the Heart of His Blessed Mother that my three daughters are where they are. God bless my darling daughter. PAPA."

In another letter to the same daughter he writes:

Midnight is just past, and the *April fool's day* this year notes the sixty-sixth anniversary of the morning at

nine o'clock, when a baby boy began to breathe and squeak and blubber—that has fooled and troubled so many people since.

But foolish and profane correspondence is not admissible in your holy retreat during Lent. Yet I am lawless—being an *April fool*!

Earnestly, however, in this my *hermitage*—that is very sweet to me—that is very happy for me—that is *best* for me—this night—as men thinking death at hand say they see their whole lives come back to them—I gaze in astonishment at what is all vivid before me—my childhood, youth, early manhood and later life through all these so many years, so many of them full of tempest – I am no Moses. "*My* eyes are dimmed and my natural force abated," But, O my daughter, my *first born*—and for whom I must always have an affection that I can share to no other —however much I love them—I charge you so long as you live, continually to *thank*, to *bless*, to *praise* God, and our Lord, and *His Blessed Mother* our coredemptrix for the wonderful graces given to your poor wretched father. I had rather you would do this than even to pray for my poor soul—though I know well that it must undergo a most terrible purgation, before it can ever be clean enough to endure the presence of the Blessed even in the lowest court of Heaven.

We here add several letters written to his daughters, from which it is evident how great McMaster's spirit of gratitude was towards God and the Blessed Mother of God.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14th, 1884.

My most sweet daughter:

My beloved Sister in Domino—whom I love to think of in the Sacred Heart: I did hope, even down to this morning, that, tomorrow morning, St. Gertrude's day, I might have gone to Communion at your Community Mass, in your dear little Church, and have had a talk with you, and dear Sr. afterwards. But, clearly, our dear Lord does not wish it; and has given me some special business troubles to compel me to be in New York, on St. Gertrude's day. My Communion will be offered for you, my most sweet daughter, and my most fervent prayers. You and I will remember at Mass and in Communion, dear "Mama Gerty." And how we should thank, after our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, and St. Teresa, and St. Alphonsus, the great St. Gertrude. She, too, is looked on, and spoken of, like our great St. Teresa, as a "Doctor of the Church," and she, long before the Blessed Marguerite, propagated the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. She and St. Alphonsus were, after our Lady and St. Joseph, the especial Patrons of the family, now, for a time scattered, but that our Lord has so signally favored. At the eight o'clock mass, I will meet you, and dear "Mama Gerty," and ask St. Gertrude, to whom our Lord said He could deny nothing, to present our Hearts to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Though absent in body we will be united in spirit.

The disappointment of not seeing you tomorrow, has made my heart very sore. There is a kind of rawness in the wounds. I think, if I can see you once a month, I will not miss you much, the rest of the time, most of the time I think of you as busy, or occupied, "in the other room," and as I keep busy all goes right. The Keileys are all that is good and kind. Mrs. Keiley does not get over her loss. Last Sunday evening I had the unexpected pleasure of a visit from Unser.

I have had a very oppressive "cold" for a day or two; and the disappointment of not being at Carmel, tomorrow, has put me in the dismals. But I keep saying the beads, and the dear "Chaplet of the Seven Dolours," that made me. Meditating on *Her* sorrows, how ashamed it makes any Christian to grunt over his petty troubles. I do certainly intend and expect to see you within the octave of St. Gertrude. Need I ask you to give my love to your dear "little mother," or to Mother Prioress, or to Mother Beatrix, or to *all* "my dear daughters," in Carmel from the father of the Community. Mrs. Keiley at my urgent request has changed the shawl for a coarse one at half the price. I want you to wear it. Then, if it cannot be used in the Convent, Mrs. Keiley says some of the "Out-Sisters" can certainly use it. If not I will use it myself, while in Baltimore, to keep my heart warm.

The Photographs came after over two weeks delay. I think Alman laid himself out on them. They far surpass anything I expected. "Dob" said he would attend the distributing them, as you had designated, but I do not think he did, in fact I know he did not. I attended to the Harper's and to Brownie —to the Keiley, of course. With Mother Prioress permission, I will feed your vanity by showing you the different ones, next week when I go on. And now once more God bless the dearest soul on this earth, whose voice I hear at night, when I waken, and whom in my quiet rooms I think of as "busy in the other room," while I keep myself busy.

"*Pater*" *thine.*

New York, Christmas, 1884.

What shall I say, or how begin, a letter to my inexpressibly dear daughter? Would you be so cruel to my soul as to wish I had had a "jolly Christmas?" The Keileys have been as loving and kind as human beings could be; and I have appreciated it; and been *cheery.* Are you then sorry that my heart has been *raw*, outside; and very sore, inside? Had not our Blessed Lady, on that first Christmas, the chord of intense sorrow, responding to the ineffable joy of the earth's music, with which she embraced her God, at the moment He was born of her? She knew what the Prophets had foretold of what her Son and her God had to suffer. So long as every hour, every minute, I can lift up my heart, and *thank God*, should you not be glad that our dear Lord treats me as a friend? You know the special gift He keeps for His friends is the *Cross*, the other things He gives His hirelings. You know, my Trudey, that I am *glad;* and would give my life rather than have it otherwise. What more can I say.

What little things upset poor feeble mortals! The older slippers happened to have so affected me. Very often when putting them on, I thought: Last pair of slippers of Trudey's work!" How like you to have begun the new ones; and how good in Mother Prioress, and Mother of Novices, to have let you finish them! I could well have done without them, but, when I received them, and your dear little note, I had to go into the Keiley's other room for a little while. You know my tears lie near my eyes. But my heart every hour, gives thanks to the dear Lord, and to His Mother, who have so singularly blessed our dear little family! Oh, what jubilation, and shoutings of joy it will be, and after so short a time of trial, when the bars and gratings of

Carmel, that now separate you from a false world, and protect you from it, shall be turned not only into decorations of glory and honor, but be rewarded, in *the inner man*, with joys, and happiness that no mortal imagination can conceive of. Then you, and my other dear daughter, "following the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth, for they are Virgins," will have a special gift. Darling daughter He that has begun His work in you will not fail. And I trust His grace and your fidelity, for the end. But, be sure you will have fierce conflicts, one day or other. Our Lord does not permit the devils to assault us poor wordlings, so fiercely as He permits them to assail those that walk in the highest paths. I did not mean to begin preaching, but my heart is open and I could not refrain my poor words.

Now I turn to other matters. The "becoming as a little child," was the one grace you especially needed to learn of, and *Carmel* is the *home* of our Blessed Lady in which especially to learn it—But your *human* wit seems to have taken on the same type, my darling Trudey! *How* could you have been so bamboozled as to dream—I had prepared that Christmas box? Why! It was Commendalore Keiley, helping dear Mrs. Keiley, that sent it, and only on last Sunday, when it had gone, did I know anything about it! So, really the dear nuns will have to say "God reward you" over again, *I* did not deserve it, though the Keileys, perhaps, led you to think so. *My* offering was a case of hard dates, that should contain nine small boxes. They are of this years dates, and, I think, the best I ever saw. They were forwarded last Monday, *all* charges paid. If they are not *very good*, I ought to be informed. It is best to be frank in these things, lest dealers take advantage of us. PATER.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1885.

My most sweet Sister in Domino:

How the years of your life pass before me, one by one, from the first breath you drew at eight o'clock in the evening, twenty-six years ago tomorrow. The baby with the big black eyes—I leave off the rest, that rise so distinctly to my mind. Then those strange seven years—my "*step wife*"! How determined you were, spite of my remonstrances—to "*sacrifice* yourself to me" as Father Carter used to put it.

Has not Our Lord rewarded you, my Sister Gertrude, for your generosity? After seven years, Our Lord called you to "go up higher" than another vocation would have called you. Now you are on Carmel, in the "Order of His Mother,"—face to face with Calvary. Blessing and thanksgiving, my daughter, to God most High, and to His Ever Blessed Mother, for so signal a grace. How can my tears help but flow, every day and often each day, thinking of you, and our dear little Sister—called to Carmel. They are all tears of love and of gratitude to God, for His inestimable blessing.

What more shall I say. Tomorrow, Masses shall be said for you. I go to Communion. In part this Wednesday—one of the nine to St. Joseph, must be for Phonse, but you will have your part. Whom of all my dear ones will I forget to pray for? I will not say much more to-night. I have been continually interrupted at my office to-day, and am writing this in the overheated correspondence room of the Astor House. On or about St. Joseph's day, I purpose dropping in on you. You can assure our dear "little Mother"—Mother Beatrix. How good God, and

His Blessed Mother, have been to us all. May, He ever bless you; whether it be the best half or the best two-thirds of your whole life, that you will pass by His grace in Carmel.

Oh, it will be *short* when it is over! But the reward, the crown—that will be forever! Oh, forever. PAPA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1884.

Sweet, sweet daughter:

I hardly think I should say *my* Gertrude! Are you not, now Our Lord's own Gertrude? And Gertrude in the Order of the Mother of God?

If I did not write, I followed you, day by day, in your holy ten days retreat, asking Our Lord for you, and for the Community. When you wrote that you were finally *accepted* for the Order of the Mother of God, I gave thanks to *Her*, and to Her Divine Son. Why was I so dull and dead as not to write and congratulate you? From day to day I *intended*—but I am weighted down to earth. At least I did better. Father Ben K—was on here, and I gave him the *honorarium* for a special mass of Thanksgiving, that he said he would say with special satisfaction. Thanking God for favors and graces, is the sure way of gaining yet other graces. I am *too busy* to go to Baltimore, just now. In compensation I propose, during the holidays, spending *three days* in Baltimore. With permission of Mother Prioress and Mother Mistress of Novices, I propose having several serious *conferences* with you, all to ourselves—over the Divine Office, the Breviary. St. Paul Apostle, says: "I will pray with the *heart*, but I will pray also with the understanding"! I am sure St. Teresa would approve of this. Note then, meantime, points you may especially wish to have cleared up, note the page, or the part of an office—and we may have a *good* time, not displeasing to Our Lord. PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1886.

My own most precious one, Sister of the Heart of Jesus:

During your Retreat and now, since your holy Profession, it has seemed to me as if you were hovering about the rooms of my hermitage. Is it your Guardian Angel? Are you asking him to come and stir me up so? If this may be so—and it is very far from contradicting Catholic doctrine—as the great St. Augustine teaches—ask your dear Guardian Angel to help *my* Guardian Angel to *waken me up*, from *sloth*. The old Testament Saints used to spend a great deal of time, they tell us, in "*musing*" over the things of the past. But, for us, Christians, life is precious, and time is the most precious thing of life. "*Short years are passing, and I am walking by a way by which I shall not return.*" So said holy Job. *You* are walking by the way of *penance*. By that way—when the "short years" are past—you will not have long to return. *I* am walking in the way of a dreamy and idle *revery*. That is a way by which, when I die, "I shall not return"! God is Infinite *Justice*, as well as Infinite Love. Pray for me, I beseech you, that I may have effectual grace—to do *some* penance, before I go hence.

It will be a faulty work—but pray for me, that I may do, at least, a little.

I am glad to hear that our dear little Sister is better—since it is God's will. About the pictures of St. Raphael—I will carefully, return her the one she sent. Will you tell her I "do *mind*" to get what she asks for—but, first, I must understand: Does she want *all St. Raphael's*—or only pictures of that kind, of other Angels or Saints? Tell me,

and I will, as you know, gladly "*mind*"! I am, *substantially in very good health.* We have had plenty of Northeast winds—but I am trying to ape Carmelites, and not mind. And if, even more and more the rooms of my hermitage are empty—one half minute is enough to make my heart run over with thanksgiving that my Gertrude—my "Trude," is where God loves to have her, and where it is best for her—and for all she ever loved.

Do not think I am in low spirits. I am not. But I have been *trying* to prepare myself for that *dedication* to Our Ever Blessed Mother recommended by the holy Grignon de Montfort—that you suggested I should make on next March 4. I find it uphill work! For more than the twelve days before the three weeks, I have been meditating on the emptying myself of myself! But I find my vessel so *full* of the bitter waters of *self*, so full and running over, that there is no room for the oil of Divine Joy! PAPA.

NEW YORK, June 23, 1886.

My own daughter and Sister of the Heart of Jesus:

It was because I was lazy, and dreamy—and to be dreamy is to be idle—I, *having a full letter in my head*, did not write a line. *Of course* I would have taken the gift Rev. Mother drew for me. But *I, too, drew* "*Wisdom*,"—of which I have such great need—*and you also!* And there was so much I wanted to write right thereupon—so, *foolish*, I wrote nothing! "Oh ye fools when will ye learn Wisdom"! Perhaps we may be able to talk about Wisdom next week . . . . . Oh, fuss, and dust, and pother, of this life, in search of pomps that die tomorrow! O. happiness—for those that have the grace, and the courage, to live with God, for God alone! O, my sweet *Carmel*! Lift up the hands that hang down, and brace up the knees that may tremble! Thy God is coming! He is near the door! And great, unspeakably great, are the rewards, and the embraces, He brings with Him. Mark you! It is not to all those that He will have saved by His Blood that the promise is given: "He will gird Himself, (as in the Cœnaculum,) and make them sit down to meat, and He, Himself, will serve them!" This promise is not to *all* the saved—but to those that "He finds *watching*!" The rest of us will be happy, full of joy—but in the *outer-courts*, among the servants; and glad, oh how glad, for the higher joy of the faithful spouses, and *watchers* for Our Lord.

I hope to see you—at what earliest hour please tell me?—on the morning of the 30th.

Love to "all the daughters." Dear Sister. Tell her I will write her tonight, and mail the letter to her tomorrow. PAPA.

Dear daughter, is it your guardian angel? It is when awake as well as when asleep, that it so often seems I hear your step, and your voice, in the rooms of my hermitage.

Blessed be God, and Our Lord, and His Mother, Our Mistress—that you are where you are! Let us strive to thank Him more and more, for the great things He has done for us—"whereof we are glad"!

TO BE CONTINUED.

RANOQUE.

Translated from the French of Louis Coloma, S. J.

BY DOROTHY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

ONE day Ranoque was sent to the house of a notary to lay mats and carpets before winter. Among other things, he had to repair a rug on a landing. Seated on the floor, plying needle and thread, he could see and hear all that passed in the opposite room, the door of which was wide open.

Two little children were in this room, one, a poor little cripple, was seated in a low chair with a board fastened before him. His father had given him a box of toys and the delighted child laid out the different pieces on the board before him in various fantastic fashions. When he had finished to his satisfaction, he gazed with rapt admiration at the marvels before him. His younger brother stood beside him following his movements with deep interest. Standing with one hand behind his back, he presented a picture of infantine beauty in all its freshness. But suddenly interest is changed to covetousness, and the happy possessor of all these great riches sees, with anxiety, his brother draw nearer and nearer. The fears of the elder were not without foundation for the baby had but vague ideas of the important words *meum* and *tuum*.

In an instant his little hand had seized the largest cow and upset a whole flock of sheep. The elder punished him by scratching his nose with a cypress tree; a regular skirmish followed, and in the midst of the piercing cries of the two adversaries, cows, sheep, poultry, horses, farm laborers, stables were overturned in all directions. A female voice was heard above the tempest calling from an adjoining room.

"Naughty children, cease your quarreling, or I shall come, and if you are not good, I shall call Cachana and old Canijo and they will carry you away in their bags."

On hearing these names, at one time so familiar, Ranoque quickly raised his head. It was the first time for ten years they had struck on his ear. Surprise, curiosity mingled with a certain sentiment of irresistible terror instantly seized his soul.

A moment later an old nurse entered the room and established order and peace, administering to each turbulent little one an equal number of light slaps. She was about to withdraw when Ranoque somewhat recovered from his surprise, addressed her:

"Pardon me, madame, do you know those persons you have just named: Cachana and Canijo?"

"Do I know them? No!" replied the woman with an air of surprise.

"I merely asked you in case you might know who they are?"

"Oh! They are two criminals of the worst kind; a wicked woman and an old robber who are to be executed tomorrow or the day after."

The poor young man would not have been more surprised if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet. White, and shivering all over, he leaned against the door frame to prevent himself from falling.

"What is the matter, my friend? Are you ill?" enquired the old nurse in a sympathetic voice.

"Is it true?" stammered Ranoque, How do you know it? Who told you?"

"Who told me? Why my master, last evening, on his return from G. where he went about a case on which he is engaged. Would you like to see him? He is in his study."

Ranoque made a sign of assent, and like one in a dream, followed her to the Notary's study. He was kindly received, and though the gentleman was somewhat surprised at the young man's emotion and incoherent questions, he answered all without showing his astonishment. Cachana and Canijo, he told him, had committed two years before a great crime, a robbery and a murder. Fallen at length into the hands of justice and judged guilty, notwithstanding the denials of the old man, they were condemned to suffer capital punishment. Their execution would take place in two days as soon as the executioner arrived. The Notary added that if he could do anything for him in the matter, he was at his service. He was one of Consolata's best customers and had a great esteem for the widow and her adopted son.

Touched with this generous offer and the Notary's sympathetic words, Ranoque could keep up no longer. He thanked him with a look of profound gratitude, and falling into a chair, covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. The Notary bent over him and asked him, with every mark of interest, what was the cause of his grief. When his emotion had somewhat calmed, Ranoque yielding to the questions of his new friend, related the history of his life.

The good Notary, profoundly surprised, sincerely compassionated the sorrow of the poor young man, who constantly repeated in a broken voice:

"What can I do for them? O heaven! What can I do? and she is my mother!"

Finally he left and walked all around the town, for fear he should alarm his adopted mother if he returned to the house before the usual time. The widow was seated in the back shop chatting with a neighbor when Ranoque entered towards evening. The young man merely said "good evening" and pleading a sick headache, retired at once to his room and threw himself upon his bed.

Poor boy! The hour of trial had sounded for him! The hour of combat of which Our Redeemer gave us so sublime an example in His agony in the Garden of Olives; the hour of anguish and of supreme resolutions, which might make a man a hero or a criminal, a martyr or an apostate, a reprobate or a saint!

Ranoque's battle was terrible. "What ought I to do, my God! what ought I to do?" he asked himself unceasingly.

Was he to make himself known at the risk of having the finger pointed at him as the son of Cachana, the condemned criminal? The very association of this woman's name with his own made him shudder. Would he ever dare look people in the face if they came to know he was the son of this miserable woman? No, he could never bear this shame. He would leave the town and the country rather than expose himself to such ignominy; he would renounce the honorable position he occupied, his comfortable home, the affection of his adopted mother! What anguish tore his heart at the thought of his isolation if he put this project in execution!

Exhausted with suffering and shame, incapable of forming a resolution, Ranoque fell at last into a stupor. He lay with his eyes fixed on the flickering light of a little lamp that the pious widow always kept burning before the image of Our Savior on the cross. Standing at the foot of the cross was the Mother of Sorrows, victim also of divine justice, awaiting the heritage her Son was about to bequeath her from his gibbet of shame. The sight of this sacred group softened his soul; silent tears coursed slowly down his cheeks, followed by sighs and prayers, then a calm stole over him. Soon soft steps were heard outside the room, the door opened gently and someone entered.

"Who is there?" asked Ranoque.

"It is I, my son," replied the widow, drawing near with a light. "What! you are not yet in bed?"

The young man lowered his eyes without replying. Struck with his disturbed look, the widow touched his hands and forehead; they were burning.

"My poor boy, you are in a high fever; what is the matter? Are you going to be ill?"

Ranoque raised his head, looked around him with haggard eyes, and said abruptly:

"My mother and old Canijo are to be executed the day after tomorrow in the public place, as murderers!"

At these words, dumb with astonishment and fear, the widow fell upon her knees, with clasped hands and in deep anxiety, listened eagerly to all Ranoque had heard.

"Our Lady of Consolation! St. Joseph, my good patron! What is to become of us? What are we to do?" she cried.

After a few moments of silence, Ranoque began to speak, but in a voice low and indistinct, as though his tongue were glued to the roof of his mouth. At length, making a great effort, he said in a resolute tone:

"Tomorrow—I shall go—to see her, —and—I shall stay—with her,—if they will permit me.—I shall accompany her to the end. I shall not leave her until she is buried."

"But my son, my dear Ranoque! that is folly, pure folly!"

"Folly!"

"Yes, my child! Yes, that would draw dishonor upon you, and break my heart!"

"But she is my mother, after all, and ought we, or need we not, observe God's law?" replied Ranoque with sudden energy. "God's laws are inviolable under all circumstances, easy or difficult."

"But there is no law which obliges you to make so great a sacrifice."

Ranoque surprised, raised himself.

"Do you tell me that we can do otherwise than as I say. Have you not yourself taught me that the fourth commandment of God says, "Honor thy father and thy mother? And when am I to honor my mother?" he continued with fierce energy. "When had she more need of my affection and my respect than now when she is to die publicly on the scaffold?"

As he uttered these words his breast heaved and a groan escaped from his lips. It was the cry of a broken heart. The widow listened to him with veneration and fear; astonishment, sorrow, admiration, respect were reflected by turn on her face. She was astounded at the blessed results of her own work on the heart of the child of her adoption.

"You are right, my son," she said at last.

Then rising and taking the young man's hands in her own, she said:

"May God pardon me for having sought to dissuade you from your heroic intention. Tomorrow we shall hire a carriage and go together to G.—Yes, my son, both together!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHALL WE ESTEEM RELIGIOUS ORDERS?

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

OF what use are they to humanity? This question has often been asked, in one form or the other, from the pagans in the early Christian centuries, down to the times of the Emperor Maurice, thence to the days of William de St. Amour, further to those of Erasmus and Luther, later to the epoch of Rousseau and the Encyclopedists, until it finds its latest echo in the century of Victor Hugo. Not all these, it is true, have absolutely denied the utility of the religious state, but they have all, more or less, regarded it as, in some respects, injurious. For Pagans, Infidels and unbelievers of various countries it has always been folly; but so has the cross; "*Gentibus autem Stultitiam.*" Some of these have looked upon it merely as an object of scorn, and upon its votaries as wretches, deserving of pity; while others have let loose upon it the floods of wrath pent up in their exasperated bosoms, and endeavored to crush it. These did not merely scorn, they hated the religious state. To this number have belonged especially those who, in themselves, or in their ancestors, had apostatized from the Catholic faith. Pombal was, perhaps, the most efficient enemy the Jesuits ever had.

To libertines, the religious state has always been odious, being a constant reproach for the irregularity of their lives. To this cause the same society of Jesus owed its expulsion from France in the XVIII. century.

Men, calling themselves Catholics, have, often, opposed it, because it went counter to their opinions, or, sometimes, because it proved a bulwark for the Apostolic See. I may put down the Jansenists in this class.

There have been, and there are still others who show their dislike for the religious state out of a certain jealousy. Was it not this, probably, that steeped in gall the pen of William de St. Amour, in his bitter invective against the mendicants? The great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas, stood up manfully in defense of his brethren, and the Pope condemned the book of William de St. Amour. What could have prompted a tirade read sometime ago in a Catholic publication, but this; and what else is the cause of the bitter expressions that sometimes drop from the lips of otherwise good men against religious orders?

Certainly it is far from me to excuse the faults committed by religious, whether singly or in bodies, and I am sure, that in my *History of Religious Orders*, I have endeavored with impartiality to show forth their shortcomings, as well as their virtues. However, when we encourage within ourselves a spirit of opposition to religious orders, I do not think we can say that we have the "Spirit of God." The spirit of God is that of the saints, and, surely, the religious state, if anything, has been a nursery of saints. It is true, that as far as canonization is concerned, religious orders could more easily promote this than other organizations; but, at the same time, it cannot be denied that the religious life has always afforded far greater opportunities for sanctity than could be found in any position in the world outside of

martyrdom. Freedom from the cares and solicitudes of life, an atmosphere of spirituality, the observance of a rule, the good examples of brethren, and the vigilance of superiors, are so many means of uniting the heart to God and preserving it from that inconstancy which is so fatal to everyone striving after holiness. All these advantages religious possess, while people, living in the world, are deprived of most of them.

I will not insist on the services rendered by monasticism to the church, and to society at large, such as the civilization of Europe, the preservation of literature and the fine arts, the promotion of agriculture and, above all, the spread of the faith and its increase in the hearts of the faithful. These things have been written and rewritten so often, that he who does not see is wilfully blind. Certainly to the hierarchy and its faithful diocesan, or secular clergy, much, very much, is due; but the works they have promoted do not in any way derogate from the credit due to the religious bodies. I use the word *secular*, in contradistinction to regular, for it is a time-honored word, used by the church at large, and in conon law. The secular body is, without doubt, the oldest body of ecclesiastics in the church, for, in the beginning, nearly all the monks were laymen. Still, humanly speaking, what would have become of the church, at the downfall of the Roman empire, without those devoted priests who had embraced the religious state? What would the church have been in the tenth century without them? If the diocesan clergy were the first successors of the disciples of our Lord, the regulars have always proved themselves their efficient fellow-laborers and the flying cavalry of the army of the cross.

I would say a word here on the fascination which the religious state has always exercised over many minds. There is within the human breast an innate desire for perfection. With some this borders on a holy passion. There are hearts that the ordinary can never satisfy, that thirst for the noble, the great, the extraordinary. This, I think, is the clue to that charm the religious state has always possessed for many a pilgrim in this valley of tears. How often has not the weary, world-worn soul instinctively turned toward the peaceful solitudes of Chartreuse, the deserts of Camaldoli, or the teeming fields of Citeaux! Detained in the world by ties they could not conscientiously break, they looked wistfully from a distance up to the holy mountain of prayer. Others, more favored by Providence, rending asunder the ties that bound them, fled, like St. Arsenius, to the delights of contemplation. And, when they had reached the longed-for harbor, their joy knew no bounds. A Carthusian monk once said to the writer, that not for the kingdom of Spain, would he exchange his condition. He was a humble lay-brother. What did not religious pass through, what sacrifices did they not impose upon themselves at the period of the French Revolution in order not to be deprived of the blessed life they had enjoyed in the solitude of their convent homes! Certainly there is much in religion that is painful for human nature, for the religious state means death to self; but there is, also, much that is sweet. Worldlings, says St. Bernard, see the cross, they do not see the consolations of religious. Even those who have wilfully left their holy state often cast

a wistful glance backward at the condition that once was theirs. I knew a Priest who had been a religious. An unfortunate circumstance, it might be called an error, had separated him from his order. He was in every respect a model ecclesiastic, and placed at the head of a Catholic college. This good man practiced many austerities, perhaps even more than he had, while bound by vows. Yet, as his mind went back to his earlier years, he would exclaim, "O my cell, my beloved cell, how I regret thee!"

I once spent a week or more with a religious, living outside of his monastery. Our conversations frequently turned to his order, and his best recollections seemed to dwell upon the years he had spent in his austere monastery.

Maurice Chauncey, a member of the London Charterhouse, who, in a weak moment, had taken the oath of supremacy, spoke in after years, when his heart was touched by contrition, in glowing terms of his monastery. This confession, says the historian Froude, presents a loving, lingering, picture of his cloister life, to him the perfection of earthly happiness.

How can it be otherwise? Does not a mariner, tempest-tossed, remember with pleasure the green fields, the ripe orchards, the running brooks, the verdant hills and the smiling valleys of his home ashore? Does not the mind of the soldier on the battlefield, mid the din of strife and the thunder of artillery, revert lovingly to the peaceful charms of his own dear fireside? Does not the exile from home turn many a a longing regard to the land that gave him birth?

OUR SPANISH LETTER.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

WE regret that events, which in the early days of last year we had not forseen, prevented our fulfilling the promise then made of contributing a monthly instalment to the pages of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

Undeservedly selected to become the secretary of the English pilgrimage that attended the second National Eucharistic Congress of Spain, duties devolved on us that left us no time for earlier arrangements.

But whilst we could not then compile articles of interest to the host of readers of your truly Catholic review; we did not forget, on our journey, to store up materials for a series of monthly articles, which will appear, D. V., in the issues of '97.

On our journey to Lugo, the place where the Congress was held, we followed the foot-prints of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and made the events of his life and the scenes of his labors our study.

Starting from Barcelona, where he taught, Sunday after Sunday, his class

of Catechism, and where his sword is preserved, we journeyed to the heights of Montserrat, where he began his austerities. Thence to Mauresa, where beneath the massive rock, now enclosed within the gorgeous church of "La Cueva," he compiled his immortal "Spiritual Exercises." From there to Lerida and Laragossa, sanctified by his preachings and early labors; then to Pampluna where, as a martial son of Spain, he defended its ramparts, was wounded and lay in the agony of death, when Our Lady appeared to him, restored him to health and pointed out to him a new warfare for his future prowess. This vision took place in a small room in the present diminutive residence and church of the Sons of St. Alphonsus, into whose hands this church passed after the expulsion of the Jesuits.

From here we proceeded to the superb sanctuary of Lloyola, situated in the midst of the most charming landscape. Here is the old parental roof, the cradle of the illustrious founder of the "Society." More lengthened details of all this we will give to the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW in the early months of the new year.

The congress completed—we enter on an equally interesting programme. We visit the principal scenes in the life of a saint who stands side by side with St. Ignatius as the greatest of Spanish saints. The one and the other, bulwarks of the citadel of the church have proved themselves impregnable to the tempests of heresy. Yes, the children of St. Teresa and the sons of Carmel have been able lieutenants in beating back the surging waves of Protestantism that in their day sought to submerge Europe.

To this glory of Spain's womanhood is due the reparation for the scandal brought on the religion of the cloister by an apostate German nun. It was her life that cicatrized the wound inflicted on the virgin life of the convent. Well does she merit to be proclaimed the most distinguished of Carmel's daughters, the most illustrious of Spain's mystic doctors.

With this pleasing prospect before us we start from Lugo in the direction of Vallodolid, accompanied by the very Rev. Father Kenelm Vaughan, who, to our regret, parts company with us before reaching the old royal city. He proceeds on his mission to San Sebastian while we press on to the ancient Windsor of Spain.

At Vallodolid we were the guests of the English and Scotch colleges, as we were subsequently of the Irish at Salamanca.

A passing notice such as this would in no wise repay the kind hospitality extended to us by the superiors, professors and students. We shall return to them more fully when we come to deal with the respective histories of these colleges, their foundations, their vicissitudes and triumphs and the innumerable blessings which from them accrued to the churches of Great Britain and Ireland. We shall then strive to pay to each individually the humble tribute of our gratitude.

Here we commence to visit the scenes of St. Teresa's labors and heroic sufferings, beginning with the Carmelite Convent of this city of Vallodolid. Then we visit the convent of Medina del Campo, in the university city of Salamanca, the "alma mater de virtudes, ciencias y artes" of the middle ages. Further on we reach the small but interesting town of Alba de Tormes, where our very Rev. friend,

Father Antonio, O. D. C., showed us the heart and arm, and the tomb of the glorious heroine of Carmel. We behold with reverend awe the miraculous thorns sprouting from the inanimate flesh, and many other souvenirs of St. Teresa's life and holy death in Alba.

Finally, on our return we visit her convent at Burgos.

Graphic descriptions of all these scenes we shall contribute, D. V., during this new year, to compensate for our inability to comply with the promises of last year.

This vacation tour from Lugo prevented us from crossing the Mediterranean and being present at historic Trent, at one of the most eventful gatherings that have ever, since the memorable ecumenical council, assembled in this world-known basilica. The first gathering struck a death blow at Protestantism, the second will, with God's blessing, dash back the Masonic tide which is insidiously flooding the cities of Southern Europe.

Many pious Catholics, in their ignorance of the inner life of this hideous heresy, have no harder word for it than "the ludicrous tom-foolery of Masonry." The voice of Trent will soon open the eyes of Christendom, and give to the light of day documents which will prove beyond contradiction that Masonry is a disguised warfare waged without truce against Almighty God and His church.

Canada, Catholic Canada, has not heard Leo's appeal in vain. She too has sent her delegate, Dr. Dionne, to voice her protest against the blasphemies of his hideous sect.

We cannot close these few lines without repeating the gratitude the Spanish press shows for the sympathetic articles and frequent expressions of goodwill, that from time to time appear in the columns of the REVIEW towards Spain and its noble army. Spain's enemies are none other than Masons and Masonry, both in Cuba and the Phillipine Islands. The horrid barbarities inflicted on the martyr Friars of the Philipines, at instigation of the lodge, is an evident proof of this.

No doubt Spain has its faults, as all nations have, but it has countless virtues also. Surely the rule of Spain is, at all times, preferable to the rule of Masonry, which is sure to be inaugurated if the armies of Spain, which God forbid, should be forced to retire from the "Pearl of the Antilles."

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

I.

"Life is one, and in its woof and warp
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors."

—JEAN INGELOW.

THE best coat wears out. In due time everything goes the way of old rags, yet for all that, some things do stick to us. One of these, if you please, I shall call a picture gallery, which, even when our eyes are closed is still dancing before us, whereas to those beyond it is but a *camera obscura*. This gallery follows us everywhere. We cannot leave it at home. It keeps pace with us as the "vestibuled limited" rushes along with us at a seventy-mile rate, and in deepest sleep we traverse its numberless nooks and corners. Often too, we find the gallery itself revolving around us. The things portrayed are both fair and hideous, and most willingly would we obliterate the latter were it only possible.

"Memory" is what men name this wonderful collection of images. Right well has it been called a "wonderful cabinet of the imagination—treasury of the reason,—registry of conscience—and council chamber of thought." There are bright and dark scenes intricately worked into the woof and warp of this delicate tapestry. Calling a halt, then, to this quickly moving panorama, I shall try to develop into narrative what was but a "snap-shot" in the days gone by. Not unlikely the picture will show best "where there are sombre colors."

The main thoroughfare of one of the great lake cities lies exposed to view. Before throwing your eyes into the long perspective take a glance in the direction of the Hotel Friedenhouse. High above the surging crowd, by close observation, you will notice a party of three in a far-off corner of the capacious verandah. Of that trio, one has hastily but not unprepared, gone to his reward. Another, Harry Fenton, whom you will know better later on, has long since stepped befere the world's foot-lights to perform deeds which are now to be chronicled by the third of the aforementioned trio. And the latter's task is something more than bringing into verbal being mere creatures of the brain.

I said that one of those spectators there above in the Friedenhouse had gone to his reward. Very true, and he has long since taken up his eternal abode in an indestructible "friedenhaus"—the "house of peace"—where pain and sorrow are things unknown. Now, since that same good soul has made his exit from life's broad stage,

and will not re-appear in these pages, it is not out of place to bid him a long farewell, and to say here that poor Adam M. (God rest his soul) was a loving soul. He did many a good deed in the short time alloted him, and not the least was his zeal for a well-known temple of the Immaculate One, hard by that great cataract first discovered by sandaled monk, and in latter days consecrated to the Queen of Queens by one whose day gave glory to the pallium. From the bowels of historical heights no rock has been put to nobler use than that into whose virgin bosom was chiselled the name of Adam M. Emblazoned shall it stand as long (let us hope) as Niagara chants his requiem. Such good souls ever live for they

"*Never die,*
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves."

Let us return to the Friedenhouse. The scene below was one not soon to be forgotten. 'Twas surely a gala night in B.——. The street was deluged with a flood of light, whose rays burst forth in every lovely hue. Harmony of sound came from near and distant instruments. First came a body of brilliantly plumed knights marching to the martial strains of one of Sousa's dreams in swinging six-eight time. These were again quickly followed by another band which burst forth into the patriotic and stirring air of the "Wacht am Rhein." And all this was but the beginning of the greater pageant just wheeling into line. It was a great demonstration of a great Catholic organization. Of the forty-five stars in our glorious flag there was not one that night which did not shine o'er its own uniformed state representatives.

The eye feasted on one particular striking object that lovely September night. It was one of the beautiful allegorical pieces which, mounted on barges, slowly passed the reviewing stand. The one in question represented the three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity. The characters were filled by three charming young girls who stood gloriously enveloped in the brightest light. The blend of color and the gorgeous drapery made an effect which would eclipse a fairy scene.

This passing glory was soon to fade. Those same young maidens, now the "observed of all observers" would again pass through that great artery of "greater B."—but, perhaps, under different circumstances. Little they foresaw what the future had in store for them as they arose next morning, and looked out at the "fleeting folds of Night's dark drapery."

It is pleasant to look back on this last scene. All the characters yet seem so life-like. Poor Adam M. was all animation. It seemed good for him to be there. There were times when he was not over desirous to proclaim his religion from the housetops, but on this night he was proud to be recognized as a child of the grand old Church, and only the storm of applause welling up from below could drown his loud act of faith. It was for him a moment when "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"—a time when one feels ready to do all things for God and fatherland, and the heart is warmed up to the highest degree.

Harry Fenton was young and could not be expected to share all these sentiments, still he was about right when he remarked in his crude and boyish way: "It does one good to be here. When I heard that music and beheld

that sight spread before my eyes, a queer but pleasant feeling came over me. A warm creeping sensation seemed to pass through me and a something lodged in my throat. That's how I felt, and I suppose others felt the same."

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the scenes shift. Let it be remarked during the brief intermission that Harry Fenton was a very young man. He had many good parts. He was not as yet one of the true fold, still he will be, I am sure, and if he, as the days roll by, should be matrimonially inclined, you can be sure he will be married as a Catholic, of that much there is certainty. Little does he now dream of the part which those three young graces will play, or what hearts they may some day influence for good or bad. Well may it be asked here :

"*What will not women do when need inspires*
Their wits, or love their inclination fires?"

It was a happy thought to select those three sisters to act the parts corresponding to their names, for let it be known that their names were not assumed for the occasion. Consult the baptismal register at New France, and there you will find their names, Faith, Hope and Charity, daughters of the widow Sophia Werker. These girls were not, properly speaking, city girls, they had only come from the country to receive some musical instruction. Their time was now up, and they are about to settle down again to prosaic life on the old farm, where their young hearts can expand without let or hindrance. They can throw off the stiff ways acquired along asphalt walks and beneath electric lights, and become again children of nature. In the meantime Harry Fenton will spend some time brushing up his arithmetic and book-keeping.

II.

"*Much remains for thought to brood on,*
And I would be left alone with my resolves."
—HEMANS.

You will find Harry Fenton again at the same old Friedenhouse. He was there once before as a transient guest. He was a mere boy then. He now comes with paternal care written on his brow looking for a few days rest. Times have changed and Harry with them. He now commences to look backward. A man can do that when he has passed the thirty mark. Pleasure and pain had poured into Fenton's cup. At times he could look up with pleasure to the same verandah where he stood that night, with his eyes riveted on the float which carried such precious freight—the three graces, Faith, Hope and Charity. He tries to forget some things now but he cannot. Memory is an unruly servant and often offers its services when not wanted.

"Life, love, happiness — nonsense — it means nothing" — soliloquized Fenton. "I once thought such things attainable—the great goal of every mortal — but what is it all — words, words and only words."

With such thoughts running through his head he had viciously bit off the end of a cigar preparatory to lighting it.

"A genuine case of blues" thought the clerk as he saw Fenton, accompanied by a sweet little girl, approach the book to register.

"I should like to give this child in charge of some woman for a day or so, until I get settled down," said Fenton as he smoothed his hand over the blotter.

"I guess we can fix that. Some of our female help will doubtless be glad to look after her for you" suavely answered the clerk, who was wondering

how long Fenton had been a widower.

Faith, for such was the child's name, was soon in good hands, enjoyed her supper up in the maids' apartments, and an hour later was lying fast asleep in a neat little cot. There were unmistakable signs of dried-up tears on the child's face. Faith Fenton had cried herself to sleep. As she slept there were outlines on her face of sad thoughts. Perhaps she was dreaming of mother.

Having disposed of Faith, Fenton himself was free for the rest of the evening. He asked for his room, and "front" was told to carry the gentleman's "valise to room No. 13."

"Confound the thing, even the room has an unlucky number," mumbled Fenton, as he stepped into the elevator.

When he entered the room he threw his hat on the bed, and threw himself into a rocker. He did not remain long sitting. Unwelcome thoughts like a legion of devils fluttered around him. In vain did he strive to drive them off. He sought distraction by walking around and around, but nothing in the room suggested cheerful thoughts. Fenton stood for a moment to scan the hotel rules posted on the door. He read there directions as to the use of a rope in case of fire, and in large type a warning to persons not to blow out the gas.

"Very suggestive thought," said Fenton to himself; "Hanging or asphyxia would be a convenient and radical cure for all troubles."

"Same old stock item for the paper," he mused, "just a few lines saying the guest gave no answer to repeated knocks at door—clerk gets a chair, looks over transom, smells gas, breaks open door, finds prostrate form on bed, all means known to medical science fail to resuscitate the unfortunate man. Coroner's jury call it accident,—Undertaker Shroudem gets the job and it's all over; while the great general public shakes its head and smiles when it reads that another fool is out of the way."

Fenton's thoughts went from the tragic to the humorous when he commenced to reflect on these things. His better nature too began to assert itself. He had been a Catholic since his marriage. He had been well instructed, even if it was in a hurry. He was arranging his toilet preparatory to appearing at supper. He threw a bundle of soiled linen into the corner, and as he did so, he noticed that along with it he had heedlessly thrown some little affair made of brown material, a scapular which had been around his neck. He picked it up, saying :

"By Jove! I mustn't lose that. Father Cyril gave me that after he baptized me. I made great promises that day and one of them was to wear that. I must be faithful at least in some things now that I have cut loose from greater and more binding bonds."

Before leaving the room Fenton went to the mirror to take another look at himself.

"I don't look as if I have been through such an awful siege," he thought. "Still I don't look myself. I suppose the boys would immediately diagnose it as deranged liver. All right, let them have their fun now. They may have to go through the same mill some day."

Fenton was in rather presentable condition when he entered the dining room. He was closely scrutinized from cravat to gaiter but he didn't wince. He saw everything without seeming to do so. More than one of the guests were curious to know something about the young widower. The man sitting opposite to him tried to draw him out but Fenton's monosyllables froze him into silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

A bright Happy New Year to you all, but, let me introduce you to the sweetest of Christian gentlemen and the most charming of Saints who will, in words far more beautiful than I could speak, wish you a Happy New Year. He says in his own happy style to you all:

"May our Lord hear my voice that this year may be to you and yours one of prosperity, contentment and innumerable blessings—a good and very holy year!—all perfumed with the name of Jesus, all be-sprinkled with His precious blood. May no day of this year, or any year, or any day for many years to come, pass without being sanctified by the merits of this saving blood, and illumined by the blessings of this sacred name, from which radiates the fullness of all sweetness, the completion of all joy, the perfection of all that is most holy and beautiful."

Dear children, let me beg of you to begin to know and love St. Francis de Sales. His feast falls on Jan. 29, and on that day present your compliments to him in my name. Tell him the secretary sent you, and that you wish him to be your friend. Do you know that he had a very hot temper and struggled so hard to overcome it, that, after death, when his holy body was opened, the gall (which is supposed to be the cause of much bitterness of temper) was turned to stone. Now, he will help you and me to become as sweet tempered and gracious as he was, *if* we cultivate his friendship and *try* to do as he did. It is not enough to admire him. One can do nothing else. But to imitate him—that is the test of real devotion to him.

There is a very charming little book called "New Year Greetings of St. Francis de Sales." Try and get it, and you will soon learn to love this most amiable of Saints, who wrote so beautifully of God and holiness that the whole world has fallen deeply in love with him. At the beginning of a new year one generally chooses a patron. Let each little reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW, big ones too, show his and her good taste by selecting for a model of elegant Christian manners, the charming St. Francis de Sales.

Well, I wonder if our Lady of the Holy Rosary is very much pleased with her Carmelite children for all the Dominican chaplets that have been changing hands since last Oct.? Letters, so many that mention cannot be made of all the writers, have been pouring in on the secretary. Now, beginning with January, she thinks it well to keep the sixpence in the family—that is to send our *scapulars* instead of beads. Our lady of Mt. Carmel must have her share. Why couldn't the girls learn to make them? One can buy sheets of scapular prints for a trifle, and if every reader of the REVIEW would buy a sheet of a dozen prints and a yard of brown flannel, I am sure there are

many who could do a flourishing business for our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Think what she has promised to those who *die* wearing her scapular!—they shall not see the fire of hell. Is it worth while helping people to get the scapular and coaxing them to wear it? A word to the boys about wearing it: One's coat or trousers' pocket is good for many and various things—not for the scapular—they must be worn around the neck. The girls, too, might take a lesson. Door knobs, and towel racks, and bed posts are often invested with the blessed scapular. *Don't* honor them so. The secretary knows a very holy priest who always keeps an old pair of scapulars in his bath room—because, not even while bathing would he venture to be without his scapular. One may die at any moment, and we would not want to risk dying without the livery of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. If any child cannot get a pair of brown scapulars, the secretary will supply the want.

A New Year generally means turning over a new leaf in one's life, doesn't it? Sometimes we turn over too many. Suppose for this year we all try to be sweet tempered. You know, dear children, that piety can never be attractive unless it is sweet and amiable. Now, there are many *cranky* good people, and it is a great pity too. Let us see to it that this is not *our* style of piety. Oh! no—a sunny face, a bright happy manner, and above all, *good-natured unselfishness*—those are the things that do God's work most perfectly. One has to jostle against people in the world's great crowd. Let it be done good-naturedly. A smiling face disarms everyone. Try to wear such and St. Francis de Sales is the model of style where graciousness is concerned. Think of the happy homes that could be made if each member of the family set to work in January, 1897, to be good-natured. Not easy, you say? Indeed no,—but it is hard work that pays. Let us try it, one and all, in honor of our beloved patron, St. Francis de Sales. What will come of it? Love of God and men on our side, and a measure, pressed down and running over, of love back to us. Now we all want to be loved. Yes, even those who laugh and ridicule it, and call it sentimentality and nonsense—even they hunger for it. It is born in us all. Even our Lord designs to plead for it—"Son, give me thy heart!" Let Him have the first and best portion and then be generous with the rest. Life is so short, and there is so much to bear, whether we will or not, that it is well worth while learning the secret of turning bitter into sweet. Good nature will do it all. Done for a supernatural motive to please God—it will, it must please everyone else. Think of a world where everyone was pleased! Heaven? Yes,—but you and I, dear children, can help to begin it on earth. So ask dear St. Francis de Sales to dress you up in a bran new suit of *his* fashioning. Old fashioned? No—good nature is always in the very height of the style. Now, everyone can wear it—Paris is supposed to be the centre of fashion. St. Francis de Sales lived in Geneva, and called himself a Savoyard! Simplicity is always beauty, and is the highest grace. Let us go to Geneva and learn to be graceful. It will fit us for the court of heaven.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. Well begun is half done.

2. To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also.—Ruskin.

3. Patient endurance attaineth to all things.—St. Teresa.

4. Blessed are the pliable hearts; they never break.—St. Francis de Sales.

5. A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar.—St. Francis de Sales.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is a human being.
   My second is to walk.
   My whole is an Indian fruit.

2. What four letters would frighten a thief?

3. Why does a duck go under water?

4. Why is the sun like people of fashion?

5. On what side of the house does a yew tree grow?

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER.

1. Owl.

2. Because they kill time.

3. Effigy (F. I. G.)

4. Because first in pity and last in help.

5. The tongue.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1 Who is ruler of Abyssinia, and what is his title?

2. Which is the only mammal that can fly?

3. What is the origin of the word 'brogan?''

4. What is the index to eternity?

5. What is most like a man's self.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THE THINKERS IN DECEMBER.

1. Louis Agassiz.

2. Father Isaac Jogues, S. J.

3. In Iceland—the family of Gunnar Einarsson.

4. In the Lugo Cathedral, Spain.

5. Spain.

"CARL."

BY M. B.

Once upon a time there lived in an old German town, a lonely boy named Carl. His father and mother were both dead, and he lived with an old uncle, a shoemaker, a very cross old man, who was not at all kind to his nephew. Carl was a delicate little lad and could not join in the games of other boys, so when he was not working for his uncle, he used to sit up in his little garret and play on his old violin, which had belonged to his father. Old Max Robart, a violin-maker who lived near, had noticed the pale little boy looking with such interest into his window where the violins were, and so one day he called him in and talked to him, and soon they became great friends. Then Carl often brought his violin down to old Max's shop, and the old man taught the boy to play. And how sweetly he played! And how he loved his violin, which was such a dear friend! He had another friend too, besides his violin and old Max. This was a picture of our Blessed Lady, and it hung in a dark corner of the beautiful church, near where he lived. It was indeed a lovely picture, and was the work of a great artist long since dead. The eyes were very beautiful, the mouth so gentle, and the arms were stretched out as if in welcome. And Carl looked upon it as a friend and thought that indeed it must be very like Our Lady, the face was so kind. So often in the evenings when his work was done he would hurry away to the church to Benediction, and while the music filled the air, he would kneel before his "Mother" to pray and tell her all that had happened since last he knelt there. He loved also to listen to the wonderful music of the organ; he knew that a

man away up there in the organ loft was making all this music, but he thought that the angels must help him sometimes—it was so grand and powerful. How he longed to be a great musician and play in a great church like this! And make such lovely music that it would fill the people with beautiful thoughts and make them think more of heaven when they were sad. At last one evening, when he came to the church, he found that his picture was gone. Yes, his Mother no longer looked down upon him from the wall as an altar was going to be built in that place and the picture had to be taken down. All that evening the poor boy cried for the thought that he would never see his picture again. And although the music was still swelling through the church, and although he prayed, still when he went back to his little attic, he felt very lonely indeed. That night he had a wonderful dream. He thought that he was again in the church trying to find the picture. But it was so dark that he could not find his way, for the people had all gone and the lights were out. He could hear the music still ringing clear, and now he heard voices. Then he found himself climbing up a narrow staircase that led to—where? Was it Paradise? At last he came to a little door which opened, and he saw a lovely sight. An angel sat at the organ playing—a beautiful being with a noble face and great white wings—and all around him were other angels singing, while a brilliant light shone on them all, and Carl thought that he stood entranced and could not move. Then he saw a figure coming towards him, a figure even brighter than the angels, and she had his Mother's face. It was Our Blessed Lady. Her arms were stretched out as they were in the picture, and she took Carl's hands in her's and led him to the organ, He found himself seated where the angel had been and he seemed to be playing most lovely music, while the angels sang and his "Mother" stood beside him. Gradually the music died away, the voices became fainter, and he could hear the "Ave Maria" as if fading away in the distance. Then at last he awoke—awoke, to find himself in his poor little attic over the shoemaker's shop. But brighter days were coming for Carl, for a gentleman who heard him playing in old Max's shop was so stuck by the boy's talent that he adopted him and had him taught by a clever master. And afterwards, do you know, Carl really did become a great musician and played on a splendid organ and all the world heard of his beautiful music. He never forgot his wonderful dream, and after long years, sometimes when he played, he thought his "Mother" was standing beside him as she had done in his dream.

SO SHOULD WE.

The camel, at the close of day,
  Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To have his burden lifted off,
  And rest to gain.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees
  When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift the load,
  And grant repose.

Else how could'st thou to-morrow meet,
  With all to-morrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
  Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
  To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
  The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
  That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
  Will make thee bear.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A happy New Year to all our readers and benefactors! May we grow more and more united in our common love for the Queen of Carmel as the years pass by.

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Another year's page of baptisms, marriages, and deaths has been filled in the church registers. Thousands of names, too, have been added to our scapular registers. May all these names one day be found in the Book of Life.

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These are the days when conscientious readers pay their debts, and renew their subscriptions. Don't forget the CARMELITE REVIEW. It too must live, and it is daily growing older and stronger. Don't retard its growth by half starving it.

***

Holy Mass will be offered up on every one of the 365 days of the New Year. Will you only assist at it on fifty-two Sundays and half a dozen holidays. If you can, go to mass oftener; and if you cannot, let your heart go out daily to the dear Victim of love offering Himself up for you on your altar.

***

At the threshold of the New Year we look back with thanks and gratitude upon all the favors and kindnesses shown to us and our work. And we repeat with new fervor the daily prayer: "Eternal rest grant them, O Lord" for all those dear readers of ours, who during the past twelve months have gone to their eternal reward.

***

Our readers will notice the improved looks of our REVIEW. We have procured new type and new paper and hope that finally all our readers will now be suited. But we have not been able to increase the number of pages. We must leave that to some future year. As it is, we are certainly giving our readers the full benefit of the dollar they invest in a subscription.

***

The "*Life of McMaster*" is drawing to its close. There are but two chapters, treating of his pious end, and giving a number of his private letters which show the greatness and nobility of his Catholic manhood. We advise all our readers, even those who have, perhaps, taken but a faint interest in this Champion of Catholic truth, to read these two closing chapters, and assure them that in the whole range of Catholic literature they will not find anything more touching or elevating than these intimate outpourings of a great and noble Christian soul.

***

Nor should they forget to say a fervent prayer for the soul of the editor of the "Life of McMaster." The Very Rev. Mark S. Gross departed from this life on December the first a month ago at the parochial residence of St. Paul's Church at Washington, D. C. Father Gross was born in Baltimore, and was a brother of Archbishop Gross of Oregon. The first years of his priestly life were spent in Wilmington, North Carolina. When, in acknowledgment of his meritorious labors, he was to be appointed vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, he declined the honor. In 1892, owing to ill health, he went to Oregon to restore his shattered forces, and spent three

years in the diocese of which his brother is Archbishop. During that time he arranged the "Life of McMaster" and prepared it for publication. About a year ago he came to Washington, and acted as assistant of St. Paul's Church. His piety and virtue were exemplary, and all who came in contact with him were edified by his humble and unworldly character. His two great devotions were the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin. Every morning he prepared himself for Holy Mass by a long meditation and prayer on his knees. He was induced to compile McMaster's life especially because McMaster had such a child like love for the Mother of God. We hope the two have met before the throne of Our Lady, there to rejoice forever in the vision of her beauty and in the Beatific Vision may they rest in peace.—R.I.P.

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As soon as the "*Life of McMaster*" is ended, we intend to publish in these pages one of the most interesting and fascinating biographies of a Carmelite Saint, the Life of St. Peter Thomas, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Legate of the Crusade of 1365. It was written by the late Abbie Parrand of the Diocese of Avignon as a work of love and translated for the REVIEW by "*Sue X. Blakely*," whose writings and translations have been so welcome to our readers since the earliest days of our magazine. When the time comes we shall give a more detailed account of this wonderful "Life," so full of lessons for the present day.

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Uncle Josiah, is the title of a most interesting and pathetic story, written by *Anna T. Sadlier* for the CARMELITE REVIEW. Those among our readers who were with us from the start will remember the beautiful story of *Carmelita*, by the same author, who is in the foremost rank of our Catholic writers, and has been constantly increasing her hold on the hearts and minds of our Catholic reading public. The first instalment of this new story will appear early in the year.

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Another story with the strange title, *A Stalemate*, begins in this number. As it is written by a Carmelite, the former editor of the REVIEW, we will not say all the good things we feel like saying, but we assure our readers of a treat. A perusal of the first chapters will convince them of the many charms of this original tale, which far outweigh the few little faults inherent in all human efforts.

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As will be seen from the *Spanish Letter* in this number, our readers may expect a series of vivid and graphic descriptions of scenes in the country of St. Ignatius and St. Teresa from the pen of our poetic and eloquent correspondent, Don Juan Pedro. His glowing and enthusiastic style has won him many admirers, and perhaps no one among our writers has been copied so extensively as this one. His letters will be all the more welcome at this moment, when even some of our Catholics are joining in the hue and cry of the enemies of Spain, the cradle and nursery of so many saints, and the land of the Immaculate Queen.

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The *Youth's Department* will remain in the hands of *Matilda Cummings*, who has become so identified with the CARMELITE REVIEW that its readers could not feel quite at home any more without her. Her letters to the Young are read by all the older readers with as

much gusto as by those for whom they are intended. God alone knows how much good has been done in the little world of her young friends by her charming way of presenting piety in its sweetest aspect. She must have drawn deeply at the founts of which St. Francis of Sales imbibed his cheerful love of God.

***

Rev. Chas. Warren Currier, whose reputation as a writer and lecturer is such, that any words of ours cannot increase it, will contribute various essays to the REVIEW in the course of the year. His first paper. "*Shall we Esteem Religious Orders?*" appears in this number. It is a most timely commentary on the General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for this month: The welfare of religious communities. The Holy Father, as we personally know, wishes most fervently that all Catholics should esteem religious orders as the highest form of Catholic life and virtue.

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The monthly essays on general topics by *Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer* and the *Talks* by *Marie Louise Sandrock Redmond* will not be continued for the present, but we may expect essays from both during the year.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS.

The Secret Directory.—A Romance of Hidden History, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. 330 pages, cloth, illustrated. Price, 75c.

The Anti-Masonic Congress of Trent, the heated discussion going on in the Catholic Press about the revelations of Dr. Bataille and Diana Vaughan, and the evident interference of the lodge in Cuba and the Philipine Islands have aroused an unusual amount of interest concerning the nature of Free Masonry. Mrs. Dahlgren's able exposure of the inner workings of the lodge is a most timely production. It has the ring of truth in it, albeit clothed in the dramatic mask of a romance. No one interested in this question of the day can afford to pass by this strange book, written with all the eloquence of style and beauty of language which distinguishes the writer. From the first chapters, the scenes of which are placed upon an idyllic background, to the tragic conclusion of the final chapters, the reader is held under the fascinating spell, which the mysteries of science and the gruesome secrets of wicked conspiracy exercise over the mind. Gypsy traditions, Jewish machinations, hypnotism up to date, and above all, the degrading and blasphemous rites of Masonry are all delineated by a master-hand, and the picture fills one with horror and disgust. As a contrast, the noble and Christian heroism of self-sacrifice for truth and God is portrayed in the history of two Monks. The United States flag, alas, is seen to do service in the un-American doings of the lodge, and shows how hostile to all true liberty are the aims of secret societies.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with a preface by the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D. D., bishop of Covington. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, bound in cloth, 424 pages—($1.25.)

The inexhaustible treasury, open to all sinners and just in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, is explained fully in this popular book. It is written in such a devout spirit, is so full of heavenly doctrine, and so well calculated to draw souls to the altar, that we feel grateful for its appearance in an English dress. Our people need just such an explanation surrounded as they are by the indifference of the present age, and breathing the atmosphere of self-indulgence, which is the fame of our modern life, they lose regard for the great sacrifice of love daily renewed upon our altars. Our young people hardly seem to know the meaning of Holy Mass, few of them know how to assist at it. The number of of those who make use of this most powerful means to obtain all things desirable, is daily growing less. The beautiful Catholic custom of having Masses said for the living and the dead is dying out. No book could appear at a more opportune moment, and it is to be

hoped that it will find its way into many a Catholic home. The different methods of hearing Mass are fully treated, and devotions at Mass and for confession and communion are added, thus making the book a complete manual for those who desire to reap all the fruits of the Holy Sacrifice.

The Following of Christ, by Thomas A. Kempis.—Pocket edition de luxe, beautifully illustrated, price $1.50. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

The typography, the neat flexible leather binding, and the rich engravings of this elegant edition, are all that could be desired by the most fervent admirer of this inspired book. Nothing could be more suitable or more welcome as a holiday present. Morning and Evening Prayers, Devotions at Mass, and for confesssion and communion, follow the four books of the work, and make it a most useful and complete prayer book.

Magazines.

The Globe-Review for December opens with a lay sermon by an ex-preacher on the "Birth of the Divine." Mr. Thorne knows how to preach. He can elevate the mind and heart by his deeply devout and holy thoughts. He can do this even better than launch the bolts of his prophetic wrath against shams and humbugs. We cannot help it, but we like him far more in his gentle moods than in his fiery ones. This whole number is more in harmony with the season of Christmas, the season of peace and goodwill, than we had hoped for. His threatened articles do not appear, and he confesses to a milder mood. May he grow more mellow with age and cultivate the Spirit of St. Francis de Sales, who said: "More flies can be caught with a drop of honey than with a barrel of vinegar." Of course, somebody must do the prophet's work. Rebuke and warning are needed—courage and hardihood are manly in a sincere champion. But, it is far easier to have a fault corrected by starting from the Christian supposition that it was committed in good faith, and by gently convincing the delinquent of his fault. Only where the devil stands revealed without a doubt have we a right to kick at him.

The *Rosary* for December is full of Christmas, as it should be. The third joyful mystery is undoubtedly the sweetest posy we can offer Our Lady of the Rosary. Madeleine V. Dahlgren contributes the first instalment of the "Story of a Convert." All those who have read, or who are going to read (and everybody is going to do that) her powerful romance, "The Secret Directory," will be delighted with this other story, so entirely dissimilar, and yet so full of mystery also, only not this time the mystery of darkness, but the sweet and hidden mystery of grace and supernatural light. Another most interesting contribution is from the pen of the gifted Father Monsabre, "The Rosary and the Holy Eucharist." We visited the dear old man on our recent journey to Europe at his monastery in Havre. Although, as he said himself, he is now too old to preach as often as he did in former years, when all France listened to his eloquent Lenten conferences, he was looking forward with pleasure to the great celebration at Rheims, at which he was to hold a discourse. His mind is as bright, and his heart as big as ever, and we are glad of the promise of more articles from his pen during the coming year of the "Rosary."

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in its January number enters upon its thirty-second year. From year to year it is improving in worth and beauty, until it now leads the 35 Messengers published all over the world. It is a good idea to publish the supplement on the same day and under the same cover. The "Messenger" is the official organ of the League and it always seemed odd to us to have to hunt up the League news in the "Pilgrim." Now everything is in its right place and the "Pilgrim" is left to its own mission, a glorious one too, and one which to our satisfaction has become popular enough to merit a little magazine entirely devoted to its work. The article on Some Religious Founders and their Spirit contains an account of St. Teresa's work. The beautiful halftone engraving of the Saint is taken from a portrait painted during her lifetime.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1897. NO. 2

THE MAGNIFICAT OF MOUNT CARMEL.

O HEART immaculate! thy beauty fair
Is bathed in soft sunlight of the Lamb.
On earth its grief was boundless as the sea,
But now it glistens in a peaceful calm.
And yet there murmurs psalmody more sweet
Than light waves as they kiss the silver strand,
Or golden harp-strings' wondrous melody,
Forever thrilling in bright angel-land,
A song of praise that o'er Judea's hills
Ascended through the glowing summer air
From thy glad heart, more pure than Alpine snows
Or greatest lilies in the valley there,
And still thy soul doth magnify the Lord,
Oh, Queen of Carmel, Mother of God's Word!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

SHADOWS—A FRAGMENT.

Are these the evening shadows, Lord,
Like clouds on the mountain's brow?
I fain must sit at thy feet and rest—
I cannot work for Thee now!

Are these the harbingers, O my Lord!
Of the lonely and darksome night,
And the "valley of death" my feet must pass,
Ere the dawn of thy golden light?

E. D. M.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK, April 16th, 1885.

This letter is for our "little Mother"—my most sweet, loving hearted and exceedingly dear daughter in Domino:

But, my sweet "little Mother" and sister, and daughter, when you have time turn to the 83rd Psalm, "*Quam dilecta*," and read in it how the "vale of tears" comes in! Why, in the connection of sentences, these "tears of the valley," in this Psalm, speak of the tears of joy—for the whole Psalm is one of joy.

I know, my sweet daughter and sister, that the children of Carmel, and of St. Teresa, shed tears other than of spiritual joy. It was not to people living in the world that St. Paul wrote: "Our fight is not against flesh and blood, but against the chiefs and powers—against the heads of the world of these (hellish) darknesses; against spiritual (devilish) works of wickedness, in regard to what relates to the Religious life." I have never forgotten your request to pray for you, that you may be "an humble and obedient nun." I told you, yes! Praying for that, I pray you may be a *saint*. Yes, my dear and sweet daughter, study the "*Magnificat*," and folding yourself under the mantle of our Divine Mother Mary, say it often as her child: *Quia respexit humilitatem meam!*

My sweet daughter and sister, it was a *singular* grace to you. It was a grace you did not deserve to be a Carmelite! It was a grace our family did not deserve. It was a grace, as theologians express it, "*given free!*" But it taught me what I knew only in a general way about Carmel. And—but God's ways are wonderful—the *human* occasion of drawing to Carmel that wonderful sister, daughter, "step-wife," counsellor, helper, consoler,—that knew how to cheer every one up, and tell them what to do in the world. Now she lives for God only; and you too, my *round-hearted* sister. Let us busy ourselves, the most each of us can, in humanity and thanksgiving: *Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est.*

I am writing this beforehand for your birthday, when you will be no longer an infant. I write it now because I am so much in danger of not writing if I delay it longer. And, besides, God willing, I hope to see you on your birthday.

Your loving PAPA.

NEW YORK, January 15th, 1886.

My most sweet Sister in Domino:

While our, or rather our Lord's, Sister is in her retreat, I am pressed to

write some little to you. I was in such a torpor of mind and body last week that I did not, as I wished, write to her before the retreat.

While making my hurried translations of the Ceremonials of Profession and Veiling, I have felt so sorry that I did not have the thought to make these before your Profession. But they are of thrilling beauty and good meditations, for a nun all her life long, after her Profession and Veiling.

And the one master-thought I have had while engaged in this most pleasant work of translating, is the boundless gratitude and thanksgiving that should overwhelm us for the *wonderful* graces that our Lord, through the intercession of His Mother, has poured on our poor little broken family.

Non fecit taliter onni nationi.—"He has not done the like to any other." What a motive for perpetual gratitude, and for humility! His Mother, in whose order you are a little child, has set us the example, *quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ tuæ.* And her "humility is the *truth.*" For all our adorable Lady had, or has, she received—a free gift from God. Before Lucifer and the Angels were created, God, in the councils of His Eternity, brought forth the purpose of creating the *Virgin Mother*, *Ante Luciferum genui te.* And, so, it is equally true of each one that God calls. When it was said to you at your veiling, as will be said to our Gertrude, *Veni Sponsa Christi*, "Come Spouse of Christ," receive the crown that the Lord *hath* prepared for thee for eternity—it means also, *from* eternity, for eternity had no beginning, as it will have no end.

So it is a crown that God prepared before the Angels were made, and that some bright and glorious Angel *might* have worn forever, had pride not led it to follow Lucifer. God, foreknowing this fall of that angel, marked *thee* my daughter from eternity, to wear it to eternity. But He has studded it, by His Incarnation, with priceless jewels never promised to that angel; and, then, *annulo suo subarrhavit te*—"He hath put His own ring on thee, as His spouse." In that wonderful psalm you say every day in Vespers, *Dixit Dominus Domino meo*, you read the words *implebit ruinas*, "He will fill the waste places."

These are no imaginations of mine. I am not capable of such things. I only repeat a little of the interpretations of Saints and Doctors of the Church, and, oh! how little.

But see what motives for gratitude, for humanity, and for that child-like fear of offending such goodness and such love. You read in the third Nocturn of Canonized Virgins: *Elegit eam Deus, et præelegit eam!* "God has chosen her, and especially preferred her!" Others are not thus *chosen*, or *preferred*, though, they too, if faithful, will have a great reward. *Twice*, in your short religious life, you have seen a good young woman desiring, but *not called!* What reason for gratitude to Our Lord and His Mother on your part. Not to *your* merits is the vocation owing, but to God's *free grace!* The Apostle says: "Hath not the potter power over the clay? Out of which He forms one vessel to be placed in a position of honor and glory; and another to occupy an unconsidered, or even a most humble place?" But the same Apostle urges: "Be not high-minded, (that is proud) but fear!" And, again he says: "Let no one take *thy* crown!" For Our Lord will surely "fill the waste places"—*implebit ruinas.* And, you know it is most certain Catholic Doctrine that *perseverance to the end* is a distinct grace, and should be prayed for, as such, every day. You have

read, no doubt, that your Seraphic Mother, St. Teresa, after whom you have the happiness to be named, was shown in hell—the terrible place prepared for her—had she not followed the wonderful vocation to which she was called.

One that has been called, as you have been, as Gertrude has been, and as our saintly Sister St. John has been ; she, like St. John the Baptist, in the desert, but doing and suffering God's will, *could not*, being thus called, save her soul, if disobedient to the call. *Ingratitude* to Our Lord is a most heinous sin in chosen souls. You, my most sweet Sister, have a grateful and loving heart. That is why Our Lord called you to the Order of His Mother. But, *wake up* every day, *gratitude* and love, to the Lord, and to His Mother, whose child you are. Every day, and all day long. For all that you can do in gratitude and love, though very acceptable to Jesus and Mary, is very cold compared to the love Jesus and Mary have for you. When I pray for you every day, and more than once, if I ask relief for you from sickness, I always tell Our Lord and His Mother that I know they love you better than I do. And you know that I love you as much as I ought to. *More*, except I always think of you as with Jesus and Mary. But Our Lord says to pray : and so, if He can find it best for you, I pray for your health, that, after all, is a fleeting and uncertain good. But, since you asked me in your novitiate, I always pray that you may be "*a humble and obedient religieuse*, and then a smile always comes on my lips ; for to become *these* means to become a Saint—*Humility and obedience !*

Sweet daughter, I do not ask you to pray for me. I know you will, *so long as you live !* And I, poor sinner, will need all prayers. PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1886.

My most sweet little daughter :

I would love to write to you oftener. I *ought* to write to you oftener, because you ask it. It is not that I am too busy. It is partly that I am too lazy, and partly that I am *too proud.* You will in your Carmelite humility not understand the "*too proud.*" This it is : When I think of my daughters, walking in the way that trains Saints, and consider myself, the self-indulgent man, *smoking tobacco for incense to my reading of good books !* restoring my weariness by a glass of wine, in my comfortable slippers and chair, my conscience (no not my conscience, but *reason*, *mixed with pride*, says : Stop ! leave those virgins that God gave you, as daughters, and then was so gracious as to ask you for, and has taken as His spouses, leave them to Him that has chosen and taken them. What hast *thou* to do with these who carry *their* crosses, following Him, who bears the Awful Cross, the Most Blessed Cross !

Dear, it is right to think of it sometimes, even for St. Teresa's daughters, who, by vocation should be the most generous of daughters of God's Mother —I mean "*the reward.*" The inspired psalms that you recite in your Divine Office, put the words in the mouths of the Saints : "I have followed the way of Thy commandments because of the reward." "*Propter mercedem !*" But it is better, and I do not think I am wrong in saying out what I know, it is *more like* my daughters, to abandon themselves with a heart altogether detached to that Lord whom they have desired ; whom they have loved ; whom they have sought ; whom they have found ; and in whom they will to rest forever. O, how beautiful is that in the solemnity of veiling : "*Amo Christum*," and what follows it. I did not

fully translate those sentences. They *cannot* be translated.

Dear Sister, as I think I am, this evening, this day, *the happiest man in New York*, so ought you to be the happiest woman in Baltimore. I, with such daughters, so serving God. *You*, called *by God's most free grace, undeserved by you* to be one chosen, out of so many, to the Order of the Mother of God.

You have in your short time seen three, *good persons*, "striving to enter in and not able!" What a motive for thanksgiving; but what a motive for humility! When came all this great accumulation of graces to you, my daughter? How the "*Magnificat*," in its several verses should sound *music in your heart*. How in Mary's Heart you should seek that "humility" for your heart—so necessary and so hard to get. But you and I drew last Pentecost, the gift of "*Knowledge*." To know our own nothingness, the boundless goodness of Our Lord, the abyss of virtues of the Mother of your Order.

Yours, &c., PAPA.

CHAPTER XV.

J. A. MCMASTER'S LAST ILLNESS.

After McMaster had sacrificed all the comforts of this world, and the nearest and dearest to his heart, he experienced, in a high degree, the happiness of the just—a happiness that he could not conceal from his friends, for it was visible on his countenance, as we have remarked in a foregoing chapter. We have good reason to believe that he was endowed, at least in the latter part of his life, with the inestimable gift of the prayer of contemplation. He seemed to enjoy the presence of God everywhere, and nothing appeared to be able to disturb his heavenly peace. God, it seems, was pleased and satisfied with the work of his valiant servant. He did not wish him to live much longer in his "hermitage." From the beginning of the world he had prepared a much more spacious one for him, replete with every comfort and full of heavenly joys. McMaster, however, was not aware that the time of his eternal reward was so near. But God sent him a messenger to remind him of the approaching end of his life.

Early on Saturday morning, Oct. 2, 1886, after the issue of the Freeman containing the last account of receipts for the Mount Carmel fund had gone to press, Mr. McMaster fell on the steep and dark stairs leading from the editorial rooms of the *Freeman's Journal* to the street. The shock of the fall to his system was severe, and although at first he made light of his injuries, it was found that he had given his right shoulder a severe strain. He was obliged to remain in bed at his "hermitage," as he called his place of residence near the house of his friend, Major Keiley. A man of less strength of will and force of character would have taken to bed long before this accident absolutely forced him to do so. For nearly six years previous to October of 1886, he had scarcely known a day of good health. But he would neither omit his regular attendance at Mass—in the stormiest weather—or remain away from his office, where he spent a few hours each day. He had, as he often expressed, the most implicit confidence in his assistants in the business department, and he thoroughly trusted his manager, Mr. John J. Gallagher, who had been with him since boyhood; and of late his son, Mr. John A. McMaster, had much relieved him by acting as his secretary; but the routine of the office had become part

of his life, and until his friends almost forced him to the hospital, those at the office were never sure that he would not come even through cold and rain, if only to sit for a few minutes in his chair in the sanctum.

He was confined to bed for several days, but, with his usual restless dislike for restraint from his daily routine in the office, he insisted on coming to New York, and thus retarded any chance of speedy recovery. An abscess also developed itself on his shoulder, which soon drained his system.

By his own desire, expressed soon after the accident which was the beginning of the end, no announcement of his illness was made in the Freeman's Journal. And, almost up to the day of his death, well-grounded hopes of his recovery were entertained, as we can see from several letters which he wrote to his daughters during his sickness.

On October 21, 1886, he wrote to one of his daughters: "In health, I am to-day far away better than any day since the fall and hurt. The pain is very moderate in the shoulder that has been so bad. Except for the poultice, and the running of matter from the place that was lanced, I could put on my coat to-day. It will be but few days, with the help of Our Lord and Blessed Lady, till I will be out."

Oct. 31st, 1886.

My own beloved in the Heart of Jesus:

I tried to write you yesterday, but was too weak, or too lazy. Yesterday made four weeks that I have spent in bed, all but a few minutes at a time. It was two weeks yesterday since Dr. Byrne lanced the abscess on my shoulder, and yesterday, after two weeks of free discharge, under the influence of poultices, the Dr. has ceased the poulticing, and had my shoulder strapped up for healing. Except for the necessary lameness, it gives me little pain, little more than the rest of my poor old joints. Dr. Byrne says I have gotten along wonderfully; and that many, with less serious hurts, have been laid up for three months.

I could not go to Mass this morning, especially as it poured rain; but I am going to dress and try to go to the Keiley's to dinner. Mr. Keiley has been most affectionately attentive to me, in every possible way. The Denikes have been most solicitous to do anything for me. Dear Pho has been most devoted. You see what kind of letter I have written, but I know you will wish to hear how I have been *bodily*.

I have *tried* to pray often, and especially for you, for all my dear Carmelites, during your holy solitude. But the prayers of a sick man, like his dreams, are very disconnected, at least when one is such a poor sinful wretch as I am.

How vividly have I felt these days, that earnest prayers were going up for me from Carmel. Untold thanks for these. It has been good for me to suffer, even if I have not made good use of it.

My heart's love to you, to Mother—Beatrice, and to all. Poor Papa.

New York, Nov. 11, 1886.

My most sweet and beloved Sister in Domino:

Your dear note is received in which you act vicariously for Sister Gertrude. I thank you for it.

I had a day rather busier than my strength warranted on Saturday, and did not write to any of you. On Sunday, the weather turned cooler, and, coming back from Mass I was cold, and a regular *chill*, followed by a burning fever. It was a bad *set back!* I spent Sunday and Monday in bed, unable to eat, and suffering pretty badly. On

Tuesday morning, Major Keiley almost compelled me to go over to their house for a few days. Mrs. Keiley's assiduous and most sisterly nursing and watching have done wonders, and already, this third day, I *feel* as if almost well. I know, though, that I must spare my strength. Writing, especially, tires me, and yet I have to do some of it.

God is pleased to lay His hand on me in various ways. Pray that I may make right use of the crosses He sends in love. How grateful I am to all at Carmel—I cannot express. It is my greatest consolation on earth, to know I am prayed for by such servants of God.

With you I cannot tell how much love to dear Gertrude, to Mother Beatrix, and to all—I must now stop. I hope to write again on Sunday.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1886.

My own most sweet and dearest Sister:

I know even a few lines will be welcome to you from me, and I cannot write more to-day. I am mending slowly, because I am very weak, and soon get fatigued—and there are more things demanding instant attention than I have strength for.

I passed a full week, from Tuesday to Tuesday, at the Keiley's—nursed, fed, and coddled. I am, I think, with care, on the full road to recovery. *Perhaps* I may be able to go to Baltimore *next week*.

What thanks can I put in words for all the love and prayers that the Carmel of Baltimore has lavished on me?

I can write no more to-day.

With a heart full of love for you,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1886.

My own most precious Sister:

It is too bad that I have not written you this week. I cannot go on till *next week*, perhaps not then. I have had a bad cold, and my recovery of strength is very slow. Still, Dr. Byrne, who is really very skilful, says there is nothing serious the matter with me except weakness. I am *trying* to take care of myself.

Friday is my very busy day, and I cannot add any words, except a heart full of gratitude and love to Carmel.

PAPA.

This hope of recovery was entertained until two days previous to his death. A telegram was sent to the Rev. Father Miller, C. S. S. R., of McMaster's dangerous illness. Next day Father M. arrived from Pittsburg at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, where, on the 12th of December, he had been forced to place himself under the care of the Sisters and physicians. Typhoid pneumonia had already set in when Father M. arrived. He was somewhat delirious, but he recognized his devoted friend. Seeing that he could not live much longer, Father M. prepared him at once for the reception of the last Sacraments. Having always been as humble and as docile as a child to do the directions of the priest for the benefit of his soul, our dying journalist immediatey declared himself ready to receive the holy sacraments. At the same time the confessor showed him that, by accepting death with perfect resignation to the holy will of God, he would die with great merit.

By death we sacrifice what is most dear to us—our life. This is the last sacrifice that we can make to God. It is a sacrifice most difficult to make because death is unnatural; it is revolting to nature, for man was not made to die; it is a punishment inflicted on man in consequence of the sin of Adam. Now, to die perfectly resigned to the just and holy will of God is to die with a merit somewhat similar to that of martyrdom.

According to St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, the merit of martyrdom does not consist merely in suffering many torments; it consists rather in the act of conformity of the martyr's will to the holy will of God. Now if God, instead of employing the hand of the executioner, makes use of some natural means, such as sickness, or an accident, to take away my life, and I accept death with as much resignation to God's will as the martyr, God will give me the reward of a martyr. Now, we believe that a martyr goes straight to heaven after death. He, then, who dies with the dispositions and the merit of a martyr, shall receive a reward similar to that of a martyr.

Hence, the merit and crown of martyrdom are acquired not only by those who die for the faith, but also by all those who cheerfully accept death for the love of God. Such a death is an act of perfect love because by it we abandon and sacrifice ourselves without reserve to the holy will of God. Such an act of love cancels sin and the punishment due to it.

In order to be able to make this act of love at the hour of death, we should accustom ourselves to make it often during life. We should often make an offering of our life to God, declaring ourselves ready to accept, at any time, the kind of death which he has decreed for us from all eternity. As soon as the holy martyrs knew that they had to suffer martyrdom, they began to make frequent offerings of their lives to God. For every such act they have obtained in heaven a special reward. We should imitate their example, because we, too, shall receive in heaven, as many crowns as we have made acts of entire abandonment of ourselves into the hands of God. We should daily beseech our Lord most earnestly to grant us the grace to accept death at his hands with the intention of pleasing him and doing his holy will.

There was, however, said his Rev. Confessor, no necessity of explaining this truth to McMaster at length. It was only necessary to remind him of it. As he had always lived in the presence of God, so he also had always lived in the sight of death, and as he made cheerfully so many sacrifices in the course of his life, he found no difficulty in making his last sacrifice—that of his life. He had accepted with perfect resignation to the will of God, not only his fall, but also its consequences as a blessing from the Lord."

It is evident from a letter which he wrote in his bed to one of his daughters on the 21st of October:

"Some time ago," he says in that letter, "I wrote you *not* to ask especially for the prosperity and happiness of this world for me, but rather for choicer blessings. As I was writing those words, or their purport, I felt how likely God is to take one *that is sincere* at his word. So, at the moment I fell, while gathering my scattered wits and badly bruised body together, I had the most lively conviction that it was an especial blessing God had granted, if I only was careful to learn all He wanted me to understand by it, *and to act up to it.* Such is still my conviction. I beg you and my dear ones in Carmel to ask *this* for me rather than prompt recovery, '*that I may learn the lesson right and act on it.*'"

He soon became more delirious, continued his Rev. Confessor, and was not able to speak coherently. Having performed for him what was in our power, and suffering very much ourselves from asthma at the time, we returned to Philadelphia where we always found relief from that distressing

disease. We requested McMaster's son, John A., not to fail to telegraph us next day if his father should recover consciousness as, in this case, we would have returned to see him again. Next day we took the 8 o'clock train from New York to Philadelphia. Whilst we were saying the Divine Office in the car, about 9 o'clock a. m., we heard distinctly a voice whispering into our ear: "McMaster is dead and happy." Not long after our arrival at Philadelphia, the brother door-keeper brought us a telegram.

"Oh Brother," said we, "we know already what is in that telegram: McMaster is dead." And so it was. He had died at 9 o'clock a. m., on the 29th of Dec., 1886. Before he died, he showed no sign of fear. He seemed to have no thought of what he had performed or of what he had not done for God. His soul was stirred only by deep, deep thanksgiving for all the blessings God had bestowed upon him and his children through his most sweet Mother Mary. "O my Blessed Mother," he exclaimed before he breathed his last, "I thank you, and I thank you again for all the grace bestowed upon my dear daughters." May we not piously believe that, when he uttered these words, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and took him along to present him to her Divine Son Jesus Christ as one of her most faithful servants to receive from Him his eternal reward? After McMaster's peaceful death, Mr. P. F. Harper wrote to one of our journalist's daughters: "I only appeared at the close of the last scene, after the enactment of the stirring incidents of a long and stormy life, to bear witness to the calm and peace, boon of a boundless faith, with which a truly Christian soul can await the final summons of its Maker."

The good sister who attended McMaster during his illness in the hospital, wrote to his daughters that she could not thank God enough for having permitted her to wait on so holy a man and to see him die so holy a death.

Thus died James A. McMaster, the great Catholic journalist, the intrepid defender of the Catholic religion—he who, since he had become a Catholic, was ever proud to think and to publish to all men, in word and deed "By the grace of God I have found the true Church of Jesus Christ—the Catholic church, in which alone salvation is possible. God be blessed forever. I am ready to make every sacrifice in order to gain heaven. Were I to lose my eyes, I am content, but I must open them one day in the light of glory; I must gaze on the beauties of heaven. Were I to lose my hearing, I shall not repine, but I must listen one day to the choirs of the angels; my ears must drink in the ravishing melody of heaven. Were I forced to remain silent all the days of my life I am willing to do so, but I must one day sing, with the blessed in heaven, the glorious canticle of praise and gladness. Were I to become lame and helpless for life, and were I doomed to drag out a long, weary existence in misery and pain, I shall not murmur; but I must one day arise with a glorified body, with a beautiful body gifted with swiftness and splendor and impassibility. And should I be hated and despised and down-trodden for God's sake, I shall bear it patiently, but I must one day be honored by Jesus, in presence of all men—in presence of the angels and saints—in presence of heaven and earth.

Though I am forced to part from the nearest and dearest, with the grace of God I shall make the sacrifice, even though my poor heart should bleed and

break, I must one day find all I love in the company of the Angels and Saints.

Whatever it may cost me, even had I to suffer all the torments of all the martyrs, I must one day see Mary in all her glory and beauty. I must love and live forever with her who is the glorious Mother of God and my own Mother. Whatever it may cost me, even though I had to pass through all the torments of hell, I must one day see my God face to face. I must love Him, I must be transformed into Him by the power of his burning love, and say for all eternity: Our Father who art in heaven;" "Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou has been faithful over a few things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord"—(Matt. XXV., 23); For "where I am, there also shall my ministers be"—(John XII., 26.).

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RANOQUE.

Translated from the Spanish of Louis Coloma, S. J.

BY DOROTHY.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

THE SCAFFOLD.

BEFORE the Cathedral of Z. to the left of the western facade, raised a little from the ground, is a curious alcove, or sort of balcony, enclosed by heavy iron gates, behind which are shutters usually closed. One day the writer of these lines was privileged to see the shutters open, and the sublime scene, which met his view, moved his soul to its very depths. A heaven-born charity had conceived a means to fortify hope and give an assurance of pardon.

Upon this alcove an altar was erected, draped in black, bearing six lighted wax candles; over the altar was a life-like image of Christ bearing his cross to Calvary. It is customary in the town of Z. that all those who are condemned to death should stop before this sacred image on the way to the scaffold, and there, kneeling on both knees, recite the Apostles Creed. How noble and consoling is the care which our Mother the Church has, in her charity, for the most abandoned of her children! What a subject for meditation! The God of all power and majesty—the Judge of the living and the dead leaves His Throne in heaven, lays down his awe inspiring attributes, takes upon Himself the form of a slave, assumes the garb of criminals and mounts an infamous gibbet, in order to redeem and save, by His death, His guilty creatures!

O, marvel of divine mercy! O, monstrous ingratitude of men! Man sees and hears, but his heart is as stone. The ingrate! He passes on his way without pausing a moment to meditate with a contrite and loving heart on the infinite love of his Creator, and thinks not to repeat with confidence:

"*Qui Mariam absolvisti*"
"*Et latronem exaudisti*"
"*Mihi quoque spem dedisti!*"

Thou who didst absolve Mary and hearken to the prayer of the good thief dost permit me also to hope.

The little chapel was open, the candles lighted ; an immense crowd, assembled in front of the Cathedral, awaited the arrival of the criminals with that Jewish impatience which justifies the saying that there is in man something of the wild beast. The majority of the spectators were men and women from the surrounding villages ; many even had brought their children, following a popular tradition, which counselled parents to show them the punishment of crime, in order the better to deter them from committing it.

The Cathedral clock, followed by all the clocks of the town, had just struck eleven. Ten minutes later, another huge clock gave slowly and solemnly eleven strokes. It was the prison clock, ten minutes late on account of the execution, announcing that the supreme moment had come. Ten minutes of grace ! Short minutes, it is true, but very precious, during which an unhoped for commutation, an unlooked for reprieve might arrive, and which sometimes gives a sinner time to throw himself with repentance into the merciful arms of his Heavenly Father.

The crowd draws near to the chapel for the dismal procession has left the prison.

The troop of Cavalry leads the march to the discordant sound of trumpets. Behind is Canijo between two priests. Clothed in a long black garment with a hood on his head, he walks with an air of defiance, and replies with imprecations and blasphemies to the exhortations of the priests. This miserable man had been in a frenzy ever since Cachana had confessed their crime, and when the judge, after having pronounced sentence of death, asked him, according to custom, whether he had any special desire which could be accorded him, he cried in a transport of fury : " Have I a special wish, do you ask ? Yes ! let me have revenge upon that woman ; let me thrust my knife into her heart, and I shall die content !" Nothing had been able to soften his heart, nor change his sentiments, and now he was on the way to the scaffold.

When the criminals arrived before the Cathedral, they were conducted to the little chapel and a halt was called. Canijo was first conducted before the image of our Holy Redeemer, and the ministers of God made a final and supreme effort to awaken, in his guilty soul, some sentiment of religion and repentance. Alas ! their prayers and exhortations were in vain. Tearing himself from their charitable restraint, the criminal turned his back roughly upon the crucifix with howls of impotent rage.

In a car, at a little distance, was Cachana ; the unhappy woman was stretched upon some straw in a half stupor. At her left was seated Ranoque ; he supported her in his arms, murmuring in her ear tender words of consolation, while the priest who had heard her humble and sincere confession, knelt at her right, a crucifix in his hand, praying in a loud voice, and exhorting her to confide in the merciful goodness of God.

The car drew up before the little chapel. With the assistance of her companions, the poor woman rose and knelt before the sacred image.

" Repeat the Creed, mother," said Ranoque in a loud voice, " and make an act of contrition as distinctly as you can."

The unfortunate woman turned a look of utter misery upon her son and burst into tears ; she had long ago for-

gotten her prayers. Ranoque then began as well as he could the symbol of the Apostles, which Cachana repeated after him midst sighs and tears.

After the recitation of the prayers, one of the priests gave his blessing to the poor criminal, then descended from the alcove to join the sad procession to assist at the execution, and then to watch with the body until it received Christian burial.*

In the middle of an immense square stands the scaffold, naked, rigid, terrifying, with that sinister appearance of life that their lugubrious purpose sometimes gives to inanimate objects. More terrifying even than the gibbet, for his work completes it; more cruel than death, for he inflicts it, upon the fatal platform stands the executioner. At sight of the instrument of justice the face of Cachana becomes livid. With eyes fixed and glassy, all her frame shivering, she buries her head in the straw at the bottom of the car, like some poor animal unable to defend itself, that tries to escape those who pursue it.

Ranoque raised her in his arms saying tenderly:

"Courage, mother! Think of the merciful Saviour who waits for you. This is your Calvary!"

Assisted by the priest, he gently helped her to descend from the car, and support her until she had ascended the steps of the scaffold.

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*There is a custom, still observed through the middle of Spain, that the body of a criminal who has confessed with repentance and received the sacraments, should, after execution, be given over to a pious confraternity which undertakes to have it decently buried with the prayers of the Church. The members of this confraternity, called *La Caridad*, are from all ranks of society, even the Royal Family. Men only are active members. A few days before an execution they pass through the streets of the town with a little bell and a purse to collect alms to have masses celebrated for the repose of the souls of the condemned, and, if necessary, to assist their families.—Translator's note.

CHAPTER VI.

A GOOD ANSWER.

The good priest who had assisted Cachana in her last moments, accompanied Ranoque to the inn where his adopted mother awaited him. When the worthy minister of God was about to take leave of him, the young man desired to give him a sum of money, fruits of his savings, that he might say some Masses for the repose of the soul of his poor mother. Deeply touched at this act of filial piety, the priest absolutely refused to accept an offering and promised to say a certain number of Masses for this intention.

At length the widow and her adopted son were alone; but neither spoke a word. Exhausted with fatigue and emotion, Ranoque threw himself upon a bed which was in the room. Consolata sat near him saying her beads.

The next morning as they were about to depart, a stout little gentleman, with a bald head, wearing gold spectacles, kid gloves, polished shoes and a silver-headed cane, presented himself at the door of the inn. He accosted them, calling the widow "my good woman" and Ranoque "my heroic young man." He was the reporter of an illustrated paper that was going to publish the portraits of Cachana and Canijo, and desired to add that of Ranoque, whose heroic filial piety was the universal topic of conversation. Indignant at such a proposal, the young man replied brusquely:

"My protrait in the papers! never!" Disconcerted somewhat at this refusal, the reporter adjusted his spectacles on his nose, coughed two or three times, and replied:

"My dear young man, your stoicism gives you a right to publicity, and there is a question of money, you know, five louis if you accept?"

"No, for nothing in the world!" cried Ranoque, turning his back and walking off.

"You have noble sentiments, my friend," thought the reporter.

"I hope you will have the goodness to excuse his rudeness," said the widow at this point; "he is not used to talking with gentlemen."

"He is a character, madame, yes, one may say he is a real character, this boy! He belongs, no doubt, to some philosophic sect; he has studied the great examples of Brutus, the maxims of Cato; or perhaps he had heard celebrated orators relate the patriotic exploits of our hereos of the XIX. century."

"Oh, no! Sir, the dear boy never cared for books. He knows his trade and his catechism of Christian doctrine, question and answer."

The journalist started, and with a sarcastic smile said:

"Ah! I see; he was brought up by the priests, was he not?"

"No sir, I brought him up, and I am proud to boast of it."

The fat little gentleman made a grimace, and shaking his cane, said in a sententious tone:

"This young man might have been another Epaminondas, madame, if you had not clipped his wings; you are responsible before humanity for this crime!"

"I, sir!" replied the good woman in amazement, "I did not know there was a saint of that name in the calendar. What I did was to dedicate him to St. Joseph, and if he has not become a *Paminondas*, as you say, the dear Saint has nevertheless made of him a good Christian and an honest man. In my humble opinion, that is worth everything else!"

THE END.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

II.—(Continued.)

AFTER the meal Fenton passed the corridor once or twice, and then turned slowly into the sitting room. Nothing there seemed to interest him. The only thing audible was the noise of the ivory balls flying around on the green table, at which stood a couple of drummers engaged in a game of pool. They were strangers to Fenton, and he was glad of it. He stood for a while with his hands behind his back and watched the players. He was invited to take a hand in the game. He politely declined, although he was an expert with the cue, and in fact at most of the social games.

"Yes, indeed," thought Fenton as he looked on, "it's much like the game of life—all hits and misses, and strange combinations—one sure and steady aim means much to the hand which guides the cue, and a bad shot may come wide

of the mark. Luck and ill-luck follow in rotation, players come and go, and still the balls keep moving—like the world itself. It's the old story, of which Saxe once said :

' *Halcyon hours—orange flowers—*
Gaily the seasons run ;
Sunshine, rain, pleasure, pain—
And the earth spins round the sun.' "

Fenton walked towards the newspaper files. He took up the *Daily Scavenger*. He scanned its headlines. The headlines were sensational—nauseating : "Sick of Life," "Found Relief by Poison," "Jilted by Her Boy Lover," "Full Details of Tragedy in Paradise Avenue," and so on. Fenton threw the paper down in disgust.

"Too filthy, all dirt, too much of the world, flesh and devil for me," said Fenton to himself. "It's awful," he went on, "to think what stuff these reporters do shovel together, really I wish the day would come when, by common consent, all newspapers and other bad smelling periodicals would be abolished, and on their ashes be established a public Gazette which would be an exact and true daily history of events pure and simple."

In a far-off corner Fenton espied a chess board, and hard by sat a young man, evidently a student, who appeared for the moment to be in a brown study.

Fenton took the vacant chair next to the little table. Although he was not anxious to talk, he did feel inclined to play. It was a quiet game, and would help to keep away unwelcome thoughts. The young man sitting near seemed to read Fenton's wishes, and having uncrossed his legs and straightened up, said :

"Do you play?"

"A little," answered Fenton.

In a moment or two the figures were all arranged for battle. In the toss Fenton got the first move. He opened with his favorite "Queen's Gambit." He soon saw he had no mean adversary. They were both well matched. By clever manœuvering Fenton trapped his adversary's queen, and after that it seemed smooth sailing on to victory. But distracting thoughts got into Fenton's head in spite of himself, and he played recklessly. The man opposite took advantage of this, and by an uncovered move captured Fenton's queen.

"Well, let it go," exclaimed Fenton as if he came out of a dream. "It's queen for queen."

Although the players were rather evenly matched as to the number of pieces, Fenton had not taken overmuch interest in the game. He was very weak without his chief piece, the queen, in fact he was helpless without her. The other observed this, and being sure of his game played carelessly, and his self-confidence pretty nearly cost him a checkmate, but luck finally brought it around at the end that neither got the game, it only ended in a draw, both of them coming out even. It was, in the language of chess players, a stalemate.

A mere play, a trivial thing, a game merely to pass time, a game of chess, and yet, that whole night it haunted Fenton's dreams. It brought more boldly into relief the very thoughts which he was trying to rid himself of. The lost queen, the game nearly lost, then nearly won, the disappointment, victory, threatening checkmate, and then after all undivided honors—a stalemate. All these things gave troubled dreams to Harry Fenton. He had not retired to rest with a little prayer. He sought a balm to soothe his feelings, something to check his lonely thoughts.

III.

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

—NEWMAN.

The holidays were drawing to a close. Fenton was glad of it. He wanted to plunge again into the distraction of business, for he was lonesome in his surroundings. "Like a fish out of water," as he himself expressed it. He would like to settle down again, to have some sacred haven he could call his own. A home which he could fondly look to, and he trusted that a kind Providence would yet show him a way out of his present gloomy position.

The great festival just past had been popularly known as a "green" Christmas, but to Fenton it was a "blue" one of deepest shade. And the glad day itself meant anything to him but happiness, indeed the recollections it awakened only tended to intensify his unhappiness.

Fenton's taste for church-going commenced on the day when he led his bride to the altar, and when he and his spouse were separated he was by no means divorced from his love of church attendance. He became a Catholic for no woman, but for conscience's sake. He was still loyal to the essentials, though remiss in minor things.

Faith went with her father to early Mass on Christmas. Fenton did not care for making too much of a show later in the day, by going to the high Mass, when fashion monopolized the pavements and all the gossips were out to see and be seen. Although a Catholic at heart, Fenton had still a great deal of human respect clinging to him, and that will explain why on some occasions he acted in such a way that people were in doubt as to his religion. He did not care to carry around with him a placard telling the passer-by "I am a Catholic."

The brilliant lights, color and lovely music at the church charmed the heart of little Faith, and after Mass Fenton saw that nothing was wanting to her in the shape of toys and confectionery. Nevertheless he could read in the child's face that there was still a void in her heart. She loved her father, but she had not forgotten her mother. And

"Can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?"

Fenton determined to break away from his present surroundings. A hotel was no place for him. Nor on the other hand, would he again confine himself to a flat in one of those dismal houses. City life sickened him. It makes one a slave of environment and a mere creature of circumstances. Fenton had enough of it. He would be a free man. Besides, the city was no place for Faith. She was yet too young to be sent to school. He would keep her with himself, and perhaps succeed in getting a good girl to take the child in charge in his own house.

Fenton made up his mind at once in this matter.

"I won't wait another day," he said, "I can't stand it any longer, I would prefer doing time at Sing Sing or pass my days in a cold-storage building."

Off he went to put his resolutions into practice. To one or two he had made known his intentions, and he was soon scented by hustling real estate boomers, who had choice building lots for sale, which, alas! often turned out to be but swamps with a few submerged stakes bobbing up here and

there. No, Fenton would look around for himself.

He took the first train along the Valley road. He had no sooner taken his seat and hidden himself behind his paper, than several annoying things turned up to disturb his peace of mind. He was trying to forget the past, and in spite of everthing that word "home" was bound to haunt him. No matter where his eyes fell, or his ears turned, there it was, or something suggestive of it.

The real estate advertisements in the paper which he held had bold-face headings offering "lowest terms to home-seekers." The newsboy was nearly hoarse from shouting, "Fresh caramels, don't forget your wife and little ones at home," and in the seat next to our traveller a couple of base-ball enthusiasts were telling how "the home team pounded the visitors."

For relief Fenton looked out of the window, but only to catch sight of a weather-beaten sign, which told the passengers that their train was pulling up at Homestead.

Fenton was so disgusted that he was determined to keep on riding if the trip lasted until another Christmas, rather than get off at any place that would remind him of the day on which he broke up his home.

He finally alighted at a small hamlet which rejoiced in the name of Boomfield. In half an hour he discovered a place to his liking, made his terms, and returned by the next train to the city.

Another difficulty presented itself to Fenton. He would spend most of his time on the road, and he could not burden the good people from whom he engaged the rooms at Boomfield with Faith. The child needed a constant and reliable companion. The only way to secure the right person would be through the medium of an advertisement.

And so next day bright and early Fenton went down to Newspaper Row and inserted in one of the papers an advertisement which read:

"Respectable girl wanted to take care of a child and to do light housework. A protestant and one from the country preferred. Apply at Lonely Cottage, Boomfield."

In analyzing that advertisement of Fenton's it is not hard to see why he preferred a country girl. He too well knew the class which generally answer such advertisements. They were smart, yes, by far too smart—those of the sex who would like to be past-masters in all trades, and who, although unsuccessful in becoming manly, too often only succeed in becoming unwomanly.

The applicants were to apply at Boomfield, because Fenton did not much care to see an army of amazons blocking the corridors of the Frieden house.

But what possessed him to stick in that clause about his preference for a Protestant? I am sure he himself regretted it the moment he saw it in cold type. There is only one explanation. The people up at Boomfield were an ultra-Protestant set and very exclusive. They were of the better class, at least according to their perverted way of thinking. They would very soon boycott a new comer if he introduced Bridget and her beads into that cultured town. So Fenton was evidently throwing a bone to this shoddy aristocracy, most of whom had a rag-picker perhaps forming the lower trunk of their geneological tree.

Fenton retired with anticipation of the morrow, which would bring an answer to his advertisement. Before he went to his room he took a peep

into Faith's room, expecting to find her asleep. He listened. She was just finishing her prayers, and her last petition was "God bless papa."

IV.

"I pass my span of life
Far from the bustle and the strife;
Content to toil from morn to night,
Love makes labor so light, so light."

A ride into the country! What thoughts does it not awaken. There is nothing prosaic about the country. You are free from the surging crowd, the grim and dark town with its factories creeping over it, and unsightly chimneys replacing the trees. There is also much to admire in the country, there it is where you commune with nature, and admire that wonderful chemistry which changes grass and leaves, flowers and seeds into bread and milk, eggs and cream, butter and honey!

Doctor Cutting was not altogether absorbed in such thoughts one chilly night, when he heard loud raps at his door. Those raps knocked all poetic thoughts skywards. Before him uprose visions of almost endless miles of mud. Twelve long miles were to be gotten over. After a long rain no one but the doctor and the priest would venture forth on such roads.

The piece of country I have in my mind is not hard to be described. Select one acre and you have the rest. The same flat fields laid out in geometrical squares, the same houses and barns and the identical rail fences keep everlasting pace with you. Perhaps now and then an advertisement daubed on the roof of some barn may give some idea of your longitude and latitude, even if it is difficult to make soundings beneath the wheels of your buggy. Such a country is much unlike those beautiful mountain lands you hear so much of, for instance our own lovely Alleghanies.

"Havens of rest" some one has rightly called the mountains and hills of south-western Pennsylvania, so rich with picturesque scenery and healthful locations. There you will find quaint little nooks and quiet little hamlets shut out from the world, where rest and health are to be found without an effort. Peace and quiet reign under a brilliant sky, and the bright rays of the sun warm the heart with their cheery smile. There the vast reaches of landscape scenery present a varied panorama pleasing and gorgeous. Seldom indeed among country surroundings will you find crimes committed, hearts broken, hope crushed, or love put to death.

Some there are, indeed, who would grow tired of living in that neighborhood along which Dr. Cutting was speeding his horse. It is after all but a matter of taste, and depends on the way you were brought up. There is beauty in the meadows and ploughed fields if you only seek it. There are plenty of persons who have left the old farm, gone to the centers of population, drunk in all the scenes and divers things that exhilarate and interest, and in the end they had a hankering after the old home in the country, whither they returned as soon as the first chance to do so afforded itself. The farmer is a happy man and has the right to be so, and he has much to be proud of, for is he not, as Webster said, "the founder of civilization."

Doctor Cutting, or the "Doc." as he was familiarly known, arrived at his destination after a few hours of hard riding. As he pulled up at the house and shouted for some one to put "Dan." his horse, into the barn, an angry response came from a canine whose

slumbers had been disturbed.

When the doctor entered the house he found that he had not a dangerous case to deal with. Widow Werker had another of those nasty spells which generally follow in the wake of old age.

Before Cutting had arrived a host of family remedies had been resorted to. Herb teas, warranted to be a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to, were brought out from the hidden depths of an old trunk, which had once carried Grandpa Werker's household goods when he crossed the Atlantic in the early forties. In addition to all this "Neighbor Snyder's wife up beyond the next concession" sent some old fashioned plasters, and Jake Wise's wife across the marsh had sent a bottle of liniment which she had made herself, and she now sent word by Jacob Junior that Sophia (Mrs. Werker) shouldn't forget to try cupping. In addition to it all the postmistress sent some powders, the yard and half of yellow wrapper enveloping the same giving direction in a dozen languages how to use "this greatest discovery of the nineteenth century, which was good for man and beast."

When Cutting saw this accumulation of drugs, the result of much neighborly solicitude, he didn't see much left in his *materia medica* to prescribe. However, he assumed a professional air, shook up the mercury in his thermometer, found out Mrs. Werker's temperature, felt the pulse and looked at the tongue and all that.

"Just a little malaria, Sophia. You will be alright in a day or so. Get this filled out to-morrow when you send in for the mail," said Cutting as he handed over to Charity Werker the prescription which was solemnly placed in safe quarters away up behind the blue and white cups and saucers, which graced the table on special occasions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"COME, FOLLOW ME!"

BY "CARMELUS"

EVER since the rich young man went away in a sad mood from our Lord's presence, after he had heard the seemingly hard condition to be received as a follower of Christ, the same invitation "Come, follow me" has not ceased to ring through all the Christian centuries. Thousands have responded to the plea "Son give me thy heart" and in making themselves willing victims of love have tasted the sweets of religious life and found the burden a light one. Many have paid no heed to the call. Woe to those who have failed to follow the vocation so clearly marked out for them. Again how many of our Catholic young men feel moved to follow Christ in the religious life, who yearn to give up home and parents in order to consecrate themselves to God, and an obstacle is put in their way by parents. Such parents have laid up an awful account for themselves before God.

Vocations should be encouraged, not impeded. Children brought up in an anti-Catholic atmosphere have by no means the exalted idea which they ought to have of religious life. "I should like to have one of my sons

ordained a priest" is heard often enough. Parents feel proud if they can be present at the First Mass of one of their children—and they are right. But they should be equally anxious to be able to offer a son to religion. In the days of faith parents often consecrated a child to God before it was born. How many holy men and women in the order of Mt. Carmel belonged to the blessed Virgin before they themselves had ratified the gift at our Lady's altar. Let those parents rejoice who have given to God a child who can daily remember them in prayer. Children should be shown how easy it is to join an order. Some shrink back because they fear they might be refused, or they do not know to whom to apply in order to gain access to religious communities. Young men of this class should understand that the doors of every monastery are wide open to anyone who shows the true signs of vocation. No one should hesitate to make inquiries of any of our fathers, if they feel called to God's service. The Carmelite Review is always ready to assist such who wish to be better informed as to a vocation.

Father Caesar Calini, S. J., in his writings gives a beautiful example, well worth the consideration of fathers and mothers whose children feel drawn to a monastic life. An only son of noble parents wrote to his father in 1715 informing him of his intention to become a religious. The father replied in these edifying words: "My beloved son,—I have deferred giving you my consent to go to a monastery until I had given the matter proper consideration. Now, falling at the feet of our Lord, I most cheerfully offer you to Him. You have received a great grace. I rejoice that false pleasures of the world have not deceived you, and that you have listened to the voice of God, and cheerfully followed to where He invited you. O what a grace that God should select you from so many for His service. I know that you have the honorable titles and wealth of your family, but you are far happier in being able to serve God in poverty than in sitting on a throne. I thank God that you belong not to that class of children who do not ask counsel of God or their parents in choosing a vocation. Live up to the obligations of your new state. Persevere in God's holy service and you will become a saint. Withdraw your thoughts from me and all you leave behind, and the sacrifice which you and I have now made will be acceptable to God. Remember me daily in your prayers to God. I now separate myself from you and place you in the arms of our Heavenly Father. It costs me many tears, but I rejoice to think of what blessings it will bring upon you, and upon your poor father who has not resisted the will of God who called you."

If these lines should fall under the eyes of any young man who feels that his vocation should be that of a religious, let him be not heedless of these words,—God has various ways of calling out to us amidst the noise of the world. He sometimes speaks in printed or written words. "Tolle, lege" (Take and read) was the voice crying out to St. Augustine. My dear friend, do not run the risk of losing a vocation. It can be lost in the bad company of men or books. Keep and nurse that great gift of God—a special sign of grace for you—a good and pious life is the best guardian of it. Remember the life of a religious is strewn with crosses, and you are continually exercised in poverty, humility and self-denial, but the reward is a hundred-fold. Do not, then, close your ears to the voice of God which whispers "Come, follow me." Obey it at once, hasten like Samuel did in going to the high priest, and coming to our Lord, tell Him: "Here I am, for Thou didst call me," (1 Kings IIIc. 6v.)

"LA SANGRE."

The New Carmelite Church in Onda.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

JOY fills the atmosphere of the beautiful little Aldea of Onda. Historic Onda, the privileged city of the Sinless Virgin of Carmel, is to-day deluged with the oil of gladness, making the little town look like a pearl of beauty.

The surging peals of bells proclaim from the lofty belfries of its churches a great public rejoicing, and in this exuberant joy, the children of Our Immaculate Mother of Carmel, no matter in what part of the Christian world they may dwell, will participate when the cause shall be made known to them.

For centuries the sanctity of her children, the virtues of her sons, the chastity of her daughters, and the profound learning and theological acquirements of her white-robed friars, have made the name of Onda familiar as a household word to the disciples of Carmel throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Its sweet name evokes in every Carmelite heart fond memories of the sainted past and devout present.

From the novitiate home in the monastery of "La Esperanza," situated amidst orange plantations of peerless richness and African luxuriance a little more than a mile distant from the little town, have gone forth year after year detachments of pious youths to the colleges of the order in Himojosa, Candete, Ossuna and Jerez de la Frontera, there to complete their theological course and religious training for the missionary life.

A few years ago the curriculum of studies was lengthened and the programme of lectures enlarged. Onda was found to be more suitable for the advanced students and better adapted for philosophical studies. Consequently the novitiate was transferred to Candete, and vast structural changes and alterations were made in the time-honored monastery of "La Esperanza." A new and commodious chapel was erected for the increased number of students, and the due performance of the offices and ceremonies of an Ecclesiastical college. These necessary improvements, through the zeal of the Very Rev. Anastasius Borras, Provincial of Spain, seconded by the liberality of the pious Catholics of the district, were speedily accomplished. A complete transformation has taken place in the picturesque surroundings of this famous Carmelite monastery, details of which, in an early number of the popular CARMELITE REVIEW, under the heading "Onda Revisited," we will give to the vast army of its readers in the old and new world.

In the meantime the patriotic Catholics of Onda desiring to have the ministrations of the Carmelite Fathers, to whom they are so deeply attached, in their little town, at their very doors, resolved to supplicate their Right Rev. Prelate, the Bishop of Tortosa, to give to the Carmelites the church of "La Sangre," then vacant. They showed

forth the moral and material benefits, which, by the residence of the Carmelite Fathers amongst them, would undoubtedly accrue to a population, which revered them.

The Bishop at once acceded to the prayers of his flock, and on Sunday, November 22nd last, amidst popular rejoicings and an enthusiasm that had never been witnessed before, the church was re-opened. The peals of the organ thundered forth again its "Te Deum" of gratitude, and the paeans of thanksgiving once more re-echoed from the vaulted roof. Once more the Virgin Mother of Carmel receives on her altar in the long closed "La Sangre" the prayers and supplications of Onda to present them to her Divine Son.

Whilst the Very Rev. Father Cirillo Ramis, Prior of "La Esperanza," celebrates the High Mass, the sweet odors of incense rise to heaven and tears of joy inundate the faces of the delighted people. After the gospel the Very Rev. Father Provincial ascended the pulpit and for nearly an hour held spellbound his vast audience, that thronged every available space from door to sanctuary, by a discourse as chaste and beautiful in language, as it was sublime in concept and cogent in argument.

Father Simon Serrano, Prior of the Monastery of Ossuna, after returning from his native city by the matchless waters of the Bay of Naples, occupied a seat in the sanctuary, and his face and figure, so familiar to the people of Onda, (as he had been for years the Prior of "La Esperanza") imparted additional gladness to the lovers of Carmel that filled to overflowing the beautiful church.

The residence of the Carmelite Fathers at "La Esperanza," in spite of their other pressing avocations and at a time when their ministrations towards their neighbors were bound to be limited and their opportunities of giving public instructions so few, had already wrought a marked change in the moral atmosphere of this district. The Monastery had already become a "fountain of refreshment" to the surrounding locality, and to use the words of the prophet Isaias, it was to the province in which it is situated, "the shadow of a great rock in a barren land."

Now, if that vineyard, which before their arrival had been barren and neglected, that a prolific crop was an impossibility—if that land that had been "desolate and impassable" in a few years, by the zeal and prudence, by the preaching and example of the selfsacrificing sons of Elias "became glad, and the wilderness rejoiced and flourished like a lily," and "the glory of Libanus had been given to it, and the beauty of Carmel and Sion,—for waters are broken out in the desert and streams in the wilderness. That which was dry land has become a pool and the thirsty land springs of water," how much more must be expected now that a contingent of the Rev. Fathers has taken up its residence in the town itself in the midst of their children, devoting themselves entirely to the spiritual and temporal welfare of souls in their new church.

Yes, Onda is happy to-day, exuberant in its joy, and effervescent in her gladness. She sees to-day fulfilled the promise of Holy Writ: "The Lord will make her desert a place of pleasure and her wilderness a garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and voice of praise."

ONDA, CASTELLOR DE LA PLANA,
Nov. 22, 1896.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

Can you realize that it is only a month since our blessed father, St. Francis de Sales, greeted us with a happy New Year? Only a month, and yet it seems such a long time.

Why? Because we get tired so soon. That is one of the joys of heaven to which we may look forward with a great longing—there we shall never grow tired.

Here on earth it is part of our punishment; yes and part of our merit too. We begin, oh! so bravely. We are going to do such wonderful things, and lo! one month only has passed and some of us have begun to wish the time away.

Well, we must learn to be patient with ourselves. The secretary heard lately a very beautiful sermon on patience, by a Carmelite, who said: "Don't be too hard on your soul, coax it."

There is wonderful wisdom in coaxing people; then why not try it on ourselves?

The soul and body are like two travellers, who must go on a journey—long or short as it may be—together.

Now it is very delightful to have a congenial companion on a journey. One who is unselfish; who knows how to give way, and who is blind and deaf to many things which are like cinders to the eyes and the shriek of the steam whistle to the ears.

One too, on whom you may lean at times, who will do much for you in such an off-handed, clever sort of manner, that you really feel as if you were being taken care of.

The secretary knows a lady, a great, tall, whole-souled woman, whom to travel with is to feel as if one were a sort of kitten rolled up in a rug, having the very best kind of a time, provided she doesn't slip out of the rug.

Well, the soul is the caretaker of the body, because it is the taller and wiser of the two.

God, the angels and our souls are spirits. Doesn't it seem at once as if the soul must be the superior? What is the office of a good superior? To take care of his subjects. The only trouble is when the little people—and all subjects are in *one* sense little people—will not yield. Your parents call you "my child," so does your pastor. Your teacher, and above all our dear Lord, always says "little one."

It is a very sweet title, so full of love so endearing, so likely to fill the heart with confidence.

Now suppose we began to think of our soul as a traveling companion whom we are very anxious to please.

Of course there will be a little tiff once in a while; we expect that, just as we look for flies in summer.

But on the whole a good natured friendship must exist between soul and body, because they are to be friends, not only in time, but in eternity.

There's another comfort in store for us. Our Lord is all the time doing with us what He did so long ago at the wedding of Cana in Galilee—turning water into wine—so that we may say to Him as the chief steward said to the bridegroom at the wedding, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

The comfort in store for us is that in eternity our bodies will all be changed.

No more trouble with them then. Isn't that worth working for? Let us begin to be patient with ourselves. Sometimes the soul tries the body and again the body is the one at fault. Well, let the one bear with the other. Dear St. Francis de Sales! Hear him talk: "Let us learn to bear with our imperfections. Our miseries are the throne of God's mercies." Think of that, dear children. We are bad, we say? All right, let us make a great, high hill of all the badness if you like. What will one good act of contrition do? Turn it into a sand hill, and you know how that slips away, until very soon there is a plain.

It isn't very pleasing to us to think of how very mean and little and sinful we are, but out of all the rubbish God will make a throne, whereon He will sit and spread His mercies so far and wide that there will soon be no rubbish in sight. Now we who have taken dear St. Francis de Sales for our patron this year must also take his motto: "Courage! my soul. Courage!" Let us keep his words in mind: "God is not so terrible to those He loves; He is content with little, for He knows we have not much to give." Were ever sweeter words spoken by human lips? No, except by the lips of our Blessed Lord himself. That one sentence is worth copying in one's prayer-book to be read—when? On Sundays? Oh, my! is that the friendship you are going to cultivate for our St. Francis de Sales? A weekly greeting. Ah! no dear children; go to him every day and learn his sweet lessons. You will grow to be a saint before you know it. Did you ever hear what a coachman who knew the Holy Bishop said when told that his Lordship of Geneva was to be canonized? "What! make a saint out of *him?* You might as well make a saint out of me." Well, every man to his taste, as for you and me dear children, we will be quite content to be saints like St. Francis, will we not? What a dreadful thing it would be if I made you grow tired of him. No, no, tired of the secretary perhaps, *never* of St. Francis de Sales.

Our dear Blessed Lady has a sweet Feast this month, Purification or Candlemas Day, which falls on Feb. 2, the Feast of her first sorrow when she went back to her holy house with a sword piercing her heart. The sword of sin—the sight of all her dear Infant Son would have to suffer in the years to come. Go to her, dear children, on Purification Day and tell her how dearly you love her, and how gladly you would have walked home with her from the Temple and have held her beautiful, soft, white hand in yours, and pressed it to say how deeply you felt for her and with her.

If all the dear children of the CARMELITE REVIEW would carry three devotions through life with them they could be quite sure of happiness even before they die: The Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Sorrow, and St. Francis de Sales—three rounds of a ladder whose top reaches heaven.

One word to my young friends who have some very funny ideas of what the secretary does and what she is. She doesn't "*keep a little shop*," and she isn't "*Dear Sister*," and she does

not live "*in a Convent.*" She is a public school teacher and lives in her own home, and will only send Scapulars to her little friends who can not get a pair.

St. Francis de Sales likes busy little needle-women.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Name a Jesuit poet who was martyred, and what did he write?
2. What English Archbishop was murdered in the reign of Henry II.?
3. When were the English "Days of Chivalry"?
4. Who built Westminster Abbey, and what was it first called?
5. Who was the founder of the English navy?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Menelik—The Negus.
2. The bat.
3. It comes from the rawhide "brog" of the ancient Britons.
4. Life.
5. His shadow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY.

1. Mango.
2. O. I. C. U.
3. For divers reasons.
4. Because it turns night into day.
5. On the outside.

ST. ANTHONY AND LITTLE ALICE.

You no doubt often think, dear boys and girls, that when you grow big you will do thus and so, for God and heaven, and no doubt many of you will carry out your good intentions. In the meantime I want to direct your efforts to what you can do while you are yet young; so I will tell you the story of a little girl who lived but a few years since in the city of Philadelphia. She had always been a very good child. Her parents were converts to our holy faith during her infancy, and when they were received into the church they had their five children baptized at the same time. The little Alice of whom I write was instructed very carefully upon the subject of baptism, and also of the great importance of preserving her baptismal innocence. Soon becoming familiar with the lives of the saints, she loved much to hear and read of St. Anthony, who, it is written, restored a dead child to life, and who also "saves persons from shipwreck, and who finds things lost." Obtaining possession of a picture of the saint, she placed it in the second hall of the house, and every time she went up and down stairs she would say a prayer in honor of her patron. In every difficulty little Alice resorted to her picture, and after praying before it, it was observed that she would frequently find articles that had been lost, and as multiplied facts prove true theories, these occasions served to prove the advocacy of the saint, even in what might have been considered insignificant trifles. Very soon the good mother and sisters paused before little Alice's picture, and they too found favor with the saint. For several years this good little girl prayed in this way, until the time came when she could no longer pause in the hall to speak to her beloved saint before his picture. Then it was brought to her and placed on the wall beside her bed, that, dying, she might still ask her beloved patron to sustain her in sickness and receive her in his arms at her death. The sad hour came, and the grieved parents, with stricken hearts, parted from their beloved child. From this time the picture became a sacred relic in the family, and when a prayer was said before it all felt that another advocate was enlisting the

services of the saint along with them in the person of their dead child. From one occasion to another the prayers before the picture became so miraculously answered that the report of its efficacy soon spread among their friends, and day by day new traits were adduced of the interposition of the saint. At this time a friend who was very anxious for her husband's conversion and who had prayed for it for many years, engaged this good family to unite their prayers with hers for this intention. Obtaining a picture similar to that formerly belonging to little Alice, she interested other friends to join her in a novena to this saint; and now what I am going to tell you is so true that there are numbers of people living who know the circumstances. On the evening of the ninth day of the novena little Alice's mother received a note from the happy wife running thus: "Gloria in excelsis Deo! My husband has this moment returned from confession!" And this was but the beginning of the fruits of the devotion to St. Anthony in Philadelphia. The same lady's husband's mother was an inmate of her family, and so bigoted a Presbyterian that it was only through the grace of God her annoyances could be borne with. Seeing the conversion of her son, and also seeing how in every emergency or otherwise God was asked for everything by her son's wife, and how his little children were taught to resort to Him, even for their childish wishes to be gratified, she after a while fell into the habit of coming to her daughter when anything was lost. "Well, I have searched everywhere," she would say, "and it cannot be found; so you must pray to St. Anthony." The daughter would often say, "Mother, when you are sure it is not in the house, St. Anthony and I will find it." Her knees very often trembled as she would go through the house searching for the missing article with this prayer on her lips: "Blessed St. Anthony, obtain for me the favor of having the blindness removed from my eyes, that by finding what has been lost, the power of faith may be shown to the benighted soul of my mother."

In no case, and there were many, was her prayer unheard. One little instance was overwhelming to the poor old lady. The family were going travelling, and a particular suit of clothes belonging to one of the children was, after three days' search by the grandmother, declared to be "not in the house." The daughter said: "When you have given up in despair, St. Anthony and I will find it for you." The moment came; with zeal in her steps, fervor in her heart, and prayers on her lips, the daughter went to the bureau where the clothes were kept, and there, not even covered, lay the lost suit of clothes. You may imagine the feelings of both when she returned and held up the suit of clothes before the old lady's eyes. Again, a valuable napkin-ring was missing for two weeks. An ineffectual search produced the same result, an appeal to the saint. Each room had been searched in vain, and, on the point of leaving the first room she entered, still praying, the daughter paused to arrange the bottles on a toilet table, when her hand touched something under the edge of the curtain. In not more than five minutes she returned to the dining-room with the lost ring in her hand.

A series of direct answers to prayers could not fail to produce their impression upon a susceptible mind, and as though God directed this old lady to learn the truth by these evidences of prayer and faith, for she seldom read religious books, and never a Catholic book, in three years from her son's conversion and death she became a Catholic, and died a holy and a happy death.

Such, my dear children, was the result of the graces obtained by the devotion of a few holy souls, stimulated by the example of a little child, to one of God's greatest saints.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A thought for Candlemas :—In Mary there burned a triple light, namely, the light of faith, of hope and of charity. So, too, in thy heart, O Christian ! should burn the same threefold light. By prayer this light is obtained from God through His holy Church.

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The five pieces of silver which the Mosaic law required for the redeeming of the child Jesus at the time of the Purification, are recalled to our minds by the five joyful mysteries of the Rosary. We ourselves were redeemed by the five sacred wounds in His adorable body, which the high priest, Jesus, offered up for us on the altar of the Cross.

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Archbishop Martinelli, the successor of Cardinal Satolli as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has been received with enthusiasm in New England. His visit to Lawrence was signalized by an unusual occurrence. The citizens, irrespective of creed, gave him a public reception. The Holy Father, hearing of this public demonstration, cabled his appreciation and bestowed his blessing on the citizens of Lawrence. May all our American municipalities learn to deserve the same blessing.

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The appointment of the V. Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., to the rectorship of the Catholic University has been hailed with delight by all his admirers, and they are not a few. Those that know him well are confident of his fitness for the difficult post to which he has been raised by the Holy Father. The farewell sermon he preached on leaving his parish in Worcester, is an evidence of his apostolic spirit and tender piety. After exhorting his people to remain loyal to their church, their neighbor and their God, he continues :

"Remember, as I have told you so often, that the source of all loyalty is at the altar, where your beloved Saviour feeds you with the bread of heaven, His own body and blood. Be good Catholics, staunch, every-day Catholics; Catholics everywhere; always showing to the world the blessings of the faith of Christ, which is the source of all true life. Be not satisfied with a little Catholicity; be not veneered Catholics, but Catholics to the core. Be Catholics of the altar, Catholics of the sacraments, Catholics because of the faith you have received. Stand by the principles of temperance and sobriety, which I have been proud to teach you by word and example. Be men and women worthy of the love of the Sacred Heart. We will love one another in the Sacred Heart, in the Sacred Heart may we be privileged to die."

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The holy season of Christmas, the season of peace, seems to have ushered in two events of the utmost importance in bringing about good will among men and nations. One is the union of Irish factions for the common weal of Ireland ; and the other an arbritration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. The world seems to be astonished at these evidences of Christian feeling, and doubts their sincerity. We are not yet used to that sort of thing after nineteen centuries of Christianity. We trust in horses, and in chariots, and not in the name of the Lord. It will be a long time yet, before the so-called Christian world will cease to rely on its men of iron and blood, and trust in God. "In God we trust" is a beautiful motto, but it

sounds like cant in the mouth of governments which are continually increasing their armies.

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The English Secretary of State for the Indian Department has sent an appeal to the Lord Mayor of London for subscriptions to relieve the famine sufferers of India. In his statement, accompanying the appeal, he places the number of probable victims at the terrible figure of *six millions*, more than the entire population of British North America. One of the saddest features of this awful infliction is the fact, that thousands will rather starve than accept the relief offered them. It was to be foreseen that the frightful death rate among the natives would cause an epidemic of some kind, but the appearance of the bubonic plague in Bombay has startled the most indifferent into something akin to horror.

Who is responsible for these periodical famines? Can they be prevented? Could the Irish famine in '48 have been prevented? Need there be any starving populations any where in the world under the *protection* of civilized nations?

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On December 29th last the Holy Father gave an audience to the officers of the Papal household. In the course of his remarks, speaking about his health, he told them of an extraordinary incident which had taken place a few months before. He said that a young Carmelite nun paid him a visit at that time and assured him, that she had offered the sacrifice of her own life to God, in order that He might, in His mercy, prolong the precious life of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father added, that the heroic nun was then in perfect health, but that God seems to have been pleased with her offer, as she has since died peacefully in the Lord. It will only be known in heaven how much the prayers of the cloistered dwellers on Mount Carmel have done for the church of Christ, their beloved bridegroom.

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Mexico honored one of her daughters, one Augustina Rodriguez, with a monument, because she had given her thirteen sons as victims on the battlefield. And, let us observe, how can we fittingly honor the best of mothers, Mary, who gave the best of sons as a victim for us? The parallel prompts thought.

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The devil shows his hoof at times. A point in evidence was the public rebuke sent to the Spanish general in the Philipines by the Masonic lodges. They would forsooth have the friars expelled. The real and only benefactors of the natives are the friars who have spared no pains to spread education, religion and civilization. Now their reward is abuse, persecution and death. Not long ago Archbishop Martinelli, a friar himself, justly remarked that the friars not only christianized the savage islanders, but also taught them agriculture, mechanics and all the useful arts.

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It is a very true saying that "the lion is not so fierce as he is painted." This reminds us of the blood-stained portraits of Spanish generals so often sketched by some of the humane(?) journalists. The most of the wrong (if you take this word in its true sense) done in the war-ridden isle to the south of us, is brought about by the arch-enemy of mankind and his satellites, the free-masons. This cannot be gainsaid. We heard from a gentleman, who is above bias and who knows what

he talks about, that most of the Cuban agents in this country are members of secret societies. Again, letters from unprejudiced residents of Cuba who belong to neither of the belligerents, show General Weyler in far other than the dark colors, in which he is usually painted. But the children of darkness must lie and lie persistently like their father. Liberty-loving souls should not let their sympathy run away with them. It is now and then good to recall what Madame Roland said, as she was led to execution, "O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

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It not unfrequently happens, as many a priest can attest by experience, that persons are tempted to lay aside their Scapular. It is a trick of the devil. The experience of the missionaries in Madagascar also shows the same. The fathers say that one of the most ordinary and perfidious devices of the evil one is the suggestion to the dying to throw off the Scapular of Mount Carmel. This is proved by some very sad examples. We are told of one poor soul who repeatedly tried to obey the devil in this matter. Prayer finally conquered the devil. Just before this woman died she remarked: "Here comes the Blessed Virgin to take me. She recognizes me for her daughter by the Scapular on my breast. A thousand thanks, my friends, for your not allowing me to remove it!" How consoling, dear reader. A warning too for us to never lay aside our Scapular during life in order that we may have it about us when we need it most—at the hour of death.

A good life gives ease to the mind, and a pure conscience affords great confidence towards God.

NEW PULICATIONS.

Mr. Billy Buttons, by Walter Lecky. Second edition, 12 mo. Cloth $1.25. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

An American novel, breezy with the air of the wild hills in the Adirondack region. A rugged setting for simple heroic lives, full of pathos and nobility. The story, or rather the chain of stories, is told in short, crisp sentences. There are bits of wisdom scattered through the pages, bright epigrams, that sparkle like snow crystals in the sun. The characters are manifold, and so uncommon that they must have been drawn from life. And yet we know them, understand and love them far more than the un-American characters of Ian McLaren's books. It is pleasant to think that a gifted Catholic writer has enriched our American literature with this collection of gems, picked up from our own soil, a soil as productive of heroes as any in the world.

Passing Shadows, by Anthony Yorke. Cloth $1.25. Benziger Bros., New York.

A simple story, the characters of which belong to the humbler classes of New York city. Gabrielle Crystal, who asks the prayers of her pious sister Agnes, that she may win the heart of John Fulton, is as innocent a girl as she is true to her lover, when he is a prisoner, sentenced for a crime which he never committed. The persons figuring in this most interesting story are young people who are not impossible ideals, but strong, wholesome and natural types of true Catholic spirit.

The Vocation of Edward Conway, by Maurice F. Egan. Cloth $1.25. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

The most serious fault of clever writers is repetition of themselves. There were some critics who feared such a disaster for the gifted author of this novel. That their fears were groundless is shown clearly by the freshness and originality of this new story. Mr. Egan has been steadily progressing in power, until he has attained, even now, an enviable position among the writers of the day. The present volume is the best proof of this. It is the

most powerfnl, most finished, and most interesting novel he has written. And, above all, it is a thoroughly Catholic novel. Egan's Catholicity is not an ever diminishing quantity as is the case with other so-called Catholic novelists.

The Chaplain's Sermons, by Rev. John Talbot Smith, L.L.D. Wm. H. Young & Co., New York. Cloth $1.50.

The author of *Our Seminaries* says some very good things on the subjects of preaching and sermons. In speaking of the training to be given ecclesiastical students in the art of preaching, he says: "It is important that he should avoid the beaten path from the start. He must even be taught a horror of it. It is the bane of our preachers, who seem for the most part to be treading in one another's footsteps, as Indians are said to do on the war-path." It was with some curiosity, therefore, that we opened this book of sermons by the same author. He practices what he teaches. He has certainly avoided the beaten path, and given our young preachers models of sermons original and quite modern. Not every one, however, can make use of his methods, without running the risk of losing the unction and piety so necessary in preaching the word of God. To give an instance. It is not given to every preacher to bring in Napoleon, Dante, Washington, Evangeline, Joan of Arc and lines from a poem of Holmes, in a sermon on the Holy Name, and yet preserve a flavor of tender piety and devotion, as our author does.

The Weekly Bouquet is the new name of our old friend, The Orphan's Bouquet. Brighter than ever under the management of its two gifted editors, it is winning new admirers and readers every day.

The *Ave Maria*, the most satisfactory of all religious magazines of the age, is stretching forward with success to still greater excellence in the future. We are promised some of the best things in Catholic literature for this year. Rosa Mulholland and Christian Reid are going to give us stories, and Maurice F. Egan some more of the delightful chats which were some time ago such a welcome feature of the *Ave Maria*. And then, we are going to have the "Notes and Remarks" every week, as heretofore. This feature is not announced in the prospectus, although, to our mind, it is the one that is most appreciated by all the readers of the *Ave Maria*.

The *"Volksfreund"* of Buffalo, a German Catholic daily paper, publishes an annual which is very popular among the German Catholics. The "Hausfreund" for 1897 is beautifully illustrated and contains some excellent stories and a variety of useful and entertaining articles. It has 144 double-column pages, and sells at the low figure of 25 cents.

Maria yel Protestantismo, the work of our friend, Father Regis Peauches of the Seminary of Mexico, has now reached its third edition. As long as Mexico venerates Mary, Protestantism can get no foothold there.

Almanac and Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer, is published by the central direction of the Apostleship—27 W. 16th St., New York, at the low figure of 10 cents. It contains a complete account of the League of the Sacred Heart, names and addresses of all the directors in the world, and a summary of the work done in the United States during the past year. There are a number of articles all dealing more or less with the wonderful work of the League, which has become as Catholic as the church herself.

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1897, in its well-known red and gold dress, published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto, Ont., is a welcome visitor. Taught by the experience of previous years, we were led to anticipate the usual excellent features of this pretty annual. We were not disappointed. If anything, it has gained, both in originality and excellence of the articles and stories contributed. Most of the illustrations, including the frontispiece, is a reproduction of the first distinctively Catholic picture painted by a Canadian—it represents the Crucifixion. The chronicle of events is more extensive and complete than it was last year. We hope

that this excellent annual, approved and recommended by all the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario, will secure all the support it so richly deserves. It is now only in its third year, and has gained in the short time of its life a number of staunch friends. As it is the only Catholic almanac appearing in English in Canada, all English speaking Catholics ought to take a natural pride in it, and by their purchase of it, increase its power for good and its usefulness.

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Our Boys' and Girls' Annual, published by Benziger Bros., New York (price 5 cents.) This neat little almanac is intended for young Catholic readers. The beautiful little Christmas story by Father Finn, S. J., is alone worth more than the price of the almanac.

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WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Agnes' Church, Debec, N.B.; St. Joseph, N.S.; Mainadieu, N.S,; St. Anthony's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Church of Immaculate Conception, Faribault, Minn.; St. Francis the Sales' Church, Herkimer, N.Y.; Windsor, Ont.; Alexandria, Ont.; Lima, Ohio; Uxbridge, Ont.; Bennington, Vt.; Church of B. V. Mary, Swormville, N.Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Brechin, Ont.; Oakville, Ont.; Marmora, Ont.; St. Joseph's College, St. Joseph, N.B.; Galt, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from St. Thomas' Church, Bedford, Pa.; St, Agnes Church, Uniontown, Ky.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

At St. Caecilia's Priory, Englewood, N.J., from Church of St. Philip Neri, Northport, L.I.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N.J.; St. Mary's Church, Williamsbridge, N.Y.; Mendham, N.J.; St. Elizabeth's Church, Thomasboro, Ill.. Belle Creek, Minn.; St. Pius' Church, Cannon Falls, Minn.; Holy Cross Church, Keystone, Ia. ; St. John Bapt's Church, Byrnesville, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Lyons. Ill,; St. Patrick's Church, La Salle, Ill.; St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading, Pa.; Chesnut Hill, Pa.; St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N.J.

At. St. Joseph's Monastery, Leavenworth, Kas., from St. Joseph's Church, Leavenworth, Kas.; Manhattan, Kas.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Creve Coeur, Mo.; St. Mary's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; Mt. St. Mary's, Leavenworth, Kas.; Roslin, N.J.; Joliet, Ill.; La Crosse, Wis.; Maytown, Ill.; Churchville, Iowa; Higginsville, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Richland Centre, Wis.; St Andrew's Church, Pendleton, Oregon; Denver, Col.; Easton, Kas., Effingham, Kas.; Raton, N. Mex.; Conception, Mo.; St. Peter's church, Peter City, Ill.

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OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following : John McKeown, St. Catharines, Ont.; Thos. J. McCarthy, New York City; James Sullivan, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Wm. Kelly, Medina, N.Y.; Mathew Lynch, Washington, D.C.; Edward P. Fullen, Paterson, N.J.; Katie Dailey, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Belford J. Walters, New York City.

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A Letter of Thanksgiving.

January 7, 1897.

Rev. and Dear Sir :

After making a novena to St. Joseph I was cured of a very troublesome disease, and I promised to have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

FROM A READER OF YOUR VALUABLE PAPER.

TAMIA, IA.

———

Avoid the many things that are of little or no profit to the soul.

To think nothing of ourselves, and always to judge well and highly of others is great wisdom and high perfection.

We must not suffer our will to be the slave, or to be subject to any but the will of him who has redeemed it by his Precious Blood.—St. Teresa.

How happy is he who, in hours of discouragement and sadness, can have recourse to work and prayer!—work, which forcibly distracts us, and prayer, which sweetly rests us.

"And the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women."

—St. Luke: chap. 1, v. 28

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., MARCH, 1897. NO. 3

AVE MARIA!

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

STEALING gently through the silent night,
Holy greeting from the land of light,
To thy Virgin Soul so chastely white.
"Ave Maria!"

Sweeter than the golden harps above
Murmur those celestial tones of love,
O'er thy spirit rests God's holy Dove.
"Ave Maria!"

O the rapture which no words can tell!
God's own Word in thee has come to dwell,
Angel-songs more gladly round thee swell.
"Ave Maria!"

Humble flow'ret drooping in the shade,
Blessed Mother, still a youthful Maid,
Hear us pleading for thy loving aid.
"Ave Maria!"

Oft at morn, at noon, at eventide,
Soft we greet "the Spirit and the Bride."
Pray that e'er in us He may abide
"Ave Maria!"

May this strain of well-loved melody
Joy in life and death, sweet Mother be!
May it echo in eternity.
"Ave Maria!"

ENFANT DE MARIE.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Expressions of Grief and Sympathy—The Loss of a Noble Man Deeply Felt—No Praise Too High for Him.

FTER the death of McMaster had become known, profound expressions of grief and sorrow were heard on every side, and from all classes, for the loss which American Catholics had sustained in the death of Mr. James A. McMaster. In his death the Church has lost one of her most gifted and devoted sons, and the community one of its best citizens. The Rev. Father Prendergast, S. J., said in substance :

"The nobility of his character, the sterling qualities of heart, and his long and faithful services to religion in the field of Catholic journalism, have endeared his memory to those who shared with him the grand privilege of Faith.

Mr. McMaster belonged to the generation that is rapidly passing away, a generation that witnessed some of the most remarkable events that history records—great changes in the political and social condition of men, and of everything that contributes to the welfare and happiness of the human race. He bore a conspicuous part in firmly establishing the Church upon the soil of his native land, and devoted himself exclusively to her sacred cause."

Father Edwards, of Fourteenth street, said : "I can scarcely find words to express the deep sense of loss I feel. I consider the death of Mr. McMaster a great public loss. It is certainly a grievous loss to me and to every soul in this parish, where for many years his was a familiar figure. He attended Mass daily in the church, and was not only most devout and exemplary in observing the common duties which all faithful Catholics practice, but he never neglected an opportunity to perform those minor devotions, which he regarded with great favor. He was most zealous and earnest in all works of piety, and his presence was always a source of consolation and edification to those around him. He took the greatest possible interest in the welfare of the Church, and never wearied of talking on the subject. I consider that he was the best champion of the Church in this country. He stood up and defended her against the assaults of prejudice and ignorance, at a time, too, when it required the most fervent devotion to Faith and an equally strong indifference to public opinion to do so. He never wavered, but was always ready to sacrifice everything to the cause of his religion. He was a fine, ripe scholar, and a writer of rare force and clearness."

Father Lynch, of the Transfiguration,

said that, though he did not belong to the body of clergymen that remained from the period that Mr. McMaster began his career on the *Freeman's Journal*, he nevertheless was moved by the death of the brilliant writer and powerful defender of the Faith. He always was profoundly impressed with the strong honesty and high fervor that influenced him in the work which he did in behalf of the Church to which he was ardently attached. "He was always powerful, and he was always orthodox."

A great number of priests, both rectors and curates, spoke in the highest terms of praise of the good work done for the Church by Mr. McMaster, and there was a general feeling that in his death the Church and press and community have suffered an irreparable loss. His loss, they said, will be felt as a personal one to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. It will leave a blank in many lives—in lives that have been connected with his, through the medium of the weekly paper for well nigh half a century. To many in distant places, who have never experienced the kindly influence of his presence, he will be mourned with a sorrow as deep and heartfelt as the sight of his cold and peaceful features awakened in the breasts of those gathered about his bier to-day. They will revere his memory with as much tenderness as if they had been connected with him in bonds of closer union, and all over the land prayers will ascend to Heaven for his repose, who so often invoked them for his unknown friends in their hours of trial.

In speaking of Mr. McMaster, some of the older priests of New York were overcome by the feelings of sadness which his death awakened. There are but few of his contemporaries any longer officiating. They have passed away, one by one, and their places have been taken by younger men. Among these his death is universally deplored, for, although they were not bound to him by the memories and personal attachments that marked his relations with the few surviving men of former years, yet they cherish his memory and feel the extent of the loss which the Church has suffered.

In a letter to Mr. John A. McMaster, Mr. Thomas L. James, late postmaster of New York, said: "He was utterly fearless in the discharge of what he regarded as his duty, upright in his dealings, a Christian gentleman always. I mourn deeply his loss. A good, true, noble man has gone to his reward."

Hon. Wm. Dorsheimer, New York *Star:* "It was with great regret I learned of the death of Mr. McMaster. I have known his work in journalism for many years. His opinions on popular subjects were expressed with a fearlessness and candor that commanded the respect of even those who differed with him. Journalism has sustained a severe loss in his death."

Father Slattery, St. Patrick's Cathedral: "There is universal grief among us over the death of Mr. McMaster. He was undoubtedly the leading Catholic journalist of the day. Right in his ideas and fearless in their expression, he proved himself a powerful ally. His great reverence for everything Catholic was his most prominent characteristic. His loss is irreparable."

Rev. Father Healy: "I have met Mr. McMaster occasionally. He was very orthodox in his views, and always sincere and honest. A man of principle, who lived up to his religion."

Father McMahon, of St. Andrew's, on Duane street, expressed the deepest feeling of sadness at the death of Mr.

McMaster, whom he had known for forty years. "I admired the noble qualities of the man, and recognized his great natural endowments; but as our opinions diverged on the question of slavery in the early days of the war, I have seen but little of him for a number of years. He was, in all matters concerning the Church, actuated by the highest motives of duty, and I cannot help feeling that his loss both to the Church and to Catholic journalism, of which he was the most conspicuous figure, is very serious. Though I frequently differed with him in opinion, I never failed to appreciate and value his honesty of purpose."

Dr. McSweeney, of St. Bridget's, said the loss would be deeply felt by all who were interested in the cause of Catholic journalism. Mr. McMaster was a scholarly man, and a bright light in the profession to which he has so long and conscientiously devoted his genius. No one could fail to admire his devotion to what he considered the truth.

Rev. Arthur Donnelly was grieved to learn of the sad event that deprived the Church of one of her most faithful and devoted sons, and the press of its gifted chief. He said the loss was a general one, and would be felt by all persons identified with the Church's work in this country for the last forty years.

Father Denny, S. J., of West Sixteenth street, in speaking of the life and labors of Mr. McMaster, expressed the greatest admiration for the sincerity and high purposes which inspired every act of the dead journalist. "His course was always honorable and straightforward, and no matter how much one might differ with him on the treatment of matters of minor importance, there never was any cause to doubt the disinterestedness and loftiness of feeling that influenced his course on all occasions. He was a man of rare mental gifts and of great powers of thought and argument, which were aided by an excellent training, that enabled him to exert all his force to the best advantage."

"The death of Mr. McMaster, the great, and good, and most revered Catholic leader and Christian gentleman," wrote Ex-Governor Lowe to Major John D. Keiley, "will fill millions of hearts with sorrow throughout the Christian world. There are not many men in this country for whom I entertained the same degree of respect and admiration with which Mr. McMaster inspired me.

"He has gone to a very great reward for a long life well spent in the service of the Church he loved so ardently. His genius, piety, and wonderful learning, all consecrated to religion, have earned for him an immortal crown far more precious than the great fame which he won on this earth."

"1915 H st. N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.,
"December 30.

"The shadows of the departing year are deepened by the sad intelligence which has just reached me, and I beg to tender to the management of the *Freeman's Journal* my profound sympathy in the loss we have all sustained in the death of its large-hearted and large-minded senior editor, the late James A. McMaster. His long and faithful service as a Catholic journalist is without a parallel among us, and such a noble career as he elected to follow will be gratefully treasured in the remembrance of all Catholics who appreciate his loyalty to principles in times when it cost much to be so devoted and so fearless. I pray that the Divine Beneficence may remember in mercy His departed servant, and cause

perpetual light to shine upon him! Very sincerely yours, A. J. FAUST."

FROM THE FREEMAN, Jan. 15th, 1887.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 30th.

To John D. Keily, Esq. :

Your telegram announcing the sad news of Mr. McMaster's death reached me yesterday. A few days before I heard through Mr. Egan of his serious illness. He was a brave defender of the Faith, R. I. P. Faithfully yours in Jesus Christ. J. CARD. GIBBONS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30th.

To John D. Keily, Esq. :

DEAR SIR :—I am in receipt of your favor conveying the melancholy intelligence of the death of James A. McMaster, and the deeply appreciated honor of requesting my attendance as a pall-bearer at his obsequies. I will be in attendance at the time mentioned.

Truly yours,
MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30th.

DEAR SIR :—I have already an engagement for to-morrow at 10 A. M. which it is now impossible for me to neglect. If by any possibility I can be in Brooklyn at or near that hour, I shall surely be present to pay the tribute of respect for one whom I had known so long and for whom I always entertained cordial esteem and affection. If I am not present, as you write me to be, it is only because I am compelled to be absent.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD O. GORMAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30th.

DEAR SIR :—I have this afternoon received your most honorable invitation to attend, as pall-bearer, the funeral of the late respected Mr. McMaster. While extremely desirous of paying such tribute of respect to the distinguished deceased, I regret that, being only convalescent from a severe attack of illness, it will be impracticable for me to attend as I would desire. With great regrets and with sincere sympathy, I have the honor to be, dear sir, with great respects,

CHAS. P. STONE.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Syracuse, N. Y.
Jan 3rd.

DEAR MR. EGAN :—We were all much grieved to hear of the death of Mr. McMaster, the valiant defender of the Church and my old friend from the days of my boyhood. He is a great loss. He had the benefit of the prayers of my congregation yesterday at the different masses, and he shall be remembered by me at the altar. He never forgot his friends. We should not forget him. May he rest in peace —the brave old Catholic warrior! Sincerely yours in Christ.

JAMES J. MORIARTY.

A TRIBUTE FROM A VALUED FRIEND.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.

To Maurice F. Eagan, Esq.

Ed. of the New York Freeman's Journal :

I was stunned this morning to read in the despatches, that my dear and old time friend Mr. McMaster was no more! This is for me a grievous personal affliction, which comes upon me with special weight, and will leave in my heart an enduring sorrow. You knew of course the generous loyalty and the depth of his affection for me, extending back during more than a quarter of a century, and how in so many ways, on so many occasions, he sought to single me out and distinguish me by marks and testimonies of his esteem and disinterested friendship. You know too how in a particular instance and manner he conferred on me

the most grateful and the most flattering pledge of his confidence and respect which I can never forget. Naturally then he was very close to my heart. But in a far wider sense than as a personal loss, I shall always hold his memory precious and dear to me. His decease will stir emotions of sorrow in every Catholic heart and home throughout the land. His splendid and faithful services and labors in the cause of Catholic journalism, to which he had consecrated his life and his talents as to a religious vocation; the energy, devotion and unselfishness with which he championed the cause of religious truth, in utter disregard of all merely human and personal considerations; his consistent and loyal devotion to the Holy See, and to the principles and interest allied thereto, is an example worthy of the ages of faith and chivalry. Ever in the front of the conflict, facing the foe with "fierce and defiant aspect," how tender and gentle-hearted, nevertheless, he was to those who knew him with his "armor off!" A giant in his strength and power, with the tenderness and softness of a woman in his inmost heart! Let others remember flaws and blemishes if they may, in that great and heroic character and life. I remember only that he was my friend, and the wealth of his services. When I recall the long chronicle of his Catholic life and work, from the time of his conversion to the hour when he was forced to lay down his valiant and trenchant pen, never to take it up again—when I look back over these laborious years and recall the value of his life's work, I realize how great is the debt of gratitude we all owe to him and how gratefully he deserves to be remembered in every Catholic heart and before every Catholic altar. And surely he will be so remembered in the way and manner he would most desire, in prayers and holy masses for the repose of his soul. I telegraphed you this morning a message conveying the brief expression of my sorrow and my sympathy to his mourning children. Please convey to them my messages of sincere condolence, in which my wife and daughter earnestly join.

I should certainly have gone to New York to attend the funeral and to testify publicly my respect and affection for our dear friend, but illness in my family, as well as pressing official duties, obliged me to forego the journey.

Rev. Fr. Conway, V. G., has thoughtfully arranged for an early Requiem Mass at the Cathedral for the deceased which will be duly announced. His example I am sure will be widely imitated, and in convents all over the land holy souls will remember him daily in their prayers and his memory will long remain enshrined in Catholic hearts as a lofty type of chivalrous devotion to the cause of truth, honor and charity.

May he rest in peace!

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

FROM THE FREEMAN, Jan. 15, 1887.

FROM THE FREEMAN, Jan. 15th, 1891.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31st.

DEAR MR. EGAN:—Only to-day did the tidings of our great loss come to me. It seems only yesterday that I saw him at Governor's Island, a true chieftain! One who left an impression never to be dimmed, it seems, by any future meeting, for when I see him in Heaven, he will be glorified! I have just written to his daughter at Tharon Hill, and to his Carmelites in Baltimore. I send this line to you as one who seemed to come close to him—more closely even than your outward relation necessitated, as if there were

chords which harmonized. I do not expect to hear from you, but I shall look with deep interest for whatever will be said of our friend. He deserves lifelong suffrages from me, which he will have, and it may be that I can sometime show my appreciation of his goodness to me and my admiration for his characteristics. Believe how deeply I sympathise in your anxieties at this time, and that I am always your devoted friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

FROM THE FREEMAN

A TRIBUTE FROM THE HON. A. M. KEILEY. [We give this most subtle and comprehensive tribute to the late editor-in-chief of the Freeman's Journal; it deserves close reading. Apart from the verbal felicity, it has one inestimable characteristic—it comes from the heart]

Tribunal Mixte
de
Premiere Instance du Caire.
CAIRO, Jan. 21st.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Freeman's Journal:

MY DEAR SIR :—I saw in the London papers, immediately after the event, the announcement of my friend McMaster's death, for which a letter from my brother had indeed prepared me and I made that response to the sad news which he would have me make, and thought to be content therewith. This morning, however, the Journal with its reversed column-rules, comes to renew my grief, and suggests to me that those to whom his memory is dear may fitly, at this day, say a word one to the other around the earth of the grand, good man gone to his rest. Analysis of character is sometimes made difficult, and often breeds controversy because of the lack of any attributes so dominant as to fix attention. Then, men choose and emphasize such characteristic as approaches their own ideal, and biography becomes subjective and untrustworthy. No such mishap can befall the life of James A. McMaster. His patriotic knowledge, his vigor of style, his indifference to opposition—many other things distinguished him; but the master passion of his mind was honesty. He was not only that physically honest person whom we call a brave man, but he was also that intellectually brave person which we best name an honest man.

I have never seen his superior, and, in public or quasi public position, never his equal in this respect.

Burke seems to have considered it the crowning glory of Fox's career that he should have "put to hazard his daring popularity" for a people unknown to him. It would have been unintelligible jargon to James A. McMaster to call such an act a sacrifice. The sublime answer of Pym : "I had rather suffer for speaking the truth than that Truth should suffer for my not speaking," was not in Mr. McMaster the exalted outcome of a dramatic occasion, but his daily, hourly rule of thought and act.

In heart there was never a tenderer or more loyal soul; but he gave up his children, when God called them to the cloister, as he gave up his friends when duty demanded their abandonment or their assailing.

Nor was there anything spasmodic, intermittent about this noble trait. There were no fireworks about his convictions, but the steady glow and glory of sunlight. Putting his hand to the plough he never looked back. And he had that content which comes only from undoubting and profound conviction. A man who believes like Mr. McMaster can afford to wait. There was much of the equipment, but none

of the ambition of leadership in him. He preferred rather the soldier's than the captain's place. And, once his task assumed or assigned—once his post marked out—he "fought his gun" without a rest, but equally without restlessness, until the task was accomplished, the victory won. People who only read him often thought him merely a great polemic, a Boanices of controversy, revelling in fierce debate; and surely he felt as few feel, the *gaudia certaminis*; but those who knew him rejoiced to know that all this was symptom not character—that energetic expression was merely the outward dress of courageous and steadfast conviction—that within that stalwart form, whose rugged strength seemed fit environment for harsh judgment and callous feeling, there throbbed a gentle genial heart, tender to all friendships, just even to all enmities, and charitable to all the fallen and the failing, with that divine tenderness and justice and charity which come of the wide horizon and grand perspective enjoyed by those who believe with absoluteness of conviction that this life is but a day and that the life indeed only dawns when this passes, and having dawned, knows no returning night. In the presence of this faith as a visible thing Mr. McMaster lived and died and in its contemplation found compassion and kindliness to his fellows an easy task.

A great figure vanishes from the field of Catholic work and thought—greatest because the very flesh and blood of fearless honesty. May he rest in peace.

Your friend,

A. M. KEILY.

THE LAST DAY.

On the last day of the year 1886, the remains of James A. McMaster were placed in the vault at Calvary Cemetery, where those of his wife lie. The Rev. Thomas Taaffe, rector of the Church of St. Patrick, in Brooklyn, Mr. John D. Keiley, and a large group of sorrowing friends, witnessed the ceremony.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Thomas Taaffe, assisted by Rev. James Taaffe, and the Rev. E. McGoldrick. There were present representatives from the Redemptorists, the Dominicans, the Jesuits and the Paulists, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, the Rev. John Edwards, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New York city; the Rev. John C. Drumgoole, of New York; the Rev. James Donohoe, of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas; and a large number of other clergymen. In the sanctuary were seated the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin and the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, who delivered a sermon full of tender feeling and marked by exquisite tact.

The pall-bearers were Dr. Byrne, General Newton, ex-Governor Lowe, of Maryland, Mr. James D. Lynch, Mr. Patrick Farrelly, Col. McAnerney, Mr. P. V. Hickey, Mr. James S. Coleman, Mr. Eugene Kelly, Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, and Mr. P. Harper.

Dr. John Gilmary Shea, and Messrs. P. J. Meehan, Henry L. Hoguet, Gen. M. T. McMahon, Charles P. Stone, Hon. Richard O'Gorman, Judge Joseph F. Daly, Dr. Thomas A. Emmit, and Morgan J. O'Brien, sent regrets at their inability to be present.

The arrangements of the funeral were under the direction of Mr. John D. Keily, Jr. A number of gentlemen formerly connected with the *Freeman's Journal*, including Mr. Thomas D. Egan, Mr. John Kavanagh, and Mr. Marc F. Vallette, were present, and all the present staff of the *Freeman*.

Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, whose opinions and personality Mr. McMaster warmly respected, was also present, with Mr. Henry C. Walsh, of the *Catholic World*, and many others.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

WHILST the doctor is navigating homewards, a word concerning him may not be untimely. It was not long since he graduated, in fact only a couple of years. It is not so easy for an ambitious young man with M. D. just tacked on to his name to get much practice in a town, hence it is not strange to find Cutting roughing it in the country. He was very much liked by the good hearted country-folks. You could easily see that. No picnic was a success without his presence, nor any girl's album complete without his autograph. He received many a little souvenir, among which he mostly prized a pair of embroidered slippers from Charity Werker. At hog-killing time he received a goodly share of fresh-made sausages, and after harvest enough oats to feed the horses of a company of cavalry, not to mention countless jars of apple-butter. With all his medical knowledge Cutting could not insert all the good things into his anatomy, so he left the disposal of them to his landlady, if such I may call the venerable dame who had rented to the young doctor her "best room" with its rag-carpet, wax flowers, and voiceless melodeon.

More than once had Cutting been advised by his father to keep out of the professions.

"No doctor or lawyer," gravely said the old gentleman "can expect to get along now-a-days if he is a Catholic. It is impossible not to do violence to one's conscience. Then, again, a poor young physician who goes around to the poor little Catholic church to hear mass is not thought much of."

There was some truth in what old Cutting remarked, but perchance, he was judging things by his own times.

Young Cutting got along all right. He was not ashamed to pin the word "Catholic" on his coat lapel, in fact, if any one had only hinted it he would have printed it on his business cards.

There may have been Catholics more practical than Cutting, but their number is not legion. He was as regular as a clock in approaching the sacraments, and his religion was not all left in his pew when he returned home, and on the church subscription list his name figured near the top. It was not always an easy matter for him to scrape together a couple of dollars, but in a way he had to do it, for he knew that nobody can be convinced that a doctor is poor.

Many a pure soul to-day which is away up among the cherubim would not be there had not Doctor Cutting been on hand to hurriedly baptize it. He ran no risks, and whenever he saw a child about to breathe its last, his invariable question was: "Is it baptized?" and if a negative answer was forthcoming, his request was to "Bring me some holy water and be quick about it."

He was somewhat of a spiritual physician also to some of his grown up patients.

"You are in a pretty bad condition" he would say. "Better send for the priest. Confession will do you no harm. Perhaps the sacraments will be of more benefit to you than all the contents of my satchel."

It was often with disgust that Cutting recalled his fellow-students, who so little regarded the spiritual part of man whom they considered only as something to be thrown upon the operating table.

Before Cutting went to the country he started in a proud little town hidden away in some malarious lowlands which ought to be a paradise for homeopaths and allopaths, both male and female.

Cutting "hung out his shingle" as the boys say, but little did it benefit him to pay Dauber & Son to paint the sign which told passing sufferers that in that little office on Paradise alley was domiciled "Patrick M. Cutting, M. D."

The big sign on the Chinese laundry next door threw Cutting's gilt letters into obscurity. The first week after his office was fixed up (that is to say when a couple of chairs and a sofa were covered over with linen to make believe they were upholstered in rich plush) Cutting sat patiently thinking of future prospects, when in walked an inquisitive person, who had divers suggestions to make.

"If I were you, sir" he said, "I would take off that word 'Patrick'—It will do you no good. Make it P. M. Cutting—or what is better, spell out your middle initial, whatever it is—for instance "P. Mortimer Cutting, M. D." would be the thing." "How about P. Malheureux Cutting, M.D. ?" sarcastically asked Cutting, who continued "you may go about your business, and are welcome to proclaim it from the housetops that Doctor Patrick M-i-c-h-a-e-l Cutting has come to town. Good day."

No, our medical friend had not the ghost of a chance in X——. He was a nobody. He belonged to no fraternal lodge—he had no spanking bay team, was not even acquainted with the paying teller at the bank, and when with creaseless trousers he strolled down town to seek consolation at the druggists, he wasn't noticed. Even when he saluted the merchant tailor the attention of that important individual was suddenly attracted by something away off on the far horizon. Cutting only once heard a one remark about himself and that was not complimentary. It was made by some boys who kept a sort of guard of honor around the corner pea-nut stand. As he passed one day, he heard one of the urchins say, "Hello, there goes young sawbones."

Now and then Cutting had a call from the denizens of Goat street. It was generally when they had scruples about calling another physician, who probably had a long standing bill against them.

It was a hard road for Cutting to travel. I do not mean the muddy way to Werkers which was bad enough—but the journey up the professional ladder. But Cutting persevered and made his mark in the years to follow.

"How did you get over your obstacles, Cutting?" some one asked the doctor one day.

"By the other obstacles," he answered quickly.

And true it is, hindrances and ill-luck can be made into golden stairs by which we may reach success.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Let us once more return to that little

country cottage, and pick up a little of Werker's family history. You doubtless remember that the family in its early days resided in the city. But the father, who had long since gone to a well earned reward, became restless driving a watering-cart, which was not the height of his ambition, still that was about the only employment he could get, and a happy thought it was of his to move into the country. He thereby acquired a home, and raised a good family in peace and happiness. As his years declined his hands forsook the plough-handles for a stick and a rosary, and then soon after he lay down, blessed God and died, and the busy world still rolled on and was none the wiser. It was but the third part of life's old story, with the :

"*Pulseless breast—hands at rest*
Life's short race was run:
Under the sod—back to God
And the earth runs round the sun."

At the time of Dr. Cutting's visit the Werker family was rather small. Time had wrought a great change. The present family consisted of Mrs. Werker and her only daughter Charity. There was one Thomas, the hired man, who until now did the chores.

It was not so easy to make both ends meet. There was a heavy mortgage on the place, and it was only a question of time when mother and daughter would have to sell out and move elsewhere.

The father had left his wife and children in rather fair circumstances, but one ill-fated day fire had swept away a well-filled granary and hay-mow. It was edifying to see such resignation after this disaster. And it all happened on a Sunday when the family was at church. Some wicked minded persons were not slow in saying it was all Divine punishment, to which, like Job of old, Mrs. Werker smilingly replied : "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." Such Christian patience was quite a contrast to the conduct of Farmer Growler, who was accustomed to spit out words bordering on blasphemy when ever he noticed the rain dropping on his new cut hay.

But widow Werker had heroically borne up with other and heavier crosses. First her daughter Faith died. She had been a very delicate child, and perhaps after all she would not have amounted to much among buxom farmers' daughters. She was buried in the city, since she had always wished it, and, moreover, often expressed a desire to rest under the shadows of our Lady of Dolors. What recollections must have come back to Charity Werker and her mother that day as they followed the white-plumed hearse along that broad street, that cold and chilly morning whose gloomy atmosphere kept almost everybody within doors. Well could mother and daughter picture to themselves another gala night when amid light and music Faith was triumphantly carried through the applauding crowds. So passes the glory of the world ! So thought widow Werker, whenever her eyes fell on that picture of three Graces occupying the place of honor in the spare room in her little country home.

But there was a severer trial in store for Mrs. Werker. That was the loss of another daughter, Hope. There was no absolute assurance of the girl's death, still vague reports had led most persons to suppose her dead. Mrs. Werker had lavished most of her affection on Hope, and now to lose her, and not know whether she was living or dead pained her to the quick. Hope was the cleverest of the family. She

knew more than others of the family, she had city notions and was rather "chic" for a country lass. It was her pleasure to make war on old fashioned ways, and to astound the gazing rustic with a stunning new spring dress, or an up-to-date fall cape. For a long time you would see nothing of a literary nature on the parlor table at home except the family Bible, an album, and a last week's "Home and Farm," but through Hope's industry an addition was made of a volume of fashion plates and a few yellow-covered books treating of a "Happy Elopement," or "Fancy's Frolics," or something similar. Such straws showed the way the wind blew. It seemed too late to mend matters. What was worse Hope had always had the privilege of doing things very much her own way. Such things being taken into account no one was surprised when Hope Werker went to the city and kept everyone in the dark as to her whereabouts.

"Poor giddy thing," said her sister Charity. "She has built a great many castles in the air, but she will not realize all her hopes. She will be too easily snared. She will please, and be pleased, for a while, but when she comes down to plain practical life she will be all together at sea. She will not long remain tied down to one place, and what is worse, I fear her stock of religion and home training will soon disappear. I am sorry to lose such a sister, even if she is too forward, and hope that the good Mother of God will cause all to turn out for the best. At least Hope's devotion to the Blessed Virgin was more than skin deep. She had it well-drilled into her and knew it meant more than wearing a medal or ribbon."

Charity's last words has a good deal of truth in them, even leaving Hope out of the question. True devotion to God's holy mother goes beyond mere external forms. The great secret is to bring around our actions, even the most trifling, so as to measure them by Mary, whom we set before us as a model. The devotion then goes to the spring of our actions, and we find ourselves absorbed as it were with Mary, and then unconsciously perform our duties as if done for, and with our great common model. In such a school we learn to make great strides in virtue. Charity had learned some things there.

There were three graces which Mrs. Werker ardently prayed for in her latter days. The first of these was that some day she might get some satisfactory news of Hope, her wayward child. Secondly, if Hope had married, and been blessed with children, that they would be well brought up and never live to bring disgrace or pain to their grand mother. And the widow's third petition was, that her declining years might be blessed with the presence of Charity. So far as regards her third wish, her prayer seemed to have met with a favorable response.

It would be no easy task to properly portray Charity Werker. She was no paragon of perfection even if she was a heroine in her mother's eyes. She had many good qualities of which she herself was unconscious. She had in her the material that makes a good house-wife. Cutting had pictured her to himself as the ideal wife, although he never nursed any thought of his own possible chances of a union with a girl who appeared to have absorbed the good qualities of both city and country-bred girls with none of their short comings.

Charity had had an ordinary public school education, to which was added a little musical polish at an academy. In speaking of a public school, it must

be borne in mind that in such sections as that in which Werkers lived, bigotry did not thrive very much, and in consequence there appeared little of the usual deplorable consequences of godless schools.

Ups and downs there were, and at times little misunderstandings, but making all allowances Werker's home was a happy one, and much of this was owing to Charity's tact and her many,

"*Little deeds of kindness, and little words of love.*"

Werker's home in its make-up was typical of other homes in the neighborhood. There was the front room with its many-hued rag-carpet, a few pictures, including a galaxy of time-worn tin-types, a couple of oleographs, one or two First Communion souvenirs, a lounge, with some crochet work spread thereon as a warning to those disposed to rest their tired limbs, a centre-table with a gaudy lamp, whose wick on ordinary days did service in the living apartments—together with divers sundry knick-knacks placed here and there. The kitchen was the dining-room, sitting-room and in fact everything. Here the family prayed, read, talked, eat, worked and even at times took a nap in the day. Its furnishing was simple. Near the door were duplicate shoes and slippers for those who worked outside. Along the ceiling hung dried apples, red peppers and harvest mitts, and along the walls were shining pans and pots of various sizes. A highly polished stove with its eternally singing kettle stood conspicuous in the centre of the immaculate floor. This will give some idea of the kingdom where Charity was queen.

As before hinted, the nearest village, or hamlet, was New France with its solitary crooked street. Why it was christened New France is hard to surmise. It seemed so incongruous, too, for its natives mostly hailed from the German side of the Rhine.

There will ever be mystery about the naming of places. It is hard sometimes to understand why a place where Jones' family settled should be called Jonesberg, when the place is as flat as a pancake, or that we can be made to imagine we dwell among woodlands where angels hover, when we know too well that we are encircled by flying and creeping pests hatched in the regions of darkness. Again, why in creation will some as-yet undiscovered back woods-hamlet swell into imaginary importance, and call itself after some great seaport or other, and thereby cause some poor mail-clerk to burst into profanity because he loses an hour or so in trying to discover the whereabouts of "New Greater Oldnewtown." And so it goes adindefinitum. But to return to New France else we shall get into one of the many the big ruts leading out of it.

New France was a quiet little place. It owed its existence mainly to the fact that one long road unceremoniously found its terminus there. Drummers pulled up there to lay in a new stock of axle-grease and incidentally to show a bran-new line of fivey-ear-old goods. Every thirsty horse instinctively stopped at New France. One house gloried in being known as a hotel and the genial proprieter, with "welcome" written all over his face, was always in evidence. Here it was that religion, politics, self-binders, wheat, Holsteins —in fact everything—was thoroughly discussed by the men, while in a circle around the kitchen stove a dozen or more women were all at once airing their opinions about the new hat which disturbed last Sunday's service, or perhaps planning for the coming sewing-bee.

Across the way was the general store, post-office and in fact everything. It was always the center of a busy crowd. The hitching posts at that old landmark had been well gnawed by the sire and great-grand sire of Dr. Cutting's glossy-haired "Dan."

At the general store could be purchased almost everything in exchange for unlimited quantities of prime country butter or the ancient greenback in the far off corners of the farmers' pocket-book, if he had one. Yes, you could get anything at the general store. Plough shares, "diamond" dyes, axe handles, young Hyson, soft-felt hats, crockery and a thousand and one etceteras.

Mail time was an exciting moment at the post-office, and the gossip all dropped to a reverential humming when the post-mistress adjusted her glasses, and prepared to assort the letters. She spoke very rarely while performing this solemn function, and that was perhaps to remark that some postal card gave notice of a creek being swollen in some part of the township.

Churches at New France? Yes, three of them. At one of them you could hear John Knox's doctrine expounded weekly, provided the itinerant clergyman's buggy traces did not break while en route to the church. At the second church you could witness the walls oscillating when the congregation reached the "fortissimi" in the Moody and Sankey hymns. The ministers themselves were good-natured and harmless sort of chaps. They managed to carefully toe the mark laid down by the good house-wives of their flock, who in turn kept "The Parson" well supplied with knitted socks and other useful articles.

The third of the churches was the smallest; that was the Catholic one. It was a simple, plain little building, surrounded by a neatly-kept "Cemetery" in the center of which loomed up the Mission cross, erected by some missionary father who visited the settlement in its infancy. The spire of St. Elias,—for so was the little church called—changed with the seasons as to colors. At present it glows in fiery red, perhaps because a surplus of that pigment had to make way for other goods to be put on view at the general store.

The interior of St. Elias' was very pretty. Something, indeed, not looked for in a rural church. Statues there were, too, and neither were they eyesores as alas too often is the case. A lovely fresco adorned the ceiling. Its meaning and history was well-known in every township bordering on New France. Every boy and girl would tell you if you asked them.

"Why, that's St. Simon Stock up there on the ceiling. He is the Carmelite monk who received the Scapular from the Blessed Virgin long ago."

So it was. The story and by no means a fictitious one, was from year to year on July 16, related to these good pious people, who in rain or shine were always on hand to participate in the processions held every month in honor of the Mother of God.

What is more, and it is an edifying fact, those good folks often came fasting to receive Holy Communion and many a long mile some of them had to travel homewards, before they broke their fast. There were times when no horse could be brought through the impassable roads. And then the people were glad to walk to church. Only the liveliest faith can cause such sacrifices for holy religion.

The priest in charge was a venerable old monk from the city, who found a

little recreation by coming out to the country after a long week's work in the class-room. The seasons did not interfere with the church attendance. In the scorching dog-days when their city cousin was dodging the sermon and late Mass and heading towards the sea-shore, the good farmer was up bright and early, fed his stock, and was hitching up the sorrels for divine service at New France.

We have lingered rather long among Werker's co-parishioners, because, though simple and prosaic, the place and people present an object lesson to many. Some-one has tritely and truly said that "there is poetry and beauty in the common lives about us, if we look at them with imaginative and sympathetic eyes." And this well applies to those among whom we tarried.

It may not be amiss to dismiss New France by setting down some remarks of Father Boniface, the pastor at New France.

"Yes," the priest used to say, "I should be content to pass the rest of my days with these good people. They are happy and innocent. It is a soil where virtue flourishes. There is peace and quiet and everything helps one to think of the higher things, of God and the soul. The farmer has always an appetite, sleeps soundly, and has few wants. He is slave to no conventionality and can dress as he pleases. His time is his own and he can sit down at sunset, proudly view his woods and meadows, and say to himself, "What fools these mortals be," as he takes up his paper, and reads of all the troubles and restless anxiety rampant in the busy town. We owe much to steam, electricity and other modern discoveries; they lessen labor 'tis true. The farmer, however, is happy without these aids. He rises up and goes to rest free from care. God bless the country-folk, especially those around New France."

And these people, too, loved and idolized the good priest who had baptized their children, blessed their marriages, and consoled them at their sick beds. Their only regret was that Father Boniface was a poor friar and therefore could not keep all their little presents. But many generations will remember and pray for him long after he is dressed in his habit and laid away in the monastery vault.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNCLE JOSIAH.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

"MY Uncle Josiah has never invited me to Plainsville though he has very often promised to do so," said Katherine Willis, somewhat petulantly, "What do you think of that?"

The young lady was in conversation, more or less confidential, with Mrs. Fellowes, who was universally conceded to be the leader of fashionable circles in the aforesaid Plainsville and who had come to New York for her semi-annual shopping.

"It is strange, is it not?" continued Katherine, and all the more so that he has always professed to be so very fond of me. I really do wonder why.

"The ways of men and especially of old bachelors are past finding out," said Mrs. Fellowes, with her artificial but not unmusical laugh. Yet she was mentally very busy with some very shrewd calculations, the result of which would have both vexed and surprised her young acquaintance.

Katherine unsuspecting continued to indulge in conjectures.

"I suppose Uncle Josiah is quite a magnate out there," she said. Her unconscious air of patronage towards the respectable if somewhat remote town of Plainsville, partly amused and partly annoyed the older woman. She remained heroically silent, however. She was contrasting Katherine Willis in her superb and rather exaggerated dinner gown, with the figure of Josiah Baker as she had last seen him. It was a veritable antithesis.

"I don't suppose Uncle Josiah cares very much for society," Katherine continued, quite unconscious of her companion's train of thought, "but of course, he is one of your local magnates. That goes without saying."

The tone this time was half inquiring, half dogmatically assertive. Mrs. Fellowes had once more to call her philosophy to her aid.

"As you say," she asserted quietly, "your Uncle does not care at all for society, but is most highly respected by all who know him."

For after all, thought Mrs. Fellowes, why should she tear the scales from this girl's eyes and display the Uncle, shabby and sordid in his surroundings, unsought and uncared for by the gay world of Plainsville which passed him by with its cold stare of non-recognition. Still, her conscience was clear. She had told but the truth. For personal integrity and commercial uprightness, for a spotless character, Josiah Baker was indeed respected by all those with whom he came in contact. His word was literally as good as his bond.

"He is coming down next week to spend Christmas with us," added Katherine, "and, perhaps, I shall coax him to take me back with him, if it be not too absorbingly gay here."

"Poor Josiah!," thought Mrs. Fellowes, "that would be the end of the romance, which this shallow society girl has woven around your name."

Aloud, she merely said: "Is it long since you have seen him?" "I have not seen him since I was a child," answered Katherine.

"I should have told her the truth in a moment," said Mrs. Fellowes, relating the circumstances afterwards to a Plainsville acquaintance, "and as far as Miss Katherine was concerned, I should not have had the smallest remorse. But the pathos of the situation struck me with peculiar force."

"Pathos? the friend had inquired, in astonishment, "You interest me."

"Yes, pathos!" Mrs. Fellowes had said, nodding her head, sagaciously. "I thought of that man, so honest, so unostentatious, so unpretentious, depriving himself of all but the necessaries of life to aid this brilliant young beauty in her career of fashion. For he does aid her by money and costly gifts, I know that from Katherine herself, and I intuitively guessed that, dearly as Uncle Josiah has always loved truth, it has been the temptation of his life to permit his niece to hug a delusion.

"A delusion? oh, do tell me. This is really like some of those romances one reads."

"Why, Miss Willis, who belongs to a wealthy and fashionable set, her mother was a Wayland, is filled with

the idea that her Uncle is of great social and other importance out here in our town of Plainsville, which has acquired a prestige in Miss Katherine's eyes on account of its distance."

"Oh, dear me, how odd. This poor Mr. Baker," and with a laugh in which Mrs. Fellowes joined, the friends separated.

II.

Meanwhile, at Plainsville, extraordinary preparations were on foot, with a view to Josiah Baker's long intended visit to New York. It was many a year since he had undertaken so important an expedition before. From time to time, he had taken sundry short trips, when the interests of business demanded, going southwards or northwards or east wards, as opportunity offered. But that was a different matter altogether. He was setting out now, as a visitor to gay and fashionable people, the very idea of whom impressed, not only Josiah, but his household and immediate circle of friends with awe. People who dressed for dinner and still, more awful thought, sat down to that substantial meal at seven in the evening, besides wearing furbelows of all sorts on week days, and going about in a carriage, were not to be lightly considered. Plainsville as represented by Josiah Baker's acquaintances, held his journey to be one of almost civic importance. It was a bold and venturesome flight into regions unknown by a fellow townsman.

Josiah, in anticipation of the event, paid sundry visits to the chief clothing store of the place, where a variety of very tempting ready made articles were displayed. He was enamoured of a certain suit of clothing, which he fancied would meet all the requirements of the new and trying situation, in which he was so soon to be placed. The price, however, to use his forcible expression, staggered him and knocked him all of a heap.

His charities, the name of which was legion, were about the only quarters in which he could practice economy. If he could make up his mind to let the Smith family be turned out of their dwelling for non-payment of rent, or to cause Lemuel Jenkins, who met with an accident, to cease that expensive treatment at the hospital, or to leave Sam Lewis' widow without her January provision of coal, or the Mullins' children without their winter quarter's schooling, he could easily have got the suit.

"I guess I'll have to git some cheaper clothes," Josiah ruminated, standing on the corner of the street, "it's our duty clear as day to help our poorer brethren. I can't cut down on them nohow."

When Josiah had, at length, made up his mind to forego the desired article and to purchase a suit which the salesman assured him, "fitted him as if it was made for him," he had it sent home for the inspection of his household. His household, be it observed, consisted of his faithful Irish housekeeper and factotum, Norah McGinn. Josiah put on the clothes in the privacy of his own room and went down to pass in review before Norah's critical eyes.

"Stand there in a good light, Mr. Baker, sir," said Norah, "till I get a good look at you."

Josiah stationed himself as directed, near the kitchen window. He held his head very straight and his arms very stiff down by his side. Norah settling herself, with an arm upon either hip, surveyed her master very deliberately from head to foot. Before delivering an opinion, however, she turned Josiah round and round, indulging herself,

moreover in a variety of pinchings and pullings and smoothing out of creases. Sleeves and collar, buttons and coat tail came in each for its share of observation. In fact, she turned Mr. Baker around so fast, that it is a marvel he was not seized straightway with a giddiness.

"I guess they'll do, Norah," said Josiah half deprecatingly. He began to fear her disapproval and was possibly anxious to secure a verdict, which should put an end to the teetotum exercise, in which Norah was indulging. "I reckon they'll be sure to please the folks down there."

"They'll be hard to please if that suit doesn't please them," said Norah emphatically, "Mr. Baker, Sir, those clothes fit beautiful. There's not a flaw in them."

Josiah brightened up. No doubt he felt doubly relieved, and for obvious reasons Norah had not only set her seal of approval upon the garments, but declared them to be veritable works of art.

"And now that that's settled, what about your hat, sir?"

Josiah took the article mentioned and examined it with the closest attention. It was certainly debatable ground, and there was a wistful look on Josiah's face, as he gave the much worn felt a final brush with his coat sleeve.

"I guess the hat'll have to do, Norah," said he, hesitatingly, "I don't see how I can afford a new one."

"Deed, Mr. Baker, and I see," said Norah, with fire in her eye, "I see well enough, and if I was you, I'd get a new one. It isn't often you go to New York and that's God's truth and its little you spend on yourself, anyhow."

"It ain't as if I was goin' to git married," said Josiah, with an attempt at jocularity.

"That's true enough, sir, but still and all you're going among your own flesh and blood, decent people by all accounts, and d'ye want to have that old canteen there laughing at the beautiful suit of clothes y've just tried on?"

Josiah looked troubled. He took off the hat, which Norah to aid her argument had somewhat forcibly put upon his head, and regarded it again, while he smoothed his rumpled hair. The hat seemed to Josiah's anxious mind to appear considerably worse in face of the malevolent epithet which Norah had applied to it.

"That's all right, Norah," he said, at last, "but the expense is going to be steep and it ain't for very long. Not more'n a couple of weeks, I expect."

"There's no knowing how long they'll want to keep you when they get you there," said Norah, "and if you'll take my advice, you'll let them shiftless Mullinses and a good many others, too, look out for themselves for once in a way, and supply your own needs." Josiah put up his hand to enjoin silence. This was forbidden ground on which even Norah did not usually venture to tread. A smile crossed Josiah's face at the moment, which was its chief, almost its only beauty. It seemed to light up and transfigure its sallow plainness, despite the worn lines and the furrows that told of toil or pain, or of both.

Norah, without further suggestion or remonstrance continued to do her share towards preparing for the great journey. As she poured him out his tea of an evening or set before him his huge bowl of oatmeal and milk at morning, she regarded him with a variety of anticipations, somewhat in the nature of prophecy, as to the way in which Josiah was to be received. It was very clear to her mind, even if it was not so distinct in that of Josiah, that a certain exclusive circle in Gotham was to be

stirred to its depths by the arrival of the long expected uncle from Plainsville.

When the day of departure had actually arrived, Norah set herself to the preparation of a specially elaborate meal. Josiah was to leave by the afternoon train, and expected to reach New York the following evening. "You won't taste such crust as that till you come back, again, to Plainsville," said Norah, with pardonable pride, as she put upon her master's plate a large helping of his favorite deep apple pie. "I guess not, Norah," said Josiah, with prompt acquiescence, "there can't be none better at any rate."

"Try to eat now, sir," said Norah, seeing that the pastry was not disappearing with the customary promptitude, "you have a long journey before you and it's hard to tell how it may be about the eating."

The truth was Josiah's appetite was far from being as keen as it ordinarily was. He began to feel a slight sinking of the heart, accompanied by various very uncomfortable misgivings. The prospect before him did not seem as fair as when distance had lent it enchantment. The sunshine around the old home seemed to shine with a peculiar radiance, warm yet chastened, as one fancies it does on a Sabbath morning. The fire in the kitchen stove gleamed out through the grate with a cheerful warmth tempered by sadness. He, Josiah, was going away. The great journey with all its allurements began to seem less and less desirable.

"The little gal'll be mightly glad to see me any way," Josiah reflected. "I recollect how she used to cling around my neck and try to speak my name, and she thought I was a sight better'n anybody else except her ma."

Despite these reflections, which were the only comforting ones the situation seemed to afford, now that the farewell moment had arrived, Josiah completely lost heart. As he stood upon the threshold of the door bidding Norah goodbye and peered back, through dimming eyes, at the long familiar room he was leaving, the fire would take on a mournful look and Norah's face would show all too plainly the traces of tears. And when Josiah turned towards the road stretching before him, which led to the railway station and over which he had passed such countless times, the sun seemed to shine, with that strange sad beauty. Its brightness seemed to mock him and to reproach him that he was going forth from the pleasant walks of his daily, homely existence, into strange pastures.

He hurried his farewells. Norah watched him and realized as never before what a lonely, solitary figure his was. Her eyes wet with tears, followed him, striding manfully towards the depot, his satchel, a well worn one, clasped in his hand. As in a panorama all the goodness with which she knew his life to be thickly crowded came to the watching woman. The poor that he helped, the miseries of various kinds that he relieved, the strengthening hand stretched out to the weak and erring, the consoling word, the prayers he prayed, so simply and unostentatiously down in St. Mary's Church, the example he had been in their midst for so many years.

Norah resolutely shut the door, dried her tears and began to sweep vigorously, declaiming the while against the dirty boots of the man that came for the trunk.

"That villain of the world," she said, "I bid him wipe his feet on the mat before coming in."

But sweep as she would and berate as she might the offending expressman, Norah could not get out of her thoughts that vanishing figure, going down the frosty road in the waning December sunlight. Each time the tears welled up, tears that came straight from a faithful heart. They coursed down the ruddy cheeks, which had preserved their color, though the woman was in her sixtieth year. It was the fresh bloom of health she had brought out from Ireland, in the year of the "Big Wind." This being translated meant one of those phenomenal storms, in which winds play a special part, and which periodically make havoc in the British Islands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPAIN AT THE CONGRESS OF TRENT.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

FEW, if any, of the nations of the old or new world, responded with so much enthusiasm, or with such numbers, as Spain, to the call addressed to Christendom to attend the anti-Masonic Congress. This latest and grandest of Catholic manifestation was held last September in the historic city of Trent, in mountainous Tyrol. Few nations sent to represent them so many distinguished ecclesiastics, so many illustrious members of the laity as Spain.

Why? Because few, if any, of the nations of Europe have suffered as severely, morally and materially, from that masonic hatred of Catholicity so peculiar to Southern Europe as Spain.

In the fifties and subsequent centuries, Spain was the theatre of the wars which Arianism engendered. Still later it was the battlefield of the Cross and Cresent. With the bloody conflicts of seven centuries, came the inevitable evils in their train, indescribable carnage, rapine, the smoking homesteads, the dismantled roofs and the desecrated altar, the doleful episodes of every Moslem invasion.

At the dawn of the present century the Napoleonic hosts of the "Great Captain" laid waste her fields, desolated her cities, robbed her treasury and carried off her priceless treasures of art, science, literature, and the stores of wealth used in adorning her shrines and sanctuaries.

Desperate evils as these have been and frightful as has been the carnage, yet no less disastrous are the series of misfortunes which in our days can be traced to the Machiavellian plottings of masonry in our midst.

Today our cities are the prey of no less a merciless and insidious enemy, the heresy of the 19th century, the offshoot of that false liberty which Luther and his satellites proclaimed. War destroys the body, but the wiles of masonry ruin body and soul.

Yes, masonry has taken firm root in our midst; our government, our institutions, our free schools, our state universities are one and all poisoned with its virus. And yet men, particularly those to whom the destinies of the country have been confided, were as heedless of its increase in numbers, for they themselves too frequently swelled its ranks, as they were regardless of the anathemas of the church.

They have seen it go on accumulating in force, enlarging its ranks, until it bare facedly unmasks itself, by threatening first, the existence of the national Church, and next, the stability of the throne. It openly ignores the existence of an all wise God, it denies His rights over mankind, it derides the designs of His Providence. It scatters broadcast among the poorer classes of the people, especially the scene of the cities and the most irreligious population, theories in pamphlets and leaflets, in which human and divine laws are set at naught. It tries to drive the cross from the schoolroom, to establish a regime of infidelity in the halls of the state universities, to weaken the family tie and the sanctity of the nuptial knot, to poison the fountains of justice, to reduce society to a chaos by its lawless doctrines; finally, it conspires here and in our colonies against the nation which shelters it and its partisans. These are evils far more ruinous in their results, not alone for the present but future generations, than the sanguinary ones of warfare, of which the peninsula so frequently has been the theatre.

It was to combat this common enemy, not of Spain alone, but of the whole Catholic Church, that so many loyal sons of the Church assembled in the picturesque City of Trent. Delegates from every Catholic country, citizens of every Catholic nation, came, uniting themselves in one impenetrable phalanx before the eyes of the civilized world, and beneath the one banner, and glorying in the one motto: "*Pro fide*

et patria libertas."

Although of different political creeds, and from different political sections, yet here they found themselves as brothers, holding the one faith in Jesus Christ, and determined with one will to combat without truce or rest, the accursed sect of masonry, a sect, which from the days of Clement XII to those of Leo. XIII, the Church has invariably stigmatized as a "Criminal Sect," a society so perverse that, in order to effect the triumph of its diabolical designs, it never hesitates to make use of the most infamous means.

No doubt, pious well-meaning Catholics often look on Free-masonry as a harmless institution, and on its associates, as good members of society, frequently charitable and neighborly in their relations with their fellowmen, and in no wise allied to the horrid abominations of masonry in continental Europe.

Let us hope that there may be some ground for this charitable feeling. Although we have the express word of Pontiffs and prelates in the past, and nowadays the pathetic voice of an octogenarian pilot, warning his flock that the apostacy of individuals, aye, of whole nations, is the perfidious work of this secret confederacy of guilt.

To publicly profess the faith is nothing new amongst Catholics, be they Liberal or Conservative, Republicans or Democrats, Legitimists or Imperialists. Councils and Congresses have done this again and again. But this was the first occasion for Christian hosts to unite and declare individually and collectively that they would never cease warring against the impious heresy of the 19th century, never discontinue fighting for faith and fatherland.

And from what basilica of the Catholic world could such a declaration go forth as triumphantly and under such happy auspices, as from the city which once sheltered in its bosom the great ecumenical council, that gave the first death-blow to the Lutheran heresy, and which welcomed with a deluge of joy and hearty "Bien Venida" the great Anti-masonic Congress of '96.

The sessions of the Congress were public and were held in the Church of the diocesan seminary, once the property of the sons of St. Ignatius. Notwithstanding that it is as spacious in extent as it is gorgeous in decoration, it was so densely crowded in chancel, nave and aisle, that many had to content themselves with standing room in the adjacent cloisters and corridors.

The Prince Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Haller, Archbishop of Salzburg, presided at its deliberations at the express wish of His Holiness. Whenever he vacated the Presidental chair, Prince Loewenstein occupied it. He is one of the independent Catholic princes of the German empire, a devoted son of the church.

Besides these there were present the patriarch of Constantinople, and 20 other bishops with an immense crowd of ecclesiastical dignitaries of every grade in the hierarchy. From every Catholic nation laymen were present in large numbers, contributing by their learning and eloquence to throw a halo of brilliancy over the deliberations of the Congress.

Many vigorous speeches were held, relating in detail, the anti-Christian character of masonry and the crimes, one by one, which were committed either with its complicity or connivance.

So graphic were the descriptions, so horrid the details, so lifelike the pictures of the sect's satanic hatred of Jesus Christ crucified, and of the eucharistic God, His church and His ministry, particularly the religious orders, that even the sacredness of the place could not stifle the shout of "Death to masonry."

It were invidious to single out individuals, where there were so many whose eloquence would demand notice, if space in the pages of the CARMELITE REVIEW would permit.

I will select only two. The first is Signor Rispini, a native of Switzerland, who is an eloquent orator and barrister of great talent. He holds the first rank in the forum of his nation for the beauty of his forensic eloquence. In language beautiful and convincing he described the oppression and injustice perpetrated in the Protestant cantons of

his native land by those affiliated to the masonic sect. He related with a minuteness of detail which held his vast audience spellbound the incidents connected with the horrid assassination of Judge Rossi, slain with heartless deliberation and in cold blood by the emissaries of the sect during a popular commotion. He concluded his magnificent discourse by assuring his audience that no matter what he had said of the diabolical confederacy of guilt, no matter how startling the details, they were yet far from the hideous reality.

And then, let me mention a Spanish orator, the Very Rev. Jaime Colell, Canon of the Basilica, of Vich, Spain, who took as his subject: Prayer. Altho' he had to speak in a foreign tongue, and before an international audience, yet his discourse was so much admired that it was at once ordered to be printed and distributed amongst the members of the Congress, thus proving that Spain is still, as it always has been in the past the nation of armed theologians.

He at once carried conviction to the minds of all, as he pointed out, in soft, sweet, and graceful language of Dante and Tasso, the powerful efficacy of prayer, the only weapon to fight even unto death this anti-Christian association. It is the same weapon that mysteriously the prophet recommends and delivers to Maccabeus: "Take this holy sword, this gift of God. With it thou shalt scatter the adversaries of my people." Thus has the Church always taught from Peter to Leo, thus have the holy prelates defended her children, and scattered her enemies. In fact, the history of the Church is the history of triumph of prayer, from the first persecution by Herod of the Prince of the Apostles to our sad days, when prayers, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, are being offered up before the throne of the eternal for the termination of the long captivity of his successor, the immortal Leo.

Thus the learned divine pointed out in language convincing and eloquent the advantages and beauty of prayer. In particular did he eulogize one form of prayer dear to every Catholic heart, the Rosary—a prayer which never grows old. A prayer that with the passing away of generations and centuries, loses nothing of its actuality; a prayer essentially anti-masonic; the prayer of the tranquil hearth as well as of the procession and the pilgrimage;the prayer that left emblazoned on the banner of the Church the victory of Lepanto, and many another victory against the enemies of our faith. Yes, to the prayers of the Rosary, uttered by a poor unlettered peasant girl in the mountains of Lourdes, we are indebted for an apparition which has been a smile of Divine mercy over a corrupt century. To the Bull of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception has been attached the seal of the Holy Rosary. He then pointed out, amidst the acclamations of the Congress, that 150,000 had become members of the anti-masonic league in Spain, men of the highest standing in Church and State. Cardinal Sancha, Metropolitan of Valencia, with his rare ability and devoted zeal, by his pen and by his tongue, had enlisted in this Christian warfare the Spanish nation, its priests and its prelates.

The distinguished orator electrified his audience when he assured them that in Barcelona alone there were 20,000 adorers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that each of these was anxious to make use of this spiritual weapon of prayer in order continually to besiege heaven to relieve their poor but beloved land of "Maria Santissima" from the dire incubus of a confederacy banded together to drive Him from the altar, as the Voltairian hosts of the revolution did before by enthroning the goddess of reason on the altars of the living God.

In a beautiful peroration he implored his vast audience to hope confidently in a glorious triumph; a triumph as brilliant as that of Lepanto, for this new crusade, since "God wills it, Mary hopes for it, and Leo orders it," and thus, not by the arms of the flesh, but by the assistance of the right hand of the Most High, and Mary's powerful intercession besought through the Holy Rosary, masonry will soon be crushed under the triumphal chariot of the Church.

Amidst acclamations of "*Viva il Papa*

Re" and loud cheers for their Emperor and Protector, Francis Joseph, the Congress closed its sessions, so interesting and successful. The crowds quietly dispersed, filled with the determination to fight unto death against the impious sect, the greatest enemy of the moral and material felicity of man.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY S. X. B.

Examination day was at hand in the parochial school attached to a certain Church in the pretty little city of E——, and Sr. Josepha had just finished a thorough investigation as to how her class in Christian doctrine would be able to satisfy the reverend body of examiners in that all important branch. It was a very sultry afternoon; the waters of the lake caught the reflected rays of a burning sun, and seemed to throw them back with redoubled heat. Not a breath of air stirred the foliage on the trees which in that locality are scattered with no ungenerous hand, and the pupils congratulated themselves the vacation was so near. They had responded well and intelligently to the questions of Sr. Josepha. The gratified teacher paused a few moments before she expressed her satisfaction. She was very proud of this class—and indeed, as she frequently said, had very little reason generally to complain of her boys.

What principally occupied her thoughts now was the lessening, during the next school year, of the time she had always devoted to catechism. The boys seemed so thoroughly proficient, and she could then devote some extra half-hours to Algebra, or perhaps even form a class in elocution, a branch in which Sr. Josepha ranked very high. Yes, the catechism need not receive such close attention in the future.

A knock at the door, quick and somewhat imperious, broke in upon her train of thought. She motioned to one of the smaller boys to open it, and saw the pupils rise through respect to a visitor of whom she had no knowledge whatever. "I greet you, Sister," he said, "and you too my children. May the Lord be with you all!" The stranger was rather tall, with a kindly face and flowing white beard. His garb, whilst not absolutely singular, still was such as to attract attention as he stood there. He wore a long surtout of the finest cloth, with ample sleeves, the crimson silk lining of which was visible as he lifted his hand to remove his broad low hat.

"Can you supply me with a catechism, Sister?" he asked, as the teacher advanced to meet him. "I come from afar and know nothing of your marts." Sr. Josepha hastened to open the press of school books, near which they stood, and handed the desired volume, devoutly wishing the while, that she could waive the question of base lucre with this distinguished looking stranger. "It is five pennies," she said. "I would willingly offer it to you, but I am under obedience and it is not mine." "I know it, Sister," he replied gently, "obedience should go before all." Then continuing: "O! what a precious little book is this, we can never value it sufficiently, nor study its pages too much. No, my children, and you, too, Sister, never acknowledge the advent of that day when the Catechism can be entirely laid aside, or even its hours curtailed to give place to some other lore."

Then he took from a quaintly fashioned purse, a silver coin, similar in fashion to our dollar (of a hundred cents). "Take it, Sister, and would there were one for every page." Then, with a kind adieu, he left the room.

The Sister watched the window by which in a moment he must pass, but he came not. Then a thought struck her. "Fred and Charlie," said she, "go and look if our visitor took the street leading to the cathedral, or to the hospital, and be quick!" Is it necessary to say anything of the celerity of two boys unexpectedly released from the school room on a sunny June afternoon?

This was their report: "Sister, we went different ways and there was not a sign of him, and where he could have disappeared so suddenly is more than any one can tell."

"He looked just like that," said a dear little boy, who had been brought to school that afternoon by a larger brother, and he pointed to a beautiful statue of St. Joseph, a recent donation to the class room. And it was something like this that echoed in Sr. Josepha's thoughts: "St. Joseph! St. Joseph! My holy patron! Sent to reprove me for thinking of shortening the hours for Catechism." And her half-formed intention was abandoned from that moment.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The month of March brings us to the altar of St. Joseph; and so we will have to think some very sweet thoughts about him during these days of whistling winds and fast fleeting snow drifts.

Let us go away up to the front of the Church and take a seat right in front of his altar. Look at him; dear, gentle, lonely old man. His left hand is on his heart and in his right he holds a lily. No flower so pure or spotless as the heart of this beloved old saint. Is it any wonder that, living in the sweet and holy company of Jesus and Mary for so many years he became the model of Christ-like perfection that he is? What a lesson for us all, dear children. We are, as our friends are. A man's intimates are always like himself, because like attracts like.

Now, dear St. Joseph had no other thought in life but to do God's will; and he learned his lesson perfectly by looking at Jesus and Mary.

Can we do the same, you ask why not? Are we not all of the family of Nazareth? Is not Mary our Mother—dearest, sweetest, tenderest of mothers as she is! And being our Mother, is not her blessed Son, our Brother?

Oh! dear children, if we would only think oftener of those things, how much happier and holier we would be.

Some of us do not know *how* to pray. What *is* prayer? It is talking to God. Well, we go into a Church, make the sign of the cross—a very funny sort of one sometimes. The Secretary saw a good old woman lately, who was making the stations. She blessed herself at each one, by touching her forehead, then her right and left shoulders, skipping the breast every time. Make the sign of the cross slowly and find out how *you* do it.

After kneeling down some of us rattle off an Our Father, Hail Mary, and then take a seat. We forget that our dear Lord is on the altar, looking at us and waiting for us; and is *so* disappointed when we do not *talk* to Him. *The* Our Father and Hail Mary are excellent prayers—none better. But they are not all. WHY can we not think of our Blessed Lord as our friend? Why not talk to Him as we talk to others? The Secretary knows one child, who always says when making her genuflection on entering the church —"Good morning, dear Lord!" and leaving it, "Good evening"—and why not? In heaven we shall all live in God; then why not begin to know Him intimately on earth. Yes, learn to pray by conversing with our Lord whose divine ears and eyes and heart are human like ours. Ask St. Joseph to teach you, dear children, how to pray without a prayer book—how to be simple and childlike and natural with God.

Learn to think of the Church at your home. How beautiful it is in its sweet and restful quiet after the noisy streets.

Some where near your home you will find one open. Go there on week days after school. How pleased our Lord is, when a troop of school children, gay and happy, come up the aisle, and kneel at the altar, right close up to Him. No prettier sight. The other day in the great beautiful Cathedral of New York, the Secretary saw (in the Lady Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is kept,) a crowd of school girls coming up to the altar with a very business-like air. There were two priedieus directly in front of the altar for members of the Confraternity of Perpetual Adoration. The Blessed Sacrament is never left alone in St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York. Members of the Confraternity are coming and going every half-hour to adore our Lord and keep Him company in His own house. Well, one of the girls was a little negress; and after she had knelt in her pew for a moment, she suddenly jumped up with a very grand air, walked up and knelt on one of the priedieus. As the Secretary looked at her she thought of the words of our Lord, spoken so many hundreds of years ago. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The children are the most privileged members of the household of God.

"In Heaven we shall all be children again;
Children of one, from the children of twain;
Children of seventy, children ot seven,
None but the children shall go into Heaven.
So it is said and so it is sung,
As we grow older we shall grow young."

What do these old-fashioned verses mean? Only a repetition of our Blessed Lord's words: "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Simple, pure-hearted, obedient, trusting, truthful; such are the child-like hearts. St. Joseph is the saint above all others who will teach us all how to become like little children.

The Secretary received some very pretty letters from the little ones who were sent a Domincan rosary.

One dear little girl, Myrtle A. Topper, of Ridgely, Md., sent a charming letter—so sweet and simple that the Secretary wants you all to read it; so she puts it in your corner this month and hopes to hear from some more of her little friends :

DEAR SECRETARY,—Many thanks for the little rosary, which I received just before Christmas. I felt very happy because I was so anxious to get it. You remember I promised to pray it first for you, and I kept my promise faithfully; for just as soon as I received it, I went to my little bedroom and said two rosaries; one for *you* dear, and the other for the poor souls. Didn't you feel that some little girl in Maryland was praying for you? *I* am so very glad my story was the best, but I *did* want *so* badly to see my letter in the "CARMELITE REVIEW," and I was disappointed. Mamma said, "Never mind, Myrtle, it will be in sometime."

I had a merry Xmas. Santa Claus put a Xmas tree in our room and also some nice presents. I was afraid he wouldn't find our house, because it is so far away in the country and stands all alone. But everybody said as long as the roads were good he would pass our way, and so he did. I even saw his tracks in the road the next morning when we went to holy Mass.

I am a day scholar at St. Gertrude's Academy and my teachers are all kind to me. I have several studies and like them all.

The large girls are preparing for examination. Oh! dear. How they dread it! I think I will have to be examined too, so will you please pray for me?

Now I am tiring you with my long letter, so I will close by wishing you many blessings.

Your little friend,
MYRTLE A. TOPPER:

I know all the children will agree with me in saying that no one could write a prettier letter than our little girl from Maryland—the home of good Catholics.

I wonder how many of us are going to make a big act of mortification this Lent by going to Mass every day.

Ask St. Joseph to waken you a half hour earlier each morning. (He is far better than an alarm clock. One gets used to its whirr after awhile.—) Just do that one by penance this Lent and you will surely have a happy Easter.

Don't feel mean when it comes, because you have nothing to offer our Lord, but Mass every morning, and no candy all Lent! So? Too hard? Put those two straws beside our Lord's heavy cross –Then look at *Him* and see if you can say to Him, "Too hard!" How many of you know the lovely hymn, "Yes Heaven is the prize?"

The Secretary will put it in next month's corner. It is as good as a prayer. Let her have some Easter letters from St. Joseph's children. Who will make him their alarm clock all during March so that they may go off bright and early to Mass.

Daily Masses pave the road to paradise, and shorten one's stay in purgatory. *Is* it "too hard" to lay up a store of them ?

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What two distinguished Polish patriots gave their services to the cause of American Independence?

2. What was the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic?

3. What Bishop baptized St. Augustine?

4. Who wrote the "Dream of Gerontius?"

5. What is the swiftest messenger?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN FEBRUARY.

1. Father Southwell.

Time goes by turns.

2. St. Thomas re Becket.

3. In the reign of Edward III of England.

4. Edward the confessor.

West Monastery.

5. King Alfred, the great.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. I'm longer and longer the lower I fall.

And when I'm highest I'm shortest of all.

2. What word of three syllables contains the whole alphabet?

3. What would Neptune say if the sea were drained?

4. Why is a reporter like a forger?

5. How is punctuality immaterial?

MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

1. Beloved children, go to St. Joseph. He will help us in our duties. —Pius IX Feb. 23, 1871.

2. I have never prayed to St. Joseph in vain. I have obtained all I asked for through his intercession.—St. Teresa.

3. I regret nothing save that I have not loved God enough. I desire nothing save that His will be done. —Gen. De Sonis.

4. Say "I am satisfied with God," and surely God deserves this, for he has done enough for you.—Fr. De Ravignan.

5. No soul can be happy in trying to escape God.—Fr. De Ravignan.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The CARMELITE REVIEW for 1896 makes a beautiful bound volume of 350 pages with 14 full page illustrations. Those who wish to procure a copy, will please send Postal or Express Money Order for $1.50, when ordering, or the 12 numbers of the year 1896 post paid, together with 50 cents. The volume is bound in brown cloth, with gilt title and number of volume on the back, not, as in former years, on the side.

***

The Rev. Chas. Warren Currier, whose articles written for the CARMELITE REVIEW have been so highly appreciated by our readers, has been placed on the missionary staff for missions to non-Catholics in the diocese of Baltimore by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. We wish him a most fruitful harvest in this noble and apostolic work, convinced, as we are, that as far as human efforts can go, his work will be a success. The rest we must hope from God.

***

The most beautiful and most extensive building in the world for library purposes is the new Congressional Library building in Washington. Its walls are decorated by the best artists of the western continent. Among the ornaments are found scrolls inscribed with the names of all our more or less known American authors. But it has been remarked that among all these names there does not appear the name of a single Catholic author, altho' many obscure authors are mentioned who could not be compared in literary worth with some of our eminent Catholic writers. A bit of non-sectarian equality, we suppose.

***

A traveller in Mexico lately called attention to the fact that the devout Mexican raises his hat when he passes a church. It is not necessary to go from home to see that. Every devout and thoughtful Catholic respects the house of God where our Lord is ever present in the tabernacle. A non-Catholic whose own place of worship is no more sacred than his own home, cannot understand this.

***

The third of March is the 19th anniversary of the Pope's coronation. Let us pray for our Holy Father that day that our Lord may still prolong his glorious reign.

***

A Lenten thought from the author of "Light of Asia:"

"Shun drugs and drink which work the wit abuse,
Clear minds, clean bodies need no Soma juice."

***

What a galaxy of Carmelite saints we have this month! They were all great penitents, not so much because they needed penance, but rather did they suffer, watch and pray for a sinful world. First we have Jacobinus, a poor, humble lay-brother who found sanctity in the most menial employment. Then Romaeus sacrificing his life to care for the plague-stricken people of Lucca. Cyril of Jerusalem, filled with apostolic zeal, entering the royal palace, converting the very Sultan. Euphrosyne, the virgin, satisfied

with a mere diet of bread and water during the forty days of Lent. Louis Morbioli content with the trunk of a tree for a resting place. Joanna of Toulouse a paragon of virtue, and Berthold and Baptist Mantua ever rewarded here below for their great devotion to the Queen of heaven. The eight beatitudes were all personified in these holy friars and nuns.

***

The variety of patent face beautifiers and regenerators is great. Why not try fasting? It is the best spring medicine, good both for soul and body.

***

If you worried as much about your soul as you do about dollars and cents you would be Saint long ago. Perfect health and content of mind go together. A nagging man, or woman, is always thin. Excessive excitement wears out the brain.

***

Prayer rather than controversy is bringing the English people back to the faith of their fore-fathers. There is a heap of truth contained in these words of a popular hymn which run :

"Faith of our Father! Mary's prayers
Shall bring our country back to thee;
And through the truth which comes from God
England shall then indeed be free."

***

Suppose you are sitting on a jury. Before you stands a man condemned to death. His fate depends on himself. He can undo his sentence. He refuses to do so. What do you think of him. A fool? Certainly. You have parallel cases. Take for instance the man who refuses to go to his Easter duty. He is cut off from the church. He is condemned to spiritual death. How his friends pity him. He is a fool, is he not? Of course. Suppose you and the defendant changed places. What would he think of *you?*

***

There is a mine of practical thought in the four gospels set apart for the first four Sundays of Lent. First our Lord is tempted. What follower of His is not? How the present great output of the press teems with sensuality. And you need not be told of the flaming show-bill, or the suggestive advertisement, especially the one in small type hidden away in the corner of the paper. Ah! conscientious soul, be on your guard. Satan lurks where you least expect to find him. "Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation.

***

Thabor agains looms up in the gospel of the 2d Sunday of Lent. Think of heaven. Cheer up, despondent one. Don't keep looking at everything through the wrong end of the telescope. Remember Easter quickly follows Good-Friday.

***

We will again listen with devout ear to the oft-repeated story of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves. And the great miracle of the Eucharist still goes on in God's Church.

***

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," is a well-known business axiom. It is no less a saying which can be applied to the Christian who desires to shake off his faults and failings. Keep at it.

***

And again we say, and never grow tired of repeating, "Go to Joseph!"

***

That was indeed an interesting address on "Socialism" delivered by Editor Dana at the University of Michigan. Brook Farm and other such Utopian schemes go to show the great

desire of the more refined portion of humanity, for a more perfect and happier life. A perfect community though will not take root or thrive on this earth of ours, except fostered by the true Church. Monastic life comes the nearest to an ideal form of socialism. "Monastery" and "Paradise" are often synonymous. But wise men of this world have not yet found an "X Ray" powerful enough to discover this truth.

***

A symposium by some well-meaning bachelors gives us to understand that a man nowadays needs no common salary to support an end-of-the-century wife. A sad reflection. Spoiled children will become a burden to their hard working mothers.

***

Nowadays the man who cannot habitually joke is voted dull. We demand a vein of good humor in the editorial column. In fact we like a sermon which is not too dry or serious. We seem to be unable to be serious about serious things. Such a thing as conversation seems almost killed. Instead of that interchange of thought which cultured people hold to be the highest of social pleasure, we exchange jokes. There is a continual demand for something new and spicy. The result is that we are apt to descend rather low in order to find an amusing topic. One of the saints used to say that we cannot find pleasure with our Lord if we joke with the devil.

***

Theatres will not close during Lent. That is a certainty. But no self-respecting Catholic should patronize them. We all know the depth to which the stage has stooped in our days. Indeceny was never so bold-faced. Alban Butler says that every conscientious Christian should shun most plays as occasions of sin. But the shows he had in view were respectable compared to the present shameful exposures.

***

Now-a-days there is a great mitigation of the rule of fasting and particularly of abstinence. Nevertheless we are still bound to do penance. It is a command of Christ which even the church cannot dispense with.

***

With what care these days do not the officials see to it, that the incoming foreign mail is well disinfected as a remedy against the plague which rages in the Orient. But what of the domestic mail with its many tons of pernicious literature and works of art (?) scattered broadcast to the destruction of souls? There is a moral plague which can be disinfected only by the fire which is unquenchable.

***

It might please the fancy of some liberal Catholics to read that "Memorial services" for the dead were of late held in a prominent New York church, but we are sure most of our devout Catholics would prefer the time-honored morning requiem. If not up to date or not pleasing to the—(shall we say it)—"new" Catholic—it is good enough for us.

***

You have met him. He knows it all. He can discuss any subject from the tariff to bee-culture. Alas! though he has but a smattering of learning, he skims books and gets most of his knowledge from the papers. God help the man who only knows the church from what he reads on the way to his office.

***

The profound critics who speculate on papal policy and future ecclesiastical

events unfortunately for themselves fail to consider that which is of paramount importance, namely, the guidance of the Holy Ghost. All prophets are apt to go astray if they think the church is but a human institution.

***

A more general reception of the holy sacraments on the feast of Ireland's patron saint would be a thing much to be desired.

***

We are all invited these days to follow our Lord in His *via dolorosa*. Perhaps some of us would faint in the way if we travelled fasting, but there are other modes of self-flagellation.

***

"Blessed is the womb that bore thee!" "exclaimed the woman mentioned in the Gospel of the fourth Sunday of Lent, and four days later we hear the archangel announcing his great message to Mary. Dear reader, never grow tired of repeating the *Hail Mary*. In heaven alone will you know what blessings its recital brings to your soul.

***

One verse of the hymn of the divine office for the First Sunday of Lent sums up the way of observing these days. It thus runs :

"Utamur ergo parcius
Verbis, cibis et potibus
Somno, jocis et arctius
Perstemus in custodia"

which might be made to read : "Let us therefore, use more sparingly our words, food, drink, sleep, recreation and watch and pray more carefully."

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest, when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

A Letter of Thanksgiving.

OTTAWA, 30th January.

A child of Mary wishes to return grateful thanks to our Blessed Mother for a great favor obtained through her intercession.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists, at which is served a feast of excellent stories by Eleanor C. Donnelly, Walter Lecky, Anna Hanson Dorsey, Christian Reid, Ella Loraine Dorsey, Anna T. Sadlier, Maurice Francis Egan, Mary A. Sadlier, Francis J. Finn, S. J., John Talbot Smith, Charles Warren Stoddard, With Portraits, Biographical Sketches, and Bibliography. Second Edition. Price $1.50. Benziger Bros., New York.

This second edition was made necessary by the unprecedented sale of a first edition within three months; quite a novel experience for an American Catholic publishing house. We hail this symptom of growth and health in our Catholic reading public.

The contributors to the Round Table are called representative Novelists, and the feast they serve is one of fancy and fiction. There are still many of our more conservative Catholics, who shake their heads at novels. But fiction is, and always was, popular. Our Lord, whose mission as he says Himself was to preach the Gospel to the poor, taught the multitudes in parables. A good story well told will make a deeper impression for good in the heart of susceptible youth than any sermon or admonition could produce. And we are all fond of stories. If we cannot get good ones, we may be tempted to read bad, or at least silly ones. The Apostleship of the Press should welcome these teachers in parables, as the most efficient and successful missionaries to our novelty-loving people.

We hope the poor will not be deprived of this *feast* on account of the price, which publishers were forced to demand hitherto; but that the sales of these books will soon justify a cheap popular edition.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

(From a Düsseldorf design of C. Schönherr).

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., APRIL, 1897. NO. 4

A PROMISE.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

STANDING at the holy altar,
Lifting high the Chalice fair,
I will take the vow you murmured,
And will gently place it there.

It will mingle with the life-blood
Which our Saviour shed for thee
In the shady olive-garden
Of the lone Gethsemene.

Or as when it dyed His raiment
Like the red juice of the vine,
Or as sparkling on the circlet
Which His royal brows entwine.

It was sprinkled on the pathway
Which His sacred footsteps trod,
And His careless creatures trampled
In the precious blood of God.

One there was who faintly murmured
Sighs of pity, words of praise,
As to her sweet eyes it sparkled
Lighted by faith's golden rays.

In the three long hours streaming
From those wounded feet and hands,
Like a time glass swift revealing
Passing life by glancing sands.

And the last sweet sigh was breathed
  Yet e'en then that loving heart
Lavished thy last hidden treasures
  Passing o'er the opening dart.

Ever at the holy altar,
  In its glory—in its power,
Beating in the tender heart-thrills,
  Giving graces hour by hour.

In that blood I place thy vowing,
  May its voice e'er plead for thee,
All thine inward need supplying,
  May it be thy surety.

MAN IS REDEEMED.

An Easter Poem.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

The smile of God is on the earth ;
Man is redeemed ; love has new birth ;
The angels their glad voices raise
In tuneful chorus of sweet praise.

II.

The Lord is risen—He who came
To die on earth a death of shame,
That we from death in sin might rise
And share His joy in Paradise.

III.

Angels and men this Easter day,
Their praise and loving homage pay
To Jesus Christ, the Lord above,
Who suffered on the cross through love.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)—The Archbishop's Sermon.

THE Archbishop's sermon was carefully reported by Mr. Frank Beard, of the New York *Sun*. He spoke as follows:

In the Ninth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, 27th verse, we read these words: "It is appointed unto men once to die."

This last day of the expiring year, brings us, dear brethren, as a parting gift a new lesson of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. You, my brethren, of this diocese, have just lost this morning a faithful and devoted pastor, who, the day before yesterday, lifted up his voice on the holy altar. I, for my part, have just come from a funeral Mass of one of our pastors, who but two days ago was to receive the Holy Communion, and when they came to prepare him for it, found him dead. This is a lesson, therefore, of which we may well use the words that St. Augustine formerly applied, "It is something ever known." For which one of us is a stranger to the havoc made by death? And yet when this last day of the passing year gathers us in sorrow around the coffin of our departed friend, does not the lesson come to us with a new force and a new shock, reminding us once more that it is appointed for all the time, and that our own time may not be far distant?

It is a message and a lesson given us by the goodness of God, that when the dread summons comes we may not be unprepared.

Amidst the gloom and the terror of death the Christian heart finds comfort in prayer. Prayer is a balm to the soul at all times, but more particularly in sorrow. Which one of us is not humbled by sorrow which pierces the clouds and quicker than lightning flash mounts to the very footstool of God's throne? And then is not only prayer brought near you when in affliction, but the souls of those who have passed away, and who attend before the dread judgment-seat of God, may well use even so the words, "Have pity upon me, you at least my friends have pity upon me, for the Hand of the Lord hath touched me." And so, following the example of old, by Judas of Maccabee, believing that it is a good and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they be loosed from their sins—that is, from the punishment due to them—Holy Church, having this thought, offers us the price of redemption for her departed children, who have also fought the good fight, and who now sleep in peace. We have just assisted at the adorable Sacrifice offered for him whose remains lie before us.

And again, there is comfort in the remembrance of the virtues of those

who have passed away. Not that the voice of praise is to be lifted up in the presence of the King of Terrors, but that we may thank the Lord for all the graces and mercies he has vouchsafed to those who have gone to him, and that the consideration of the good deeds of others may spur us also on to greater fidelity in the service of God.

Our departed friend received from Almighty God in the first place the gift of a loyal Faith, and he responded faithfully to it. It is not necessary to say to you that he was not always of the household. His father, much esteemed in his day and generation, was a Presbyterian clergyman in this State, and in early life he too contemplated giving his services to the ministry, and for that purpose studied for some time in the Episcopal Seminary in the city of New York. But just in those days the reaction from Calvinism had set in in England, and the waves of this movement flowed naturally even to us to this country and attracted many, and among them our friend. And he, leaving the seminary, gave up his time almost exclusively to the study of the writings of that great Father in the Church, St. Thomas. He had convinced himself of the power of the Church to forgive sins, and I remember he told me once, long ago, that he, even before he submitted to the claims of the Church, went to a priest, demanding the right of making confession and receiving absolution. But once one arrives at the conclusion that penance is a Divine institution and necessary to salvation, the further step to admit the supreme authority of the Church is not hard. And, therefore, very soon our friend got his complete and perfect faith, and was received into the Church by the Rev. Father Rumpler. Indeed, our friend himself, having left the ministry of one belief, thought to devote his energies to serve Our Lord in His ministry, and his thoughts carried him to the congregation of the Holy Redeemer, and for some time he proposed becoming a missionary priest in that congregation, but eventually returned to this country and connected himself with the Freeman's Journal, succeeding in the post of duty the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, at that time secretary to Bishop Hughes, and in that position he remained from that time forty years ago until his death.

During all those forty years, on all the religious topics of the day, for with other points we are not concerned here, on all matters affecting religious interests, the welfare of the Church, his utterances were vigorous and unmistakable. Wherever the Church put him by her supreme authority, there his word rang out sound and clear. There was no faltering, no wavering. The instincts of faith coming from that great gift of Divine truth were strong and clear. There is another instance of this instinct, that, with all his positive character, so well known, there was a disposition to submit everything to the local ecclesiastical authority, and I remember one of the last letters he ever wrote was one asking advice and counsel on a burning question of the day.

The instincts of faith kept him true; and this because he had fully comprehended that great principle announced long ago by a servant of the Church, St. Ambrose: "Where Peter is, there is the Church, and where the Church is, there is the Holy Spirit."

It will be unnecessary to bring up instances of his great attachment to Divine truth. They are scattered all through the files of the Freeman's

Journal, not merely in later years, but twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Take them up at any time, and you find that voice resounding through them. It was not transient, but permanent. And this is manifest in many ways. I might take up one illustration here, simply because it is such as to make all other instances superfluous, and again, because in this particular country the school question is the pivot on which the religious life of the Catholic Church turns.

Any one who is familiar with the history of the Church must certainly know the maternal solicitude which the Church has ever had for the instruction of the young. Not to go beyond our own country, we find abundant proofs here. In the very first Synod ever held in the United States, at a time when the United States was made up of one diocese, in the year 1791, when the first Bishop of this country assembled his priests from north and south and east and west to meet in Baltimore and there take measures for the common good, he found he was able to gather round him from this immense country, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, twenty priests; and these, even then when the need of the Church was paramount, when priests had whole States under their jurisdiction, even then they do not fail to assert that all care must be taken to guard the young. Here is the garden in which in God's own time the beautiful flower will grow. And in the first Provincial Council of the United States, in 1829, when instead of one Bishop there were nine Sees in this country, we find these nine Prelates, in the 34th decree of the Council, affirming the absolute necessity of these schools. And later on, in 1852, when the first National Council was held, we find the Fathers dilating at great length on this very same subject, and this not of their own accord exclusively, but they say expressly, in so many words, that in doing this we are only following up the instructions given to us by our Holy Father by his encyclical letter in 1851, in which he urges all the Bishops of the world to make every effort for the increased propagation of Catholicity. So that therefore in fighting so earnestly for this subject he was not advancing peculiar ideas; he was simply following the instincts, the guidance and the voice of that Supreme Teacher in the Church who takes the place of Peter, whether he be Gregory or Pius or Leo.

Now, dear brethren, it is not necessary to speak of the good accomplished. It is difficult to over-estimate, it is extremely hard to gauge even, the power of the press. It controls public opinion, and so moves the world. Blessed, therefore, is he who uses this immense engine of power for good. We know that for forty years this work has been done faithfully, perseveringly, conscientiously, by him whose remains are before us. Not only this, but in so many other ways did his gift shine forth in his life.

Again, in that other instance in his domestic life of giving his only daughters to the Church. St. Paul says Abraham showed his faith by offering up his only son Isaac; and in his Epistle to the Hebrews, commenting on the faith of the patriarchs, he says the faith of Abraham commends itself in this, that he offered up his only son Isaac. Our friend gave up his daughters, taking away the light, so to say, of his widowed home, depriving himself of the consolation of their presence, because that same faith

made him recognize the voice of God in the call to a higher life. And surely now those pure hands are lifted up in prayer to God for him. They will be lifted night and day to obtain mercy for him from the throne of God. And we, too, who all owe him a debt of gratitude for the good he has done to the Church, for the friendship extended to us, for his generous heart, we, too, will not forget him in our prayers. The Holy Sacrifice will be offered for him; that alms which he asked so often for his departed friends, that same bread thrown upon the waters will come back to him. Prayers will be offered for him that his soul may be admitted to the Sanctuary. In the words of St. Ambrose, spoken on occasion of the premature death of Valentinian the Emperor, we may say we have loved him in life, we have mourned him in death, and therefore our silence and our prayers will not abandon him until they lead him to the Holy Mount of God, to the place of eternal bliss. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on Him!

MONTH'S MEMORY OF JAMES ALPHONSUS MCMASTER. DECEMBER 29, 1886 — JANUARY 29, 1887.

Day by day, the weeks have waned;
Week by week, the month hath fled;
Tender tears have, ceaseless, rained
O'er the memory of the dead.

Two, afar 'mid Carmel's snows,
One, by Sharon's roses veiled,
Watched the Old Year sadly close,
And the New, reluctant, hailed.

While, around the hallow'd tomb,
Where the strong heart, pulseless, lay—
(Where, in dim, sepulchral gloom,
Slept the cast-off coil of clay.)
Loving son and faithful friend
Kept the vigil of the soul;
Heard the countless prayers ascend,
Saw the incense upward roll.

How they bless'd each black-rob'd shrine,
Whence, from dawn till set of sun,
Rose the Sacrifice Divine
For each dear, departed one!

Fairest mystery of Faith!
O'er the grave its glory trails.
—Rounds, to-day, the moon of Death
On the feet of great De Sales;—

Of Geneva's Doctor—yes,
Of the Saint the Church decrees
Guardian-patron of her Press,
And its leal auxiliaries!

—Lift McMaster's silent pen,
Wreath'd with palm and laurel meet,
Cast it here—before all men—
At St. Francis' gentle feet!

Tho' the lights of Time grow dim,
Love consumes Life's holocaust—
In the sweets God gives to *him*,
Every drop of gall is lost!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

In the New York Freeman's Journal.

CHAPTER XVI.

MCMASTER'S BEAUTIFUL LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTERS IN RELIGION, REVEALING THE DEEP SPIRITUALITY AND HOLY INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT MAN.

It is said somewhere that great mountains are full of streams, and great hearts are full of tears. This comparison might fitly be applied to McMaster, especially in his latter days, when his wonderful tenderness became more intensified and he was overflowing in sympathy with, and sorrow for, the sufferings of his own. The world at large admired the force and vigor of his intellect; but those who were

nearest to him, found their delight and rest, and drew strength and comfort from his great heart. This was true, even after his daughters had left for the convent. He seemed to be, as it were, the father not only of his daughters, but also of the rest of the inmates of the convent in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. He not only corresponded frequently with his daughters, but he paid monthly visits also to them, not out of any purpose of making them feel homesick and of inducement to return to him, but in order to confirm them the more in their religious vocation. His visits to the Carmel of Baltimore were not only relished by his own daughters, but were also a source of comfort and edification to the other inmates. He delighted especially in conversing with his daughters on the Divine office, giving them most beautiful commentaries on the Psalmist, in which he often made applications to the Mother of God. He carefully avoided in his discourse with them all that savored of the world and worldly news. He had given them to God and the desire of his heart was that they should fully correspond to the grace of their calling, and lose naught of "the better part," which they had chosen. One of his daughters writes: "I think I can safely say that I rarely, if ever, left him, after his visits, without the determination to try my best to get nearer to our dearest Lord. He was deeply versed in the spiritual life, having experimental knowledge as well as that which he had acquired from reading. I have never met any one who seemed to have a truer and keener appreciation of suffering for the love of God. This was one of his favorite topics. He declared that we must all have crosses and sometimes very heavy ones or we are not on the right road to Heaven. His last visit was particularly consoling to me, and I wrote to him afterwards that it reminded me of the two disciples going to Emmaus, for his words had made my heart burn within me. Like our holy Mother St. Teresa, he seemed to have the gift of keeping our Lord before one, always pointing to Him. He used often to tell me that when we would first appear in His presence after death, our Lord would show the soul the place in Heaven which had been designed for her, all that He had done and suffered to merit it for her and to enable her to win it, and all His infinite love. And then, if she had fallen short, how the high place marked out for her would be lost to her for all eternity. And this, together with the knowledge of her immense ingratitude would be the pain of loss to the soul. Ah! how his whole soul would be moved with emotion and the tears pour down when he dwelt upon our Lord's wonderful love for us."

If you wish to obtain a correct ideal of McMaster's inner life and spirit, you must read his correspondence with his daughters. What is greatly to be regretted is that many of his beautiful letters have not been preserved. Such letters of McMaster as would appear irrelevant in the Life, we have not inserted. Although all these letters may perhaps not have an interest for the general reader, yet they will be read with delight by McMaster's friends, and by truly Christian parents. We have divided them into two classes—letters on temporal, and on spiritual subjects.

LETTERS ON TEMPORAL SUBJECTS, WRITTEN TO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE CARMELITE CONVENT.

New York, Nov. 6th, 1883.

My dear friend Mother Louise of St. John Evangelist, and Prioress of Carmel of Baltimore:

Pardon my delay in writing in answer to your letter of the 4th inst. My sweet daughter, Sister Teresa, asked "the habit, *poverty*, and the companionship of the Sisters of Our Lady." She is of *canonical* age, though not of *civil*. I wish her to enter your dear Community *penniless*. I wish her to sign and give away all of earthly goods—or *dross*—that she may ever possess. This is not an idle *sentiment*. It is a conviction. I wish it to be so. I know our dear Sister Teresa, even if she does not know all it might mean—if she knew—would wish it also. Let her sign the document I will send *before* she makes her profession. Then, when she is twenty-one years old let her sign the words of the same document, with two witnesses of persons outside of the Community. Let the latter be a mechanical act, to comply with the civil law. So my dear Sister Teresa of Jesus will be a true Carmelite. I intend most certainly to be in the chapel, or church, at the time she makes her vows, and also when she takes, or rather receives the veil. Please, in one line, let me know at what hour, on each day these events are to take place. Commending myself, and thanking you for all your goodness to me and mine.

Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

Your servant,

Jas. A. McMaster.

New York, Oct. 10, 1884.

Rev. Mother Louise of St. John Evangelist, Prioress:

My Very Dear Friend,—I am ashamed to write to you, having been so very faulty. But ever since I spoke to you last, I have been sunk in a dazed sort of silence; and besides, when roused up, I have had enough of troubles around me. The dear Gertrude is exceedingly busy. The strain on her, too, at parting from intimate friends, whom she had to see, has been very great. But, *down below*, her heart is all the time giving thanks for her great vocation. I write, now, to ask the favor that our dear little Sister Teresa will, as quickly as possible—(so I can get it on *Monday*),—write just a line or two, to tell me at what early hour Communion is given in your church on St. Teresa's day. *Our plan* is, that I go to Baltimore with Gertrude on Tuesday, arriving late. On Wednesday go to Communion together, in your church, at your earlier Mass,—(I suppose you will, perhaps, have a High Mass later). After Communion I proposed taking Gertrude to the hotel, for our last breakfast. Then, at the hour most convenient, to part with her at your door. I wish to know especially the hour at which we should be at your church for Communion. The rest can be arranged Wednesday morning, when I hope to see you. The express man sends me word that, yesterday, he forwarded to you the hamper and a box by Adam's express, and did not prepay the expressage. I enclose $5 to cover the deficit. Tell my darling Sister Teresa that, if my heart is too full to write, it is not too full to think of her, in her dear heavenly call, and to pray for her especially.

Devotedly in the S. S. Hearts,

Jas. A. McMaster.

New York, Oct. 11th, 1883.

Rev. Mother Prioress, and my dear friend Mother Louise:

I am a monster of impropriety as regards letter writing. I wanted to have written you joy on St. Louis' day,—but I did not. I did not forget you at the Holy Altar.

Archbishop Gibbons, passing through New York, told me he had recently, last Friday, seen our little sister, and that he saw no reason why *very soon*, she might not have the happiness of admission to the vows. It belongs to the graces of your vocation, as Carmelites, to decide on so great a matter; and if advice be taken it will be of men experienced in the religious life. When you, with such advice, are prepared to grant the little one this great boon, I need not suggest to you that it would be *advisable* to have the approbation of the Archbishop himself. Of course his Vicar General has all necessary power, but a little worldly wisdom indicates the propriety of consulting the Archbishop, who is likely to be *kept in Rome for four, perhaps six months*. Excuse this letter that has been interrupted in the writing.

In the Most Sacred Hearts.

Devotedly your friend,

Jas. A. McMaster.

Dear Sister Teresa shall have a letter from me before St. Teresa's day is over; but it may not be by the earliest mail of that day.

New York, March 19, 1884.

Rev. Mother Prioress:

My Very Dear Friend,—I break in on your holy solitude, in Lent, with less misgivings, for all your life is Lent!

First,—good news for *Laetare Sunday*,—next Sunday. The remarkable life of Father Herman, that you so kindly lent me, and that I have not yet returned, is on the point of appearing in London, in an *English* translation. I have ordered several *early* copies of it, and when it arrives, I will send you a copy, and if the translation is good, I will send you several copies. The case of *dates* I sent, I asked to know if they were *good ones*, and *in good order*. If so, it is well. If *not*, and in any other instance, for anything, *if not good*, and in *good order*, you *owe it to me, to tell me!* Poor Mother Prioress! That you have by duty to attend to such things! *God pity Superiors!* If it be His will, I would ask it of our dear Lord that no child of mine in any Religious Community, may ever be loaded with the burdens, the pains, the sorrows, of a true religieuse, *crucified*, by being made superior!

It is of very minor troubles that I am bothering you with, but they are miseries for you, in your Carmelite life, and yet they need to be attended to. If there be some other of your nuns, to whom this business belongs turn it over to her, but *let me know*. St. Joseph to-day, through me, sends to the Carmel of Baltimore a case of *dates*. They are *warranted to me* as of the very best that come to this market.

And now excuse this long letter. Tell our dear little Sister Teresa, that every day and more than once in the day, I do pray for her as she asked me, that she may be "an humble and obedient religieuse," and a *holy* nun, and that our dear Lord may accomplish, with the long labor needed, the good and perfect work that, I bless His Holy Name, He has begun in her; and that I believe He will carry on to the end. I need not tell her (my daughter) how I love her,—the best proof is that I wish her, except for praying for us, to "forget her father," and his house, and to be swallowed up in the love of her Divine Spouse. I am sure I need not ask your prayers for me—miserable.

Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

Jas. A. McMaster.

New York, April 8th, 1883.

Rev. Mother Louise of St. John Ev., Prioress:

Rev. and Dear Friend,—I thank you for your thoughtful letters of the 4th and of the 6th. I am sure you are doing everything possible for our dear little novice. It is my own conviction, also, that it is a fierce trial of her fidelity to her calling to the Order of our Lady, that our Lord in His goodness, is giving her. So long as *her* courage and your patience, remain firm, I will rest content to wait the will of God as to the length of her sickness; praying and asking prayers and Masses that our Lord will give her efficient grace to bear all that He lays on her. I need not say how profoundly grateful I am to you and to the good nuns for your great charity and tenderness towards her.

It is suggested to me whether *champagne*—so effective in sea-sickness—might not give her stomach a little start towards recuperation of its tone. If so, Mr. Fairall, of Courtney & Fairall, grocers, knows me, and I wish he would send some pint bottles, and forward the bill to me. It is again suggested—odd as it may seem—whether, *for once* the effect of *ice cream* on her fevered stomach might not be tried. I have known some surprising instances of reaction in the stomach from trying it. Of course these suggestions are to be made only to Dr. Chatard, subject to his judgment, and I beg he may understand this, and that I am not foolishly meddling.

I enclose two envelopes ready addressed, and with bits of paper inside. Will you, without losing time by any long writing—just in a word or two—give me tidings of any change—for better or for worse—occurring. And if, beyond our hopes or fears, any sudden change for the *worse*, threatening a speedy dissolution, should occur, will you please *telegraph me*. I enclose a little offering for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, $25, and commending myself and mine to your charitable prayers, and ever and always, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Your devoted friend and serv't,

Jas. A. McMaster.

(to be continued.)

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER V.

"Wherever a true woman comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her for those who else are homeless."—RUSKIN.

CHARITY Werker came to the city in quest of a situation and a home for herself and mother. It became necessary to sell out the home in the country, since it was impossible to make ends meet any longer. Now we see the poor girl walking with anxious looks along that great thoroughfare where she had followed the last remains of her sister Faith, and where, too, as a child, she herself had charmed the crowds when she posed as one of the "Three Graces."

As soon as Charity reached the city she left her mother at the house of an old acquaintance and at once set to work to find a situation. She had her misgivings about "Employment bureaus" and "Intelligence offices," so she bought a paper, and searched the advertisements through and through. She had just hailed a little urchin with a bundle of papers as we beheld her passing along that main street which recalled so many sad and joyful recollections.

There was more than one girl found "Wanted," but each advertisement contained some objectionable clause. Strange to say, Charity determined to do the least expected thing. She would answer the one who preferred a Protestant. It did strike her as being peculiar that people should thus discriminate against a person's religious belief. It seemed almost unintelligible to one whose religion taught her to love all irrespective of creed or color.

"Perhaps tomorrow will bring me better luck," thought Charity. In the meantime she would answer the first advertisement. If it did not suit her, it would probably be just the thing for one of her friends over at New France, whom she promised to help, when the first chance offered itself. Besides, this girl being a Lutheran, she would not be debarred from the position. Charity was moreover glad to have a chance to do a good turn to this old neighbor of hers, who had helped her when she was collecting for the new statue at St. Elias' church.

Later in the day Charity got a sort of half-promise of employment as a lady's nurse and was told to "call in the morning." In the meantime she took a suburban train and went in search of what seemed a good opening for her friend at New France.

* * * * * *

A fellow passenger on the train with Charity was Harry Fenton, with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted. Only the night before, as we know, he had inserted an advertisement in an evening paper calling

for a house-keeper, and now he was going up to Boomfield to see what would be in store for him.

Fenton was electrified at the large army of would-be house-keepers who got off at Boomfield. The many whose business it is to be always on hand to see every in and outgoing train stood aghast. The station-agent was on his best behavior. Everything was astir. In the meantime Fenton escaped, and went with Faith by a short-cut to the house. When he arrived there the head of the procession of the unemployed came in sight. 'Twas quite a variegated crowd but a respectable one, whose advent gave occasion to the funny reporter of the *Boomfield Buzzard* to say: "We imagined we had a Women's Congress in our midst last week."

As Fenton stood on the porch the hopeful band filed before him. He was in a dilemma. Truly here was an instance that

"*The best laid schemes o'mice an' men gang aft a-gley.*"

Faith stood beside her father on the reviewing stand, while Fenton himself sought inspiration by vigorously pulling at his mustache.

"After all," he thought, "It's a companion I want for Faith, and why not consult her. The pure innocent eyes of children often see farther than their elders."

Turning to the child he said, "Who shall it be, Faith?"

Without hesitation, the child immediately replied, "The one over there," pointing with her little finger to a plainly dressed, and quiet-looking girl, who stood in the background, and who till now had escaped Fenton's attention.

"By Jove! Faith *has* good taste," he said to himself.

He beckoned to the girl of Faith's choice, and was somewhat taken back when she said, "Oh, sir, I didn't expect the position—you see I am a Catholic—a Roman Catholic—I only came to apply on behalf of a friend of mine in the country."

And then only did it strike Fenton how he blundered in putting those stupid words into his advertisement. He would like to stick to a principle, and he was not anxious to keep in line with ways and opinions of his neighbors. He had attempted a dangerous compromise, and vainly tried to live up to it without sacrificing his religion. But there is no middle road. It is either God or the devil.

Fenton was only one of a kind. There are plenty like him in the world. An example will illustrate what is meant. Patrick, or Hansel, arrives in New York. He is poor and at the same time religious, and as free from human respect as a new-born child. He is well liked by his fellow-laborers. But time rolls on. Our poor friend has acquired a little wealth and then, lo and behold he apes the upper ten. He is a little god in his own eyes, and a fool in the eyes of the poor honest people, who knew the day when he was glad to borrow a peck of potatoes. Yes, our friend has stepped out of the lower strata, and in doing so, sad to say, leaves religion and virtue behind. And ridiculous it is to see him assuming the air of a gentleman. He fawns on and adores society—the cultured set which too often alas! drains its votaries of every noble quality. Emerson uttered a great truth when he said that "A society of people will curiously represent a certain culture, though there is not a gentleman or lady in the whole group."

Fenton for a moment felt ashamed

of himself. He had shown the white feather. His love for Faith had triumphed however, and he finally determined to engage the girl who stood awaiting his answer. What if *she* objected? That would at least relieve his feelings and give Faith a second choice. But Faith's choice had been made, and she was going to have her own way. She had never been contradicted before and neither was she to be thwarted now.

A something attracted Faith towards Charity. One may not adequately explain this invisible affinity so common in our lives, but to deny its existence we dare not. One spirit instinctively feels drawn to another, and a band invisibly unites them. They rush together like the current of two magnetic poles. It looks away beyond what is mere matter—it casts aside symmetrical form—well-chiseled form—sympathetic eye—mellow voice and graceful carriage and rich apparel. This mysterious influence acted on Faith Fenton.

Harry Fenton at once came down to business and in doing so became very gracious as he addressed Miss Werker.

"I am satisfied," said he, "with you even before a trial. Your face carries a recommendation with it, Miss Werker. Are *you* willing to accept? You see I had special reasons about seeming to act as if I preferred one of another denomination. We all have our whims at times. The fact of the matter is I myself profess to be a sort of a Catholic."

This latter profession was made with a rather subdued voice, for he knew too well that the neighboring shutters had attentive ears behind them.

"I didn't expect this," said Charity. "However, I am willing to take the position, for I think it will suit me. On my part I think I shall give satisfaction in every respect, and on your part, Mr. Fenton– I think you said that was your name—I want it clearly understood that I am not in any way to be interfered with as regards the exercise of my religious duties."

All was arranged to suit employee and employer, and Charity promised to return the next morning. At the station she met the crowd of unsuccessful competitors, who were probably thinking of their misspent fare and didn't cast upon their successful rival the kindest glances.

Next morning Fenton went down to the office in order to see what new field of labor the firm might have mapped out for him. He was tired of the Micawberlike life of "waiting for something to turn up." He found that his new work would be confined to the home district. This would allow him to return each evening to Boomfield. Fenton was tickled at the idea, for this would again enable him to get a taste of home-life. And once more room No. 13 at the Friedenhouse was vacant.

Fenton was all smiles when he returned to Boomfield in the evening. Life seemed to him again worth living. Everything felt the effect of his benevolence; even the newsboy on the train was told to "keep the change." As he reached the gate he met Faith, and he gave her such an affectionate kiss that the poor little girl was much surprised, and even the dog "Ben," which had been unceremoniously kicked off the porch the night before, timidly underwent a petting on the head.

A bit of news awaited Fenton's arrival. The family from which he rented his rooms had decided to leave at once. The sudden death of a distant relative and a change of circumstances made it imperative that they be absent

from Boomfield for an indefinite period. Fenton seemed to them a very desirable tenant. The terms were fixed, and being reasonable, Fenton rented the whole house there and then.

That evening Fenton chatted away like a child, and played with Faith as if a boy again. Everything looked bright. When he came up to Boomfield first, he spoke of "monotonous view," "dismal hills," etc., as he took in the surroundings. Now it was all changed. He ecstatically spoke of the "enchanting perspective," "it would, be an ideal spot for an artist," and what not. Fenton had merely discarded his blue glasses.

The new arrangement about renting the whole house were laid bare to Charity. She had an objection at once. To her it appeared serious enough, but strange it had not occurred to Fenton. But when Charity now mentioned it, a shadow crossed Fenton's brow. He appeared dazed. This made him do all sorts of queer things, such as using a fork for a spoon at the tea-table and other awkward messes, which made Faith burst out into laughter. Her father seemed either mad or in love. That at least is what Mrs. Queenly, the land-lady thought as she glanced across the table.

"My objections are simple enough, Mr. Fenton, said Charity. "You know well-enough that my relations to you are but that of a house-keeper. It hardly seems the proper thing for persons so situated to live as if they were husband and wife. And that is the way it would look after Mrs. Queenly is gone. You and I may be far above any reproach, but for all that the neighbors would talk."

"That's so, Miss Werker," said Fenton, "after all two heads are better than one. I would be in a nice mess if I had not mentioned the affair to you. But the bargain is now made and I hardly know what to do in the matter."

Mrs. Queenly came to the rescue. She was a good general in her way. It was she who managed all the church tea-parties, and who always had the casting vote when a new clergyman came along to preach his trial sermon. The good dame had cut more than one Gordian knot, and would be glad before departing, to make one more master stroke which would perhaps immortalize her name in the beautiful memorial window at the "Church of the Chosen Few." Fenton and Charity were thus for a moment unwilling listeners to Mrs. Queenly's little speech which ran somewhat like this:

"Sakes alive! my dear young friends, the whole difficulty could be fixed up very easily. I am sure you will gladly accept advice from one of my long experience. It's a rather delicate suggestion, but why don't you both get married—there's plenty of time before I leave? I know that some of you Catholic folks are a little particular about some things. You have to see your priest, have the affair made public in church, and all that—but these things are all unnecessary. Your church is getting liberal now, and doing away with all those restrictions, and it's about time. Even if you should have the whole thing done outside of your church—it can all be made right afterwards. It is the same thing with others like you. Why, I remember how angry I was when my girl ran away and came back married. I soon gave in though and forgave her. One gets use to such things. Why that girl got divorced and is now married again and happy. We can't help such things. It's natural. And then, as for you Mr. Fenton, I don't know how long your wife is dead, but one thing is sure no one in Boomfield knows how long you have been a widower. Now to make things short, and to come down to business, let *me* arrange it for you. Some night this week I will bring our minister, Dr. Lovely here. He will come, because he always does what I want him to do. Why, I remember one time when he

got up at two in the morning, in order to marry a couple. Well, as I was saying, I will fetch him here. Won't it be just nice? My daughter will be here too, and will sing that solo of hers, and I myself will make the nicest cake you ever laid eyes on. Now, what do you think?"

They thought a great deal. In the first place Fenton and Charity mutually agreed that Mrs. Queenly had talked for nothing. No words were necessary to see that. From Charity Mrs. Queenly only got a silent look of pity and contempt. Without giving Mrs. Queenly a chance to continue her harangue Fenton immediately started to address Charity and as he did so Mrs. Queenly left the table in a hurry as if to discover something burning in the kitchen.

"Can *you* make any suggestions?" asked Fenton of Charity.

"Yes," she replied, "but what suits me may not suit you. I have an aged mother for whom I am anxious to procure a home. She is at present staying with an acquaintance in the city. This place would suit mother very nicely, and I am sure she would be no burden to anyone, on the contrary she would be a help at least in light things. Of course she will not make herself an unwelcome guest anywhere. Being but a poor country-bred woman she would naturally keep a backward position, but I know she can also make herself at home in any place. But I fear I am presuming too much on your generosity."

"By all means bring her here, Miss Werker," said Fenton. "I love company, especially that of a motherly old lady. The only thing I would object to would be to have a mother-in-law under the same roof. But there is little fear of that."

Charity was trying to picture to herself some crabbed old dame who in the quality of a mother-in-law had figured in Fenton's former home. But Fenton never gave her any light on that subject. In fact he always changed the subject when any suggestion was made of his past life. He never as much as mentioned the name of his former wife.

That night Fenton went to bed with happy thoughts. Everything had taken on a rosy hue. "By Jove," he said to himself, "it is about time my rainy days were over. Things seem to be brightening up now. I'll at least have a home. Of course it isn't altogether what I want—a comfortable home. A good old lady to help, advise, and not to plague. And then Charity will be a help-mate, a sort of chief engineer. She will do all a wife can do without what is objectionable. She won't be bothering me with eternal requests for pin money, and pouring all her woes in my ear and if we fall out, well, she can be discharged. Capital thing—couldn't be better, and Faith taken care of in the bargain."

Fenton remained long awake, turning around those sweet reflections in his mind. In the morning he came down stairs whistling, and distributing smiles in all directions. He called for Mrs. Queenly, thanked her for all her kindnesses, especially for her motherly advice in knotty questions, and bid her good-bye. He then got his things in order for his protracted trip Southwards. His firm had arranged to send him along the coast-line with a new line of goods.

To Charity were left all directions as to running the house, and she received money enough to fix up things here and there. In fine, all was left to her discretion. She was reminded about writing to Fenton occasionally. To all this was added a paternal advice to Faith to "be a good girl when papa was away."

Fenton's leaving was no mere perfunctory affair. 'Tis true, it was only a child he was leaving behind, and children soon get over such small matters, forgetting papa and mamma as soon as they come into possession of a new plaything. And then as to Charity—she was as yet a stranger. A mere housekeeper who could come and go. Nevertheless, when the train was carrying Fenton far away from Boomfield, and new scenes came before his eyes, Fenton's thoughts were continually centred on Charity Werker.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TRIBUTE TO THE SCAPULAR.

FROM THE FRENCH—BY S. X. B.

THE devout clients of our Lady of Mount Carmel can readily imagine the delight with which we perused the charming discourse of the venerable Father de la Colombiere, the "*Apostle of the Sacred Heart*," and fully realize the gratitude we felt towards the kind Providence that permitted it to fall into our hands. Every word proves the devotion, the veneration, the fervent love, the burning zeal which he felt for the holy livery of our Lady, and endows him with the undisputed right to be called the "*Apostle of the Scapular*" as well.

Apostle of the Sacred Heart! Apostle of the Scapular! Touching coincidence!

It is this great client of Jesus and Mary that is about to speak, and whose voice could be more persuasive than his, who will at no distant day, we fondly hope, be placed for veneration upon the altars of the Church. Listen!

"The faithful concur with such perfect unanimity in the belief that devotion to the Mother of God is a mark of predestination that, independently of the reasons which go to sustain this opinion, I maintain that such universal concurrence would warrant its being regarded as *a truth of the Catholic faith*."

The holy Fathers have expressed themselves upon this point in such forcible language that, did we not know them to be as enlightened, as holy, one might think that they spoke with more zealous ardor than accuracy. But the Church neglects nothing that would give *her* sanction also to this belief.

What a source of joy for all who are devoted to Mary! O! surely we may believe that they bear, deeply graven upon their hearts, the sign of their eternal salvation.

But, since amongst the visible expressions of the love we feel for Mary, some must be more pleasing than others to our gracious Queen, *all* cannot ensure our eternal salvation with the same degree of certainty. I do not hesitate to affirm that the scapular is most specially indicated as being the one favored by the Blessed Virgin above all the devotions which love has inspired in her honor. I do not hesitate to declare that nothing is a more certain pledge of salvation than a faithful wearing of the little brown badge. There is none therefore to which we should attach ourselves with more zeal and constancy than this. Divine Mother! What countless miracles you have caused to be wrought to confirm this blessed belief! Then, Christians! To engage this incomparable Mother to watch and guard you, and to interest herself in defending you, array yourself in the garment she holds forth for your acceptance. *Wear the scapular, wear it until the hour of your death.* Far be it from me to weaken your confidence in any practice of piety that is approved of by the Church. They are all admirable—fair flowers most fitting to honor heaven's gracious queen. But if our Mother looks with favor on those who choose other practices to show their love, *her goodness towards those who wear her livery is vast and limitless.* She has promised in the most unequivocal

terms to grant special protection to all who wear the scapular of Mount Carmel. This promise embraces no conditions, it declares that they shall never be delivered to the enemy, that if they persevere in her service they will persevere to the end and enter heaven. What think you, Christians, of the positive and unconditional promise made by the Queen of Carmel to St. Simon Stock? Has not this loving Mother explained it most satisfactorily? And, should you ever have been in doubt as to your salvation, and were privileged to dictate the terms of promised assistance through Mary, could you have chosen any more absolute terms for a pledge than her words to St. Simon? I know well that the saints have been lavish in their expressions regarding her powerful protection. But let those faithful clients be ever so wise, ever so holy, they were, after all only *men*. They were after all only *servants*, whilst here it is the *Queen* who herself reveals, in the world-wide communication to St. Simon, all the loving tenderness of her heart. It was the Queen—the Queen of heaven, *herself*, who promised to the confreres of the scapular that protection of which the holy doctors have spoken of in such emphatic terms. Never have we doubted the power of the Blessed Virgin, but her own promise to exercise it in our favor has rendered an already firm assurance doubly sure.

They tell me, those great saints, that I have naught to fear if Mary interests herself in my behalf—but this will scarcely relieve my anxiety. I wish to know *if* she will indeed be so beneficent. She has given me a tangible sign thereof. I have but to glance at my scapular and recall the promise, "*In quo quis moriens æternum non patietur incendium.*" "In which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."

And to the promise above quoted—to the devotion of the scapular, the Holy Ghost, through the lips of Christ's Vicar on earth, has given the most unequivocal approbation. To increase the zeal of the faithful the confraternity of the scapular has been enriched *with an almost infinite number of indulgences.* What remains then, Christians, to render this pledge of the divine Mother more solemn, if it be not the ratification of the Almighty Himself? Well! I will convince you that the Supreme Being *has* given that ratification by speaking through the voice of miracles in favor of the scapular.

You know well that God alone can be the author of a miracle. Consequently, all the marvels which *we know* have taken place in testimony of faith or piety must be recognized as the voice of God. As the voice, says St. Augustine, by which God himself bears testimony, either to the truth of our faith or to the solidity of some pious practice which we have embraced.

This principle once established, amongst all the practices of piety with which the faithful have been inspired to honor the divine Mother, I venture to affirm that not one rests upon so firm a basis as the devotion of the brown scapular. There is no other whose solidity has been demonstrated by so many wonderful, astonishing, and well authenticated miracles.

Fr. de la Colombiere goes on to say: "All these miracles, Christians, place the seal upon the Blessed Virgin's fidelity in procuring our salvation." Even as Moses in the days of old cried out: "Can it be, O Lord, that Thou hast then resolved to exterminate this people whom thou hast drawn forth in so wondrous a manner from their captivity? Wouldst Thou that the

Egyptians and all other dwellers upon the earth affirm that Thou hadst only brought them from the house of bondage to sacrifice them to Thy wrath? That so many miracles have been only as so many snares held out to our credulity, and that finally Thou hadst not been able to lead them into the promised land?" "And the Lord vowed that He would not abandon Israel, and that He would be mindful of His glory."

So it is with Mary. Would she not merit the same reproach made by Moses if, after having been the means of so many miracles being wrought in favor of her children of the scapular, she would permit them to be eternally lost? What! Dearest Mother! This chosen people, to whom you have granted such special benefits, would you allow them to eventually become the prey of the enemy, and helplessly perish? You have surely not delivered them from so many perils only to forget them in their hour of need? You hastened to their rescue in slight danger which menaced them here below, and yet you seem insensible to the never-ending woe which now threatens them. You would—all unmoved—behold them fall into hell? No! no! Such a scandal will never occur. You will watch and guard your children to the end!

"What, then," some one may say, "will the Blessed Virgin come *herself* to rescue me from hell after my sins have consigned me to perdition? Will she miss for me the privilege of returning to earth to repent of, and do penance for my evil life?"

To such frivolous objections I can adduce the most authentic examples where it can be seen that, through the wearing of the scapular, Mary has indeed at times held captive impenitent souls in buried and wounded bodies until they made their peace with God. Yes! The divine Mother, mindful of her promise has done this in cases where death every moment seemed inevitable. But this must be viewed in a true light.

Christians, you know well enough that it would be most presumptuous to depend for salvation upon such miracles. The Mother of God has to save souls by other means more in conformity with the ordinary measures of Providence. In her benificent hands she holds all the bounties and all the mercies of the Saviour. From this inexhaustible treasure she will choose for you some grace equally mild, sweet, and powerful. It will change your heart, fill it with compunction, and, for your sanctification extirpate all your passions. The happy moment which will witness this transformation, the most tender-hearted Virgin knows well how to arrange. When you least think of it she will illume your heart with a ray of supernatural light—the veil will be withdrawn. You will be disgusted with the vanity of worldly joys. You will realize the misery of a soul which is not loved by God, which does not love God. He is the only Master who deserves to be loved. The only One who truly loved us. Your enemies will lose their power over you. Mary will bind their hands fast and sure. Surprised at finding only sweetness in what formerly appeared so irksome to you, at finding only aversion towards what once was your dearest joy, you will experience with what facility you can cast away the demons who to-day make of you their tool—their toy. If, however, despite all these graces, you obstinately refuse to change your life, if you close your eyes to those divine rays of light, if, with

your own free will you give yourself up to your enemy, if, in a word, you wish to die in your sins, *you will die thus, Christians.* God himself will not force the will of one determined to be lost. Yes, you will die in impenitence. *You will die in your sins, but you will not die wearing the Scapular.* Mary will find the means to take it away from an unfaithful child. You, yourselves, rather than die impenitent with this holy badge, will tear it off and cast it away. Yes! like that unfortunate creature who, having tried several times, but unsuccessfully, to drown himself, and not knowing to what the failure might be attributed, suddenly remembered that the Scapular still remained upon his person. Recognizing therein what prevented him he snatched it off and plunged for the fifth time into the water. Behold the very waves which had spared him until then swallow him up in a moment. He died in his sins, he died in committing the greatest of all crimes, but he did not die, *he could not*, until he had taken off that habit of salvation in which no one can die without having the advantage of escaping eternal fire; *in quo quis moriens aeternum non patietur incendium.*

You see now, Christians, *how* the Blessed Virgin has pledged herself to procure your salvation. Is it not in terms the most expressive, and in methods more admirable than her words?

But without regard to the voluntary promises of the Blessed Virgin, the devotion of which we treat is of such a nature that it, as it were, places us under the *necessity* of preventing our eternal damnation. Yes, my dearest Christians, in giving us the Scapular, Mary has pledged herself to save us, and we in enrolling ourselves in the confraternity have pledged ourselves solemnly to work out our salvation. It is true that the Mother of God is honored by the sentiments of love and veneration which you cherish for her *in your hearts.* But when, with a holy impatience, these sentiments insist upon an open manifestation, does it not increase her glory to have a number of witnesses of your devotion? Will not her love for you grow in proportion to your zeal? And therein lies the marvelous advantage which wearers of the Scapular have over other clients of Mary. As they can not declare themselves for her more openly than by wearing her livery, they compel her to reciprocate in their favor with a similar zeal. This rule prevails even in a world wherein justice does not abound. There is always a distinction in favor of one who proclaims his friendship, in the face of all, over the person whose kind feelings are buried in his breast.

O! how faithfully has Mary, for over 1700 years, sustained her glorious reputation as a protectress of her children. And she would not lose one atom of that reputation if, to-day, she would fail to assist one of her *hidden clients* whose piety is limited to *interior* piety. Why? Because their devotion being unknown to us we could not think "O! there has been a failure in the promises!" But were the Divine Mother to refuse her protection to a *child of Carmel* it would produce a fatal impression upon souls ever ready to imbibe such; it would cool their devotion and weaken their ardor. Therefore she has on various occasions snatched from the vengeance of God those who have merited it by a thousand crimes.

However dangerous these instances may prove, how presumptuous so ever these examples of extraordinary mercy may make sinners, God permits himself to be moved by the prayers of

Mary, rather than that her glory should be overshadowed in the least. Yes, though sinners may presume and just souls murmur, our Lord is willing, if we may so speak, to expose his own glory in giving occasion to men either to abuse it, or to murmur at His indulgence. And all for the sake of His dear mother! To revert to the example above cited. It was but just that the Blessed Virgin did not permit the unfortunate creature, who so obstinately precipitated himself into the water, to commit the crime whilst wearing her livery.

No doubt he was unworthy of her protection—most certainly he did not petition for it. He dishonored what should have been venerated, he cast it aside as an importunate burden. Mary willed then that the death which he sought, and so justly merited—that the demons to whom he voluntarily consigned himself—in a word, that all the powers of nature would respect upon him the livery of their sovereign. She willed that whilst preserving an insignia that announced that he belonged to her he could not drown himself,—wretched man! But, besides the Scapular being a public exercise of piety, it has the advantage of being a perpetual one. Every year you give some testimonials of affection for your august protectress. You renew them every month—every week—every day—nothing is more lovely than a devotion thus perpetuated, and you certainly have reason to hope that your unwavering fidelity will be recompensed. Would the demon dare to go too far with any one who so frequently invokes her whose very name is surrounded with terror for him? What then? Is there *no* season, in this confraternity, unmarked by some offering of honor in behalf of its Queen? No day, no hour which passes without a sign by which its members may be known as such? No! my brethren, for the confrere of the Scapular there is no time, no place devoid of the marks of this glorious association. They prevail always. The homage he pays to Mary is most precious to his heart, and serves as a constant weapon against the wiles of the enemy. No matter what artifice they use to surprise him, always armed, always clothed in the livery of his sovereign he escapes from their snares, he puts them to flight.

Ah! brethren, if Mary to ensure you the goods of the other life had asked, in exchange, the sacrifice of all your possessions. If in return for her constant protection she had required from you the same services which *all* her most zealous clients had performed in her honor. If instead of a Scapular she offered you a *chalice*, would you have hesitated? On the contrary, would you not have embraced with ardor, and kissed a thousand times this dear pledge of your eternal salvation? "*Si rem grandem dixisset tibi, certe facere debuisses.*" If she had proposed some painful task, some heroic sacrifice, *si rem grandem dixisset tibi*, would you have hesitated? O! what would you not have undertaken to escape the danger of losing your immortal soul—that soul, which, if lost, is lost for an eternity.

But cast a glance at this holy Scapular. You have only to take it from the hand of the Blessed Virgin. If you assume it the Queen of heaven and earth promises you your salvation. She proclaims her promise in the most explicit manner. She has ratified it. She continues to ratify it. Every day she effects new prodigies which can not fail to strengthen your confidence.

Even if she had not pledged herself to protect you, the public profession which you make *of belonging to her* would engage her to do so.

Then the *Apostle of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, and of the *holy Scapular of Mary* with burning words adjured all those present who had not yet assumed the livery of Mary to do so at once. He implored them to enlist in that invincible army where salvation is assured and that too by a glorious victory over the enemy, to all who valiantly carry the colors of their Queen.

And the poor priest who then was, in his eighteenth year—now many years ago—rescued from hell through the Scapular of Mount Carmel, most earnestly makes the same request to all who read this little tribute. On his knees he begs all who have not yet taken the Scapular, to repair the omission. He entreats it in the interests of their salvation. May we all meet in that celestial country, where we will bless the *Virgin most merciful* forever and ever. Amen.

Paris, Dec., 1893.

UNCLE JOSIAH.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

CHAPTER III.

THAT day, somewhere about the end of December in the year of our Lord, 18—, upon which Uncle Josiah arrived at the house on Fifth Avenue, was a peculiar and not precisely to be set down as a Red Letter one in Katherine Willis' calendar. She had donned her prettiest evening dress. A very dear friend of hers had described it as a symphony in color. And apart from the color altogether, and lace and velvet and chiffon, that it would have required almost an X ray to have properly appreciated its component parts.

This costume was, of course, to do honor to that mysterious uncle, whom she vaguely remembered as a visitor, more or less frequent, in her childhood. His coming had been always attended by a shower of gifts and by sundry visits to places of amusement. She had grown to regard him as something in the nature of a fairy god-father, or according to the more prosaic belief of maturer years, as a multi-millionaire. It was true he inhabited that most obscure of Western towns, Plainsville, but it was clearly a matter of choice or sentiment. He preferred to be first in that little Iberian town rather than second at Rome. Besides, it was very evident that some civilized people had their abode in that modest metropolis, as witness, Mrs. Fellowes. Katherine's mother, who could have considerably enlightened her daughter and who belonged to the other side of the house, was a wise woman, and for long years had discreetly held her tongue. She had not thought it judicious to break silence, even when Josiah's visit was impending.

Therefore when the vanishing figure, which had faded from Norah's loving and admiring eyes, appeared upon Katherine's horizon, it must be confessed that she experienced a very

considerable shock. Such a figure to confront her, framed in that sumptuous hallway, and having for background her own youthful illusions. A man clad in a suit of rustiest black, for poor Josiah had thriftily packed away his late purchase for use upon special occasions, wearing a threadbare overcoat, holding in one hand an impossible hat, in the other, a time worn satchel.

This, this, the Uncle Josiah of her dreams, of whom she had boasted at school with a school-girl's silly vanity? Still, Katherine Willis' breeding was perfect in its way, or, at least—for there is a distinction—her manner was. She advanced with a very pretty greeting, indeed, her face wreathed in smiles, her silks rustling softly, her satin shimmering, her lace falling about her like a soft shower. Josiah dazzled, as one suddenly brought from dimness into a strong light, mechanically seized the outstretched hand. It seemed to him like a sheet anchor. He looked long and earnestly into the face, which had remained upon the camera of his thoughts, as that of a little, fresh cheeked child. He looked, and from that moment a gulf was fixed which the man, heart hungry as he was, never attempted to cross. If that meeting was disenchantment for Katherine, it was simply the breaking of an idol for Josiah. And the pathos lay in the fact that he had no other with which to replace it.

"The little one'll be glad to see me anyway," he had assured himself over and over, not only to soothe his misgivings on parting from Plainsville, but to beguile the tedium of the railway journey. "She used to think a heap about me. She liked me most as well as she did anybody, excepting her ma."

It may here be observed that Katherine's father, who had been Josiah's half-brother, had died when the girl was still an infant.

During the days that followed, Josiah strove gallantly to maintain the difficult position he had assumed of putting his best foot forward. In his simple way, Josiah was a hero. He could hold his hand upon the death wound in his breast, and go about smilingly. Katherine could never have guessed what her uncle's sensations had been on their first meeting. His loyalty and the love which had become second nature prevented him showing any trace of his disappointment, even if his natural gentleness and a certain old fashioned chivalry towards women in general would not have hindered his so doing.

He put on the clothes which had elicited so warm an approval from Norah, with a sense that here, at least, he was after these fine people's own heart. But after a day or two a sickening sense that they, too, were a failure came upon him, though he could not know that Katherine and her mother had exchanged despairing comments, in secret conclave, over these very garments. He looked at them wistfully, as he brushed them carefully at night, as if asking mutely what was amiss with them. He had so counted upon their aid to make a good impression. The presents, which he had brought, were very graciously received, for here, at least, the tact of his town-bred relations concealed from him another deplorable fact. He would have felt still more oppressed with the sense of failure, could he have guessed that these gifts, in the choosing of which he had spent so much time, were but poorly appreciated. "The money would have been so much more acceptable," Katherine's mother had said with a sigh.

Nevertheless, there were hours of real pleasure in the course of Uncle Josiah's visit, and he was left in happy ignorance of many of his notable misdemeanors. As when, for example, he was found by Mrs. Willis on the morning after his arrival in close and apparently confidential conversation with the footman, or when he offered the butler his assistance in moving a heavy article of furniture, or called down from the top of the kitchen-stairs to the cook for some desired information.

The moments of happiness were chiefly those when Josiah went out alone with his niece. His sister-in-law oppressed him terribly, in fact, she had always done so, though her manner was the perfection of polished suavity. Katherine took her unsuspecting uncle to unfrequented portions of Central Park, where she was less likely to meet any of her fashionable friends. Josiah enjoyed these rambles with a whole heart, for generally speaking while they lasted, Katherine threw off considerable of the artificial, society manner, which vexed her uncle's soul, and let her youth have its fling for the time being. Josiah brought pockets full of crumbs to feed the birds that fluttered about the bare branches of those great trees, many of which have looked down from their breezy station before the Park was. Josiah laughed like an overgrown schoolboy at these creatures manifest delight and no less evident, shameless greediness. He apostrophized them by various names. "You little critter you. You good for nothing pickinniny," or "You cute little brown chap yonder, you twittering magpie, you shrill-voiced shrew."

Katherine could not help admiring the man's tenderness toward the brute creation. He had a fine sympathy with them, as if he had long known and loved them all. Even the wild animals in their cages came in for a share of his universal philanthropy. The park altogether was a thing of beauty and a joy forever to Josiah, clad as it was in its winter aspect.

"God's mighty good to give you city folks such a spot as this Park," said he to Katherine, upon one occasion, "but we're never half thankful enough, city or country, for His gifts."

This was one of the few "pious" speeches which Josiah was heard to make. He seldom talked religion. He only lived it. But as he made this remark, Katherine noted how reverently he looked upwards to the blue sky, and she felt intuitively how strong was the bond between this man's nature and the unseen world beyond the stars.

An untoward event marred to a considerable extent the pleasant relations which had begun to grow up between uncle and niece. Katherine had begun to grow accustomed to Josiah's oddities of dress, conversation and manner, while on the other hand, Josiah had begun to understand that though the child of his recollection had grown into a fashionable young woman, there was a sufficient amount of good feeling in her nature, covered as it was by conventionality.

But trifling as the occurrence was, when properly considered, Josiah's misbehavior at a musical party to which his niece had brought him, engendered in Katherine's mind a fierce and sullen resentment against the man who had made her ridiculous in presence of her friends. Nor could the recollection of this uncle's long cherished affection towards herself, manifested in so many and so munificent ways, soften her heart.

Katherine had been most unwilling to take Josiah to the musicale, though she was far from foreseeing the result. But her uncle, who had heard it discussed, expressed a strong desire to go, and her mother, who had no wish to offend this highly serviceable relation, insisted that he should go. It was a very brilliant affair, one of the most impressive social functions of the season. Katherine noted with vexation that her own particular set were there in very great numbers.

All might have gone well, however, for the company was certainly a well-bred one, and despite the glimmer of amusement which Katherine had detected in the eyes of the automaton footman, who took Josiah's coat and hat, and notwithstanding certain furtive glances and raising of the eyebrows on the part of her dearest friends, which Katherine had intercepted, Katherine's fears were soon put in great measure to rest.

Josiah sat very still for some time, partly out of nervous dread of the company, partly because he was really fond of music. There was a solo by Madame Van Alstyne from the newly rendered opera of La Navarrese, about which society was just then talking so much. This was considerably above and beyond Josiah's musical comprehension. But the soloist presently rewarded the patience with which he had striven to follow, by singing that genuinely fresh and sweet old ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." Josiah listened with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Next came a violin solo, a delightful little caprice, followed by a dreamy, *traeumerei* sort of composition, both of which Josiah accepted in good part. Something of Chopin, mystical and mournful, led to a fine, ringing ballad by a distinguished baritone, which set Josiah applauding till his hand ached. The baritone was succeeded by a tenor possessed of a highly pleasing and sympathetic voice, who confined his efforts entirely to the rendering of old ballads, some of them Josiah had heard in his youth. He felt as if he had picked up a flower in some shady nook, which recalled his boyhood days.

So that all might have gone well, had it not been for certain recitations, with illustrations announced on the middle of the programme. At first nothing occurred, though Josiah's laugh pealed from one end to the other of the drawing room and caused Katherine to look nervously around her. Suddenly the performer changed his theme, and this time he treated his audience to a caricature of a priest engaged in the most sacred of rites. Josiah was stunned for an instant. He could scarcely realize what was taking place, though the fierce wrath of a slow nature was being enkindled within him.

Jumping to his feet, he said, in a voice perfectly audible to the whole of that cultured assembly: "Niece Katherine, I guess I'll get out of here till that fellow stops making a fool of himself." There was a deadly pause, society was literally holding its breath and the performer himself stopped for a moment, involuntarily. The witticisms of this young gentleman, be it observed, had been more keenly relished by the female part of the audience, because he was by excellence "an eligible." He belonged to that order of golden youth, which fancies it can do no wrong and by whom the Chesterfieldian maxims of breeding and deportment have been allowed to fall into disrepute.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

APRIL, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

"The winter is over and gone," and I think we will all unite in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving for the coming of the glad spring.

Easter is the glorious festival of the spring time, and it is peculiarly fitted in every way to usher in this season of gladness. Winter and Lent were dark and gloomy. When they are both over, we breathe freely the sweet fresh air of nature and grace; because Lent should have been a tonic for the soul which often needs it more than the body. Fasting and prayer are the spring medicines of the soul, and Easter is its day of perfect health and strength.

The gospel tells us some very sweet and touching stories about the Risen Life of our Blessed Lord. It would be a very excellent thing if all the Catholic children who read the "Carmelite Review" would begin to read the New Testament and to learn the life of our Lord in the very best way.

It is not enough to hear the gospels read at Mass on Sunday. We must become familiar with them, and the way to do it is to make a reading book of the New Testament.

Read the XX and XXI chapters of the gospel of St. John. How beautifully the Beloved Disciple tells the story of Mary Magdalen. How she *ran* to St. Peter and St. John to tell them that the Lord had been taken out of the sepulchre.

Can we not picture her face as she spoke to them? Her beautiful face so pale and sorrowful, and her eyes hungry for sight of the Divine Master? It pleases one to read that she "ran" to the apostles; and again that Peter and St. John "ran together." It is of himself St. John is speaking when he says in his gospel—"And they both ran together, and that *other* disciple did outrun Peter and came first to the sepulchre." Dear children, he outran Peter because he loved our Lord so well. Is it any wonder that he who had rested his fair young head on the bosom of Jesus at the last supper should have been swift as an eagle on the morning of the Resurrection?

Again the gospel teaches us the lesson of respect for authority; of the reverence we owe to superiors when it says, "and when he (St. John) stooped down, he saw the linen clothes lying. Yet went he not in."

Why? Listen.

"John cometh, Simon Peter following him and went into the sepulchre."

St. Peter had been appointed head of the Church and St. John recognized him as such and so gave first place to St. Peter, even while his own love was fairly speeding him on to enter and seek the Risen Lord.

Again we read in this chapter the touching story of the dear Magdalen, who with her breaking heart was standing without the sepulchre weeping.

She had seen "two angels in white, sitting, one at the head, and one at the

feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid." When they asked her why she was weeping she answered: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

After she *had* spoken to the angels she turned and saw Jesus standing, but she did not know him.

He too asked her why she was weeping.

You know, dear children, that it was in a garden that our Lord was buried; and so when Magdalen saw Him she thought He was the gardener and to Him also she said, "Sir, if thou hast taken him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him; and I will take him away."

Notice her great love, which made her, weak woman as she was, think that she could carry away the dead body of her love.

Love, dear children, makes every burden light.

Now see how our Blessed Lord rewards her for her willingness to carry Him in the arms of her love; rewards her for her grief because of losing Him. He spoke only one word to her: "Mary!"

Oh! what a torrent of joy rushed over her soul at the sound of His sweet voice. In Heaven its echo still lingers in her ears.

She turned to Him and said Rabboni!—Master!

What a lesson for us all in the tears and grief of this holy woman, this model of penitents. We lose our Lord by sin and we too must seek till we find Him. To us, even as to her, will He be ever the gracious Master, welcoming the lost sheep.

The gospels will teach us to know and love our Lord better than any other book because there we see Him as He really was when He lived and spoke among men.

How tender and gentle were His sacred words! It is almost impossible to read them without feeling a fresher love and a deeper compassion for Him who is so winning in all His ways towards the children of men. St. Alphonsus used to say of Him, "Poor Jesus Christ!" because his saintly heart was bursting with pity for that divine heart which loved men so much and is so little loved in return. Dear children, try to think of our Lord as He was during those forty days from Easter to Ascension Day.

More beautiful than ever and bearing the five glorious wounds that then told so well the story of His love.

We have so little time on earth to think sufficiently of all the touchingly beautiful things in the life of our dear Lord.

Only those who try to meditate, to make pictures in their own minds, and talk to Him in their own words, learn even a little of His beauty, and of the great joy which comes to those who daily shut their eyes on the world and all that is in it, and behold by faith the face of Him who is the joy of angels and men.

Try it, dear children, for a few minutes every day. Try to meditate, because St. Teresa assures us—and she ought to know for she wore a doctor's cap, even if she were a woman—he tells us that the one who meditates for 15 minutes every day cannot be lost. St. Philip Neri too says "Meditation and sin cannot dwell together in the soul."

So now go to St. John's gospel and read there the sweet story of the Resurrection. You cannot read it without becoming better and holier, yes and more learned too. Surely it will pay to gain all that.

Devotedly,

SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

1.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight;
To those who can see straight themselves,
All things look straight.
—Faber.

2.

Where is he gone? O men and maidens, where
Is gone the fairest amid all the fair?
Mine eyes desire him and with dawning day
My heart goes forth to find him on the way.
—F. W. H. Myers.

3. The Church is the common home of all.—St. John Chrysostom.

4.

Up, Lord, I do; stir us and recall us;
Kindle and draw us; inflame, grow
Sweet unto us; let us now love, let us run.
—St. Augustine.

5. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you.—St. John XIV.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What man approached nearest to the North pole?
2. Where and by whom was the first library opened in America?
3. Who was called the Swedish Nightingale?
4. What American hero was called the American Robin Hood?
5. Behead a vision and leave twenty quires of paper.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Of my first is made my second, and my second backs my first, my whole is used to keep my first in order.

What flies only when its wings are broken?

What fields are best to dance in?

Why is an honest man like a carpenter?

When may a man call his wife "honey?"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH.

1. Plummet.
2. Alphabet.
3. I haven't a notion—(an ocean.)
4. Because he makes notes.
5. It is the *soul* of business.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN MARCH.

1. Pulaski and Kosciusko.
2. The Savannah in 1818.
3. St. Ambrose of Milan.
4. Cardinal Newman.
5. Thought.

AN EASTER EGG.

BY P. A. B.

During the Easter days I spent a very enjoyable afternoon in viewing the many interesting art treasures in the New York Museum of Art up in Central Park. My ravished eyes were eagerly following the details of the beautiful miniature of the renowned Cathedral of Notre Dame. What a crowd of thoughts then suggested themselves! One thing called up another, so wonderful is the association of ideas. The Cathedral suggested "Archbishop," the display in the Broadway windows reminded one of "Easter" and the ornithological collection over at the Museum of Natural History threw the word "Egg" on the mental canvas. So, you see, those three words, "Archbishop," "Easter" and "Egg" thrown together in a seemingly haphazard way were not without meaning. In truth it was the key to a true and pathetic incident which might be new to some readers of the "Carmelite Review." And here it is.

You are all well aware that the good Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, heroically met death at the hands of the infuriated mob in 1871. For some days prior to the execution His Grace, with many valiant priests, was confined to a dark cell in the prison at Mazas. One day, during the Easter season, a poor woman visited the prison, and begged one of the guards to allow her to see the Archbishop. The guard was astounded at the boldness of the woman's request, and the fact of her being a woman alone saved her from paying dear for such seeming rashness.

"The prisoner Darboy cannot be seen. You ought to be well aware of that," sharply exclaimed the rude soldier.

"But I beg it as a great favor, sir," gently insisted the woman.

"Who are you? Have you papers? What is your name?"

"My name is Clementia."

"I know no such name. Show your papers."

The woman remained silent.

"Go then!" shouted the man, "otherwise I shall arrest you for daring to use a title in referring to the prisoner Darboy. Go at once!"

"Before I go, please have the kindness to give this to the prisoner."

"What is it?"

Something perfectly harmless. 'Tis only an Easter egg?"

"Easter! O yes, that is one of those silly feasts of the priests. To the devil with them! We keep no Easter here."

"But will you not please give this to him?"

"Leave it here and now get out!"

The poor woman placed the egg on a bench and hurriedly left the uninviting place. Shortly after her departure, another officer entered the room where the foregoing dialogue had taken place.

"What's new?" he asked in a harsh tone.

"Nothing, captain, except that a woman called here, and left this for the prisoner Darboy," said the subordinate, as he pointed towards the small object lying on the table.

"Give it to me," said the Captain.

That evening the officers had a noisy banquet in the Rue Saint Honore. The Captain, of course, was there. During the course of the evening, as might be expected, the conversation turned on to some very strong denunciations of the clergy and religion in general. The Captain produced the egg in question.

"A part of the Easter ceremony," said the Captain as he held the egg in his hand. A great laugh from his mess-mates was the response.

"Eggs play a great part in intrigues at times. Open it, Captain. Perhaps you will find something concealed in it," said an officer.

The egg was accordingly opened. It exposed a piece of paper tightly folded together. It contained some writing.

"Read it!" said everyone in chorus.

The note read:

"Most Reverend Archbishop: Since I find it impossible to see you in person, I have taken this unusual means of expressing to you my heartfelt gratitude for your many kindnesses to me and my children. Only for you we would have died ere this from illness and starvation. Now we thank you, and humbly beg your blessing. One of these days about two o'clock I shall bring the children to some spot near the prison window, where you can see them and bless them——."

Here the reader was interrupted by the loud laughter of his comrades.

"A great conspiracy! is it not?" laughingly remarked the Captain.

"Not particularly dangerous," said someone, "but has the note a signature?"

"Certainly. But I can hardly make it out. It reads—C-l-e-m-e-n-ti-a—Yes—now I have it—Clementia Arpentini."

As he said this the Captain's face turned ghastly pale. All eyes were upon him.

"Clementia Arpentini" he continued—"she is—yes—she is my mother—and miserable man! 'tis I who brought her into such miserable condition—yes, I caused her to beg."

With this he rushed from the room, leaving the others in a state of bewilderment.

The future fate of the Captain remained a mystery. Everyone supposed that he fled during one of the many skirmishes in the streets.

Later on, as the Archbishop was brought out for execution, a soldier in a torn and muddy uniform was seen to rush forward and throw himself on his knees before the martyr-prelate.

"Your grace," he exclaimed, "I, too, must face death, but before the fatal moment I beg you to bless me, as you blessed my poor mother and brothers."

That evening the Captain's body lay cold and quiet, awaiting the great and final day of Resurrection.

——

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A Happy Easter!" coming from the heart will not fail to go to the heart of your neighbor. It is a Christian salutation which costs little and does much good.

***

"Christ is Risen!" and it is time for you to arise. That is the meaning of the Easter bells. Do not dream your life away. Time enough to sleep when the bells toll at your funeral.

***

There is but one short-cut method of going to your Paschal duty. It is all contained in the little word—go.

***

Amidst the grand alleluja song of Easter let us not fail to congratulate the Queen of heaven who suffered so much to procure our redemption. Unite with Holy Church and sing *Regina coeli Laetare*, Alleluja.

***

Dame Fashion comes in for a goodly share of attention at Easter tide. But a gorgeous head-gear will not enhance our beauty in the sight of heaven. "The beauty of the King's daughter is within."

***

All that remains of White (or Low) Sunday is the name which is pregnant with meaning. It is a silent reminder of your baptismal innocence. Did you lose it or will you try to regain it at Easter?

***

Old as she is, according to our way of speaking, the Easter moon will be new after the next equinox. When we come to think of it, how many glad and sad scenes has that old satellite witnessed on this planet of ours. No sadder scene though than a Catholic deliberately neglecting to perform his Easter duty.

***

"We are too bigoted—let us be more liberal" was a remark of one of our "new" Catholics. We have a right to be bigoted for we have the truth. We should exercise charity to our separated brethren. Let us do so by all means. But as for a "liberal" Catholic we have no use. He has done harm enough.

***

There are 1,143 female clergy*men* (*?*) in the United States, according to the last official census. Of course they all ignore the Apostle's injunction against women preaching. We know more than one humble nun and pious mother, who, unknown to the noisy world, does more real and lasting good to the race in a week than all those 1,143 female apostles accomplish in a life-time.

***

Some people complain that the Holy Week ceremonies are long and tedious and to them without much meaning. If these lukewarm Catholics would take the trouble to get a *Holy Week Book* from one of our publishers, they would find much that is beautiful and instructive in these grand ceremonies.

***

We again advertise the fact that after this month no one can be enrolled in what has been popularly known as the Five Scapulars. The Brown Scapular must be given separately

according to the rubrics of the Roman ritual. So runs the papal decree. It will be well for all concerned to make a note of this.

***

The fact that some neglect to register the names of persons invested in the Scapular does not wipe away the obligation to do so.

***

We know boys and girls who have become proficient readers, and whose fathers or brothers have gotten into the habit of doing some serious thinking on their own account. And it all came about by the child reading aloud a chapter from some good book. A page, or two, of Thomas a Kempis is not going to spoil your breakfast.

***

And now it is said that another place of pilgrimage has sprung up near Lilly, in France. In consequence the wise member of the psychological society wipes his glasses, and makes ready to probe the matter to the bottom. But a wag of his lucid head does not change the faith of Mary's true clients.

***

At present in about 200 towns in the United States the curfew bell is rung every evening in winter at 8 and summer at 9 o'clock. It is about time for this old laudable custom to again come in vogue. Great good will come of it. Would that it became a universal custom. After all it is a sad commentary on delinquent parents who shift their obligations on the shoulders of the civil authorities. Children who have good parents and a happy home have no need of a curfew bell.

***

Some one has said that if every book were destroyed except the story of our Lord's Passion, it alone would suffice to save and sanctify all mankind. A short meditation these days on the words, "Who suffered?" "What did He suffer?" and "For whom?" would work miracles in your soul. There is desolation in the land because so few think in their hearts. This can apply to you. Think, and think now. For, not next year—nor when your hair is white, but "*now is the acceptable time.*"

***

There are divers roads to heaven, but one of the most certain, and the easiest-going, is to accompany your Blessed Mother. Give her a word, or at least a look of sympathy during this Passion tide, and you will feel a better and happier Christian for having thus paid your debt of filial devotion to the loving *Mater Dolorosa*.

***

The magazines have shown unusual activity of late in giving their readers reminiscences of the great men of this century. None eclipse in interest the memoirs of the present illustrious successor of St. Peter. Leo's school-day letters, so happily preserved to posterity, are most pathetic, full of piety and filial devotion. One cannot peruse them without imbibing some of their genial warmth. We feel drawn to the tender heart of our great spiritual father, when we read of his ardent devotion to the divine Childhood as expressed in his letters to his mother. What consoling reading it would be for anxious parents had they a collection of these letters in book-form! And here we feel moved to say that devotion to the divine Child is one of the most potent means of fostering and preserving innocence in our rising generation. Zealous pastors who have established such societies for the innocent ones of their flocks have seen their best hopes more than realized.

There is a choice little bit of meat for meditation, for some of us to turn over at times in our minds, in this saying of Ruskin: "There is a care for trifles which proceeds from love and conscience, and is most holy; and a care for trifles which comes of idleness and frivolity, and is most base."

***

"My illness is the want of the joys of life. I feel lonely," groans Bismarck in his old days. Is this what is left of the great "man of blood and iron?" What a homily in those few words. Here is the man whose greatest joy was once to persecute God's church. Even his joys must pass away. Truly history repeats itself. And does not the poet tell us that "time is the old justice that examines all offenders?" The good Christian never feels lonely.

***

"Union is strength!" This is why so much good to Christian society can be done when our Catholic mothers work together. Hence we cannot too highly recommend the *union of Christian mothers*, which does so much good in our German parishes. Nothing else can curb the false notions of independence infused into young America who learns too early to stand up for his rights.

***

"It is the preacher's mission to sadden, but ours to gladden," says an actress, whose brazen-faced indecency on the stage created a sensation. Some preachers, we grant, do sadden, for instance the notorious Ingersoll, whose sayings are known to have driven some poor wretches to a suicide's grave. But the gospel of God's church produces a gladness of heart which alone deserves the name. Actors and actresses gladden, too. Some of them, alas! gladden the devil by means of sending him a good harvest of victims.

***

Sympathy between the reader and an author is often misplaced. Very true, too, when we consider some who have feathered their nests by the pleasant occupation of tickling the risibilities of a reading public. It is a poor business to poke fun at things which we hold as sacred. Hence those of us who now reproach ourselves with having lost some precious moments in following up the over-strained attempts at humor in "Innocents Abroad" have little pity for the author who now finds himself in a well-nigh penniless condition. His gains were ill-gotten and "Mark Twain" has no reason to complain.

***

Is it not time we had a daily Catholic newspaper? This is no new suggestion. The thing *is* possible, as we see in the case of our German friends. There is capital enough. What is wanting is good will and organized effort. Why does not one of the summer schools take the lead? The time is ripe. What more opportune days than these when every self-respecting man and woman is turning away with disgust from the unsavory stuff forced on patient Americans by the "new"—or, (as some one puts it)—"nude" journalism?

A Letter of Thanksgiving.

STRATFORD, March 19.

REVEREND FATHER,—Inclosed please find donation for Mass in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a thanksgiving for a successful transaction; also thanks for the improvement of a friend's health, and ask the prayers for employment for a brother. I promised to have it published in the REVIEW.

A READER OF THE REVIEW.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., MAY, 1897. NO. 5

A MAY-WREATH FOR OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

GLORIOUS Queen of holy Carmel!
Robed like May-time skies of blue,
And a soft veil round thee folded,
White as snowy clouds its hue.
From afar an "Enfant" sends thee
Roses that in Erin bloom;
Varied in their mystic beauty,
Sweet, celestial, their perfume.

II.

See their fair buds, dearest Mother!
Twine them round thy virgin brow;
Joyful mysteries of thy pure heart,
We are contemplating now.
Yet, amidst our stainless garland,
Crimson flow'rets we entwine,
Like the precious Blood of Jesus,
Emblems of His woe and thine.

III.

Then these rare "tea-roses"—softly
Tinged, as with a ray of gold.
After shadows comes the sun-light,
After pain, thy bliss untold,
Not in far famed Sharon only,
Where the rippling sapphire sea
Murmurs 'neath o'ershading palm-trees
With a soothing melody.

IV.

Blow these fragrant summer roses
Where all nature seems to smile,
But in mossy dells and woodlands
Of our sainted western isle.
Breathing of thy joys and sorrows
And the glorious light above;
Culled amidst St. Patrick's shamrocks,
Twined for thee with Irish love.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XVII. (CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK, April 20, 1884.

Rev. Mother Prioress:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Yesterday I forwarded you the first copy of the translation of Father Herman's life. I had not time even to read a line of it. I also, some days ago, sent a copy of Father Goffins'—(now Bishop of Southwark)—translation of St. Alphonsus' Preparation for Death. There are some excellent things in the Preface. Thank you for all the goodness you and all the dear nuns show to me and mine. I had a short sailor's note from Alphonsus a day or two ago. He had reached Cuba and seemed cheerful and in good dispositions. Thank God. I do not think I would have written you this morning, Rev. dear Mother, except to ask your community's *prayers* for me *to-morrow*. To-morrow night my paper goes to press, and I have to denounce a very pretentious "Catholic Dictionary" just published in London and New York.* I send here what I said of it last week—but since in the word "scapular" I find the scandalous assertion that the vision of St. Simon Stock was a *myth*, that the Bulls of Pope John XXII., and that of Pope Alexander V. were clumsy forgeries," etc. *Of course* I must denounce this; and I ask your good prayers *to-morrow* and later—for this will not be the last of it,—especially that I may write in a good *spirit and with charity*.

Tell my sweet Sister Teresa I will write her soon, and visit her, with your permission, in a few weeks. I am just now exchanging letters every two or three days with our lawyer in Pittsburg. That "filthy lucre" business needs praying for also. When I can do anything for you in New York be sure and let me know. Have you not yet had the bill sent in for binding Breviary? That must be sent to me, or I told of it when it comes to you.

Ever devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

JAS. A. MCMASTER.

NEW YORK, May 11th, 1883.

Rev. Mother Prioress and very dear Friend:

I have but hurried minutes for writing to-day. I think I have received *all* your letters. I did the one with addresses of Father Provincial in Belgium, etc., for which I thank you.

I have sent, with order to be delivered to you *early on Saturday*, a box of two hundred oranges, and a box of two hundred lemons. I wish you would ask the good Sister in charge to see if they are all in *perfect* order. The importing merchant of whom I buy them *wishes them* to be so; and *if not*, it is proper that the inattention of his clerks be reported. If our dear Sister Teresa can not eat of them herself, I know she will be glad to have others of her dear Mothers in Christ enjoy of them on her birthday—May 13th—birthday also of the great Pope Pius IX., and this year, Pentecost. I have other things I wish to write of, but I must cut off for to-day. I ask to make for dear Sister Teresa's birthday, also, a little offering to our Lady of Mt. Carmel, of $25.

I pray more than once every day for all of your holy community, and more particularly for those burdened with the misery of office—Prioress and Novice Mistress. And it consoles me to think in my miseries and weaknesses, that your holy community prays for me. *I know* you do. For I know I have received great graces through your prayers.

In the Sacred Hearts of our Lord and His Immaculate Mother,

Devotedly your servant,

JAS. A. MCMASTER.

*The article on the Scapular in the Catholic Dictionary, of which McMaster speaks, has been since re-written for the American editions.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12th, 1884.

Rev. Mother Louise of St. John Evangelist, Prioress:

MY AND *our* VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It was very kind of you to be so prompt. Our dear Gertrude feels now more at ease. The more quickly a true call of God is acted on the better. The duties that Gertrude thinks she must perform, in breaking up our present domicile; and in seeing me *stowed*, or bestowed elsewhere, will occupy her till the middle of October. Possibly till the middle of November—in no case longer. I expect to ring your bell and ask an audience on *Thursday morning* of this week. Then we will talk more of these things and other things. Thanking you and asking prayers for me, Gertrude, and the *sore hearts* at Sharon, and for my poor Alphonsus.

Devotedly and humbly in the Sacred Hearts,

Your friend and servant,

JAS. A. MCMASTER.

LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTERS ON TEMPORAL SUBJECTS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1885.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—This is to be a *Lenten* letter: The bubbling thoughts that fight each other for utterance, as I begin, must hush! This is a business letter.

I. I send you, in an envelope addressed back to me, a receipt, that it is required of you to sign. I am sorry to annoy you, but there is no help for it. You will sign where your initials are pencilled and send back to me as soon as convenient.

II. I enclose in the one big envelope some leaves of the Carmelite Breviary, give them to our dear "little mother" Teresa, and ask her to ascertain precisely if these are *all* that were wanting in the Breviary I sent two years ago.

III. I want you to find out whether the number of palms I sent last year was enough. It will give me great pleasure, you know, to send this year as many as can be used, including enough to supply the little church.

Feb. 27.—I was cut short in writing this scrawl last night, by Mr. Harper dropping in on me. I was glad to find him in better health. I think probably I will send Phonney to New Orleans, to let him see the great Exposition going on there, and utilize him in doing some business for the Freeman's Journal in a trip up the valley of the Mississippi.

I will not try to write more, my most precious Sister Gertrude. There is rebellion against writing in me, and I can hardly force my pen to write.

But, by the way, you remember the Miss Cassidy that was so intimately connected with Frank Drexel's family. She wrote me, thanking me in the name of the poor young orphan daughters, for a notice I had in the Freeman of Frank Drexel's death, and asking me to ask my "daughters" to pray for him. I do so ask of you, and a memento from some of my *other* daughters. I have my honest reasons for making this request, and that you will pray also for his three daughters. *Poor* girls! Frank Drexel was a man that spent two hours in prayer and works of charity, for one he spent in his immense banking business that he left mostly to his brother "Tony." His private life day by day was beautiful. His daughters, to whom Miss Cassidy, a very accomplished woman, is now as a second mother, the *three girls* are fatherless now, as two years ago motherless. I call them *poor* girls! How few will sympathise with them because they are *rich!* How gladly would these well-trained girls part with all their millions to have their good parents back with them, so far as their future is concerned. But, frankly, when I saw the death of Frank Drexel announced, and thought of his daughters, and of mine so well housed, I could not forbear tears of sympathy and compassion for his orphaned children.

But I must stop,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1885.

I received our dear Sr. Teresa's note this morning, announcing the second death. Young McComb had told me of Sister Catharine's death, and that a very old sister was at the point of death. Are not Sisters Catharine and Aloysia glad *now* that they have been Carmelites? I have been full of thoughts about your dear Carmel, since I heard of these deaths. But how cruel if, as I

suppose, their mortal remains had to be carried beyond the convent walls. This *must* be remedied by getting that spacious garden that belongs to Carmel. I will not write much to-night. I only wanted to express my sympathy with *all* my dear Carmelites in the mingling of joy and sorrow—especially for those so long in Carmel together at the ending of their two lives.

God bless you my own darling!

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1886.

MY DAUGHTER UTTERLY DEAR TO ME,—As of old your "*bossing*" disposition settles the case for my *yielding* disposition. I wanted to be in Baltimore on the 4th. But your letter determines me. Were I to be absent from the ceremony of Archbishop Corrigan's investment of the pallium, I know my absence would be observed, unpleasantly.

Thank dear Sr. Teresa for the picture, which I value. I have tried to "*catch on*" to the novena you had already begun. I will go to communion on the 4th in honor of the dear venerable Anne and for the intentions of Carmel, but also for *you*. And *next day*, first Friday in month, I will make my communion especially for you. If you should be going to have mass on Friday I would like to be there. But, otherwise, I will go to St. Alphonsus', close by my hotel.

Should you have anything you would wish to say to me *Thursday night*, on my arrival at Baltimore, put it in the envelope I enclose. I have ordered to be forwarded on Monday (to-morrow) a package of four boxes of what are called *full figs*—not pressed—also a crate of *hard dates*, each promised to be of the best and in best order. They should be delivered Tuesday.

So then, to meet on Friday!

PAPA

NEW YORK, March 12, 1886.

MY OWN AND HEAVEN'S DAUGHTER,—I must write you a *hurried* note. In a day or two I want to write our sweet Sister Teresa a letter, that will be *part* for you also.

I want you to write me, as briefly as possible, merely *name* and dates of that Carmelite who wrote on Devotion to St. Joseph. (1) Her name in religion, also (2) Her *family* name; (3) Count Joseph de Maistre's granddaughter, and the title of her little book, and (4) Was she not the penitent of Mgr. Gay? I think Mgr. Parisis was before her time.

The Pustets tell me they have at length sent an answer about the pedestal. If dear Mother Prioress wants anything further concerning it, I will be too happy to do what I can.

If a package of ten copies of "Book Psalms," also a box of *360 lemons*, in excellent condition—all expressage paid—have arrived safely, do not bother to *write* "God reward you!" If they did not arrive, and in good order, I want to know it.

Now I have promised Miss K. Drexel to write you, and solicit of your dear Carmelites that they will earnestly commend *to St. Joseph* her desired good work for an "Industrial School" out in Dakota, for the Indians. She has, personally, set aside $20,000 to establish it and is ready to furnish more, but when she told me the *obstacles*, in confidence, I told her I saw most clearly that God had permitted the devil to raise a fog among the clergy and religious, to show that good and meritorious as her act was, God did not need her money, as all the gold in the mines is His,—but that He wanted *faith*, and *the sincere prayers that bring forth faith*. She liked that so much. So it is to Carmel I look for prayers and to clear her way.

Oh! when will the eyes of God's servants in the world be opened to the fact that what is wanting is not so much *more work*, far less more *money*, but more holocausts of praise and supplications, and sacrifices in cloisters? Then every city will have not one, but many, of whatever Order thus consecrated. Meantime, while so few, those that *are* must act as a *forlorn hope*—as they say in war—a detached body sent on most perilous adventure for the relief of the army at large.

I am *very well* since my return, though troubled still with a rheum and catarrh, and absolutely overwhelmed with things I must do.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1885.

MY OWN—NO, MY LORD'S *own* MOST DEAR DAUGHTER,—I am in one of those protracted

fits of joy in which I *cannot* write. On Tuesday last I had a sharp attack of false-pleurisy and it has left me particularly dull and heavy—nothing dangerous, but I cannot use head or hands—that is my excuse for what this short note must be. Yesterday I received a lovely letter from our darling little Teresa, with a note from our Mother Beatrix, for which I thank her.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30th, 1885.

MY MOST PRECIOUS DAUGHTER,—Thank you for your letter of the 27th. I am not *worried* about our dear Sister Teresa, but you know I am thinking about her day and night; and thinking about you also. Remembering that the sorrows and pains of those you loved were always harder for you than your own, I know how you must suffer for our little sister. My heart is full enough of things to write to her, but I feel ashamed—I poor worldling and groundling. It was only yesterday I sent some more copies of Fr. Ryan's sermon. If more are desired let me know. I *meant* the proofs to be uniformly paged, but the printer did not understand.

Darling Sister Gertrude, pray for poor

PAPA.

If there can be any possible thing I can send the sick one for her comfort, let me know at once.

NEW YORK, July 7th, 1885.

MY OWN MOST PRECIOUS DAUGHTER,—Early this morning I received your note, telling Sister Martha's death. On the moment I began and said the beads for her, and have said prayers since. But how it makes the tears pour! *I*, I pray for a dear old Carmelite!" If these things be done in the green tree, what in the dry?" If prayers ought to be said for such as she, how fearful the account of the easy, hap and go Christian, such as I?

Please send me what notes Mother Prioress can and will give. I want them next week, that is next Sunday, for a purpose of edification. Tell dear Sister Teresa that I will write her to-night or to-morrow morning.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, May 30th, 1885.

MY OWN DARLING DAUGHTER,—Just a little letter to you. I am in excellent health, but a little disappointed because I had counted on seeing you this week. The law papers are not ready yet. Our St. John writes me that Mother Vicaress drew for me "*Knowledge*!" So, a second year a gift has been drawn for me, *three times*. Something else of singular happened, that I will tell you when we meet next week, I hope but cannot be sure. I will have a good talk with you about the gift you have drawn. The beatitude answering to it is: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The beatitude responding to knowledge is: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." I have been doing a good bit of work and am tired, so I stop.

Your own loving

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Only a line today to say that a box of Sicilian oranges, freshly arrived here and looking in excellent order, has been sent by *express paid*, and should be delivered to-morrow. It is for the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. The crookedest kinds of stories have gotten out about the names, conditions, ages, etc., of our dear Carmelites, lately dead. *I* thought Sister Catherine was a choir sister and dear old Sister Aloysia a lay sister. They have from newspapers and other ways all kinds of stories going. I would have had great interest in hearing and knowing all, but it would be too long for you to write.

I have your beads indulgenced. Those you made for me blessed and indulgenced and all our McMaster names written down in the Dominican Register. Shall I send the beads I had indulgenced for you by mail or shall I take them when I go, thirteenth of next month?

I have thought that, humanly, the two deaths must have given a shock to dear Sister Teresa. I trust that Divine Grace was strong enough to control. Usually I take for granted the sending of love to Teresa, and to "*all my daughters*," but after these deaths, I ask the messages given especially. The Carmel has been almost continually in my thoughts for these days past.

God bless my darling and my "Sister Gertrude."

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER IN *Domo Domini*,—Only one moment to write—*business*. I will send to-morrow an *express package*, with the volume from which Card. Berulle's letter is translated and with twenty or more copies of it, prepared to be cut into pages, more nicely than I have, on this busy Monday night with loving sentiments, *roughly* paged the copy I enclose. If dear Mother Prioress wants *more*, please let me know so I can have them struck off on *Friday morning*. She can have *fifty* more if she wants them. But I wish to know quickly. I have ordered the same number of *palms* as last year. If more are desired let me know by *telegraph*, as time presses. Do not open the bundle of palms till the *eve* of Palm Sunday, as, if exposed to the air the green turns yellow.

Sweet daughter, how my heart runs away with me to your dear Carmel.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1885.

DEAREST DAUGHTER IN CARMEL, IN *Domo Domini*,—As dear Mother Prioress is suffering so, I am sure she will accept this, addressed to her *youngest* daughter, as if I wrote it to her.

The two volumes I have kept too long, and some *twenty copies* of the translated letter of Cardinal de Berulle, with a number of clippings of the notice of the Mother Mary Baptist of St. Joseph, were sent yesterday by express and have, no doubt, been received. If Mother Beatrix wants *more* of the notices of Mother Baptist, tell me next time you write. In the many thousands of copies struck off on the press, there are always a hundred or so torn or "spoiled," from which more of these clippings can be cut. The only cost, my pleasant labor of clipping, for *our Carmel*. I wish also to know if Rev. Mother would like *any number she pleases* of the translation of the letter of Card. de Berulle—*a hundred*—let me know. The trouble and expense, in the way I have it done, is a mere trifle. My order to the printer was to have forty copies more (after twenty already sent). If Mother Beatrix would like more, *make her* tell you, in your own dear *bossing* way, and you write me *forthwith*—that is, in next letter. I enclose in this letter my notice of the translation or *adaptation* of Basquez on the "*Divine Office*." It would be good reading for *Carmes*, but I am not so sure it will edify dear *Carmelites*. At least, my *restoration* of what Card. de Berulle said, instead of the hotch-potch of the translator, will be good. The slip containing it might even be put into your copy of the book, at the place where de Berulle is *said* to be quoted. And to boast a little—as it is acknowledged I *can* translate very well, and in this, my heart in it, I did my best—while thoroughly faithful to the text, I think dear Sister Teresa and I have made the *translation* read better than the original text, which, evidently, has been done over by some later hand, trying to obviate the crabbed *old style* French that de Berulle wrote. Nice stuff to write to a poor Carmelite novice! Isn't it? Well! I will try and not do so any more.

Dear daughter, sister, angel, mine,—it is neither "funny" that you ask me about *Domini* and *Domo*. The preposition "*in*" requires the "accusative," when motion towards a place is signified. When motion or rest *in* a place is signified, it needs the "ablative." "Laetatus sum in his *quae dicta sunt mihi*. In *Domum Domini ibimus*." "We *will go into*—enter the House of the Lord."

But *when admitted!* When *of* and *in* the house, ah then: "*ut inhabitem in Domo Domini*." That I may *dwell in* the house of the Lord," Psalm xxii., 6. And, again, that beautiful Psalm xxvi., "*Unam petii a Domino, et hanc requiram, ut inhabitem in Domo Domini*."

So you, my sweet one, if you keep the humility and the obedience of the Mother of God—to whose Order you have by so great a grace been called—can say: *Sicut oliva fructifera in Domo Dei speravi*, (Psalm 51, 10),—while I, though glad that I am bound as a slave to that glorious House of God, the new Jerusalem, the Heavenly City, can only say:

Esto mihi in Domum Refugii (Psalm 30). I as yet floundering in the mud, hoping in the house of refuge.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1886.

MY LOVE, IN THE HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY,—I would delight in writing you something of a letter; but if I wait I will write nothing before Easter. And yet what I will write has little or nothing to do with what is dearest in this holy season.

A letter from Alphons, received to-day, has made me answer him, that he shall be in New Orleans by Saturday, May 1. You can address him: John A. McMaster, *care Fitzsimmons & Co., N.O.* His letter is manly and *nice*, and I hope all is well with him. But how different his *floating* condition from that of his—and *my* three sisters. You, three, are indeed still tossed by waves of the sea, but close to shore, and with "an anchor sure and firm, and reaching to within the veil, where Jesus is entered," (Hebrews vi. chapter, last verse)—look at the passage when you have time. But this will never do. I have only time for *business*. 1st, I will not visit Baltimore in Easter week. I am *very busy*—or ought to be. The next week, after Low Sunday, I set for the visit. 2nd, taking counsel not to send too many at once of oranges and the like, I have ordered sent a box, one half-filled with Catania (Sicily) *blood oranges*—considered the best at this season—and the other half with *Bermuda potatoes*, that are beginning to come in, in good condition. They are of young growth, but carefully cooked will be *mealy*. They may be a relief after the poor potatoes going this season. Why don't *you* turn sister of the *white* veil? My precious Sister Gertrude. Your *black* veil may yet be very thick, and heavy and dark. But I believe you will be faithful to Him "whom you have loved," and I know He will be more than faithful to you. And then, oh! how white, and bright, and—not dazzling—but resplendently gracious will be the rays of that black veil, in receiving which you chanted: "*Signum posuit in faciem meam*," "He hath put His signet on my face."

3rd, I have had fifty copies of Card. de Berulle's letter struck off, without my critical note. I will forward them next week.

4th, For our dear little Sister Teresa, I have at last obtained through of *Turgis*, the vignettes I ordered near a year ago of St. Teresa. I ordered one hundred. The Turgis house asked me to leave them *ten*. In honor of St. Teresa I left them twenty, they promising soon to order more, so I have eighty to send. If dear Rev. Mother Beatrix thinks it well and proper, then on Easter-day the enclosed envelope may be given to our little Sister.

And for *you* what? Well, what can I? At least on Easter morning, after communion, I will ask our Lord to grant you a special blessing for having persuaded me—against my hesitation—to embrace that *wonderful* devotion to our Lady, as set forth by blessed Louis Marie Grignon. Perhaps the time is near to advocate it more openly.

For our dear Mother Beatrix—now, or so soon as the Holy Week is past, let us hope her bodily health will be recuperated. I will not fail further, to ask prayers and have masses for this end.

To each and every one of the Carmel nuns I wish most joyful Easter greetings, as if I named some of them one by one.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1886.

MY OWN DAUGHTER, MY SISTER BELOVED, IN DOMINO,—My head has been so heavy, this hot weather, that I can neither sleep, stay awake, read, pray or write. Poor weak sinner! Lying awake in my big easy—uneasy—bed, I thought of my Carmelites in their little cells.

I can write nothing to you now—only the mark of my pen. I tried to eat something substantial on Wednesday—for my health's sake—and that laid me up. I am better now.

Next Friday—perhaps next Thursday—I hope to see you. If you are *pre-occupied* on Thursday, as the *eve*, I beg you let me know.

Last Wednesday night, unable to sleep till daylight, I could symyathise in some way with our dear Teresa.

But I am writing away from all my belongings, and I can write no more. Pray that God, out of my weakness, will help me to write in the next two days, something for the

glory of our Lady of Carmel! I am as unfit as possible, so perhaps our Lord and our Lady will help.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19, 1886.

MY GERTRUDE OF THE HEART OF JESUS, AND OF MY POOR HEART,—I am ashamed to have been so long silent, and I am still in one of my sulkiest moods. Sleepy all the time I ought to work, and wakeful when I ought to sleep. I hope I may soon shake this off. I cherished the hope that this week I could have made a *real* pilgrimage to St. Ann of Beaupre. I would have to be away *four days* at least, and I could not do it, though willing even to forego my *soulbath* at Carmel. I cannot say *when* I will be able to make my visit. I *may try for it* to see you on *Monday next*, for *one day*, but I cannot be sure.

Our sweet Sister Teresa must go without the letter I would like to write her *at present*; not for long I hope.

Were you not suffering *depression* of spirits in your letter of the 14th? While writing it, I mean; or rather at the time you wrote it? Or was it only my fancy coloring it, as everything else these past days. Still I am trying, and with some success, to drive these vapors away. I feel they will soon pass—everything passes, except God, and those that are in Him and His dear mother.

I have up till now $207 for Mt. Carmel, received directly. I feel quite sure, with what Rev. Mother will receive directly, it will soon reach $500. That will be a good solace to the brethren on the mountain of Elias, for money *there* is *dearer* and goes farther than in America.

Shall I translate for you, when I see you, the *hymns* in the Office of the Holy Prophet? They are very stirring, but I fear the *Latin* of them was difficult for you. As I am at the end of the sheet, I had better stop.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, Sept 7, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER OF THE HEART OF JESUS,—Here I am writing at the Astor House, with ink I do not like, but some words must go to you.

I wrote to Sister Teresa yesterday about our dear St. John. Mistress of novices is the post I felt sure she would one day fill. A grand post, especially in an active society like the H.C.J. On the training of the novitiate with such societies the whole life depends. Pray for her, then.

Relieve Rev. Mother as much as you can of the Mt. Carmel Fund business. It makes more trouble to adjust than it seems. I have now some $418, and her receipts added will, already, make more than *3000 francs*. I propose next week giving notice that the fund shall be closed *peremptorily* on the 15th of October. If Rev. Mother is opposed, I will defer to her wishes. Also as to whether the amount shall be left for transmission till the close of the contributions, or have sent what is collected now, to be followed by the driblets to come. There will always be some loiterers. Ask Rev. Mother not to *worry* over this matter, but to dispatch it summarily.

St. John was so much like her old self, unloaded of great pain, but suffering all the same, when I saw her. She was all aglow as I read St. Bernard to her. I left her the volume—you remember the old hog-skin covered duodecimos.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF THE SCAPULAR.

THE first miracle of the Scapular was wrought by St. Simon Stock on the very day he had received the sacred habit from the Blessed Virgin. Father Swanington, the secretary of St. Simon Stock, tells us of the first miracle of the Brown Scapular, wrought by St. Simon Stock. We give an English translation from the *original Latin.*

On the 16th of July, when the Blessed Simon Stock went in my company to Winchester, where he wanted to obtain from the Bishop of the diocese letters to Pope Innocent V, we met the Reverend Peter Lington, Dean of the Chapter at Winchester. The Dean begged the Blessed Simon Stock to come with him to the Dean's first cousin, who was dying in despair. The name of the dying man was Walter. He had been a petulant, haughty and quarrelsome man who had given most of his time to magic. He had despised the sacraments and had made himself very obnoxious to his neighbors. Now Walter had fought a duel with a nobleman and had been dangerously wounded. Seeing that within a few hours he would have to stand before the tribunal of the Almighty, he remembered his wicked life, but he did not want to listen when the friends who surrounded him reminded him of God's mercy and of the sacraments. All what Walter said, were the words: "I am damned. I leave it to the devil to avenge my death." The Saint, the Dean and I entered the house of the dying man, who, with foaming mouth, gnashing teeth and rolling eyes looked more like an infuriated wild beast than like a dying man. The Saint, seeing at once that the end was nearing, the dying man being already unconscious, made over the prostrate form the sign of the cross and then laid over it the sacred habit of Carmel. Then Simon, looking upward, implored God to give back consciousness to the dying sinner, in order, that a soul, which had been purchased with the blood of Christ, should not become a prey of Satan. Suddenly the dying man seemed to gather strength, consciousness returned and he was able to speak. Walter made the sign of the cross and, shedding tears, exclaimed: "How wretched the thought of damnation makes me! My iniquities are more numerous than the sands on the sea. Oh God, whose mercy surpasseth everything, take pity on me! Help me, O help me, dear Father." These last words were addressed to the Saint. Then the sufferer was strong enough to confess and to receive the sacraments of the Church. He made his will and gave orders that all his ill-gotten property should be restored to those whom he had despoiled. After all this had been done Walter peacefully expired. Sometime afterwards he appeared to his brother and told him that he dwelt in the abode of peace and that by the help of the Queen of the Angels and by the "habit" of the Blessed Simon Stock, he had escaped from the clutches of the devil.

Rev. Peter Lington told Father Swanington, that seeing his cousin dying impenitent, he had withdrawn to

pray when he heard a voice, which said: "Rise and seek my servant Simon, who is coming this way, and bring him here." Rev. Lington, who had heard these words, but had seen nobody, had his horse saddled at once to meet the Saint.

This event soon became known in Winchester. Rev. Peter Lington sent a written report to the Bishop of Winchester. The Bishop and his counsellors at once resolved to ask the Blessed Simon Stock regarding the power of his "habit." The Saint answered all questions put to him and his report was carefully written down. After this miracle of the Blessed Virgin the Dean built at his own expense at Winchester a great monastery for the Carmelites.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER VI.

"*Hope shall brighten days to come,*
And memory gild the past."

ONE bright morning the Queenly family bade farewell to Boomfield. There were many at the depot to bid them bon-voyage, and the local paper spoke highly of them with a remark that "Boomfield's loss would be another's gain," etc.

For the first time Faith and Charity were now alone. They were now fast friends, and on this day they became unusually confidential. Charity loved to feast her eyes on Faith's sweet face. Something attracted her in those delightful bright brown eyes. Faith seemed ever to remind her of a beloved sister, long since gone to the home of ever-lasting bliss, and Faith Fenton was a daily reminder of her namesake. But more than this. It was not the name of Faith alone which kept fresh the sad memory of the past, for in Faith's countenance Charity imagined she could read in the symmetrical lines the likeness of another lost one—her other sister Hope.

On the day in question, with soft low tones full of love and in which could be distinguished a sub-tone of sadness, Charity turned towards Faith, with her own eyes bright with many tears behind them: "Faith, my dear," commenced Charity, "would you like to have another mamma? And a grandma? Of course they will not be like the first, but they will be so kind to you."

Charity was preparing Faith for Mrs. Werker who was soon to be installed at Boomfield. But she had struck a tender chord. Young as she was, Faith still remembered her mother, and it was no surprise that at Charity's ques-

tion she burst into tears.

"Never mind, Faith," said Charity, as she wiped away the child's tears, "some day you will see mamma again. Yes, if we are good, papa, mamma, you and I will all be again together in heaven. Won't that be nice?"

Charity's piety prompted her to place a very pretty statue of the Blessed Virgin at the head of Faith's cot. "That's your mother and mine, Faith, go to her when you feel bad," said Charity, pointing to the statue.

On one occasion passing the door she actually saw Faith putting some flowers at the feet of the statue, and another time kneeling down and speaking to the Mother of God, as only an innocent child can do. It did Charity good when she saw this.

"Such child-like devotion is bound to bear fruit," she said to herself. She was right in her judgment, as after years proved.

Mrs. Werker was soon settled down at Harry Fenton's house. Little or no stir was made by her advent to Boomfield. Why should it? She was only one of the common herd—a poor country woman. The good old lady and Faith became friends at sight.

"Although I am no grandmother, I am old enough to be one," said Mrs. Werker. "I shall have to play the part of grandma to you, Faith, even if I am not one in reality. I guess we'll not have any falling out."

Faith was a lovable child, but by no means without her faults, which Mrs. Werker was quick to discern. Hence she soon remarked to Charity: "I don't like to speak of the dead, but it seems to me that this child's mother must have devoted more time and care to other things than instructing and bringing up children."

This remark of the widow probably had some truth in it. Faith had been spoiled to some extent. To this must be added the petting she received from her father.

"Well, well," exclaimed Mrs. Werker, when she learned the child's name, "you call her Faith?" and Sophia took off her glasses to wipe off a tear which had just bedewed them. In a flash that word "Faith" brought to her mind's eye the graceful form and loving blue eyes of her own dead daughter.

"A sweet girl," said Mrs. Werker as she spoke to Charity of Fenton's child. "A happy thing it might be if it went like your sister Faith to heaven. Would that such would be her fate, rather than live to sadden other hearts by walking in the steps of poor Hope."

Things had to be put in order around the house and much had to be changed and renovated. So Charity went to work in earnest. She racked her brain to shape everything to Mr. Fenton's taste, and succeeded admirably. A timely hint here and there from her mother worked wonders. Charity first arranged a study for Fenton—a "sanctum sanctorum" to which he could retire undisturbed. You would imagine Charity had made an inventory of some bachelor's paradise. The study was in truth a miniature club room. Everything was there. A very comfortable chair with a cushion nicely embroidered. A common sense desk and a lamp warranted not to smoke, slippers and a smoking jacket completed the out-fit. Charity knew that Fenton was a great lover of chess, and a board was accordingly placed in a convenient corner.

A couple of pictures were put on the walls. One was of the Madonna—a pretty piece of art—entitled in German "*Unsere Liebe Frau vom Berge Carmel.*" "It is not exactly the thing for a club

room" thought Charity, "still it will do no harm to inspire him with a few religious thoughts when he is in a thinking mood. Poor fellow, his heart has felt a void since his wife is gone. Perhaps it will be a consolation for him to think of another queen who takes an interest in our affairs. It awakens a poetic feeling in us and finds room in the busiest brain, this thought that we have one common mother looking down on us. So after all, that portrait of the glorious Virgin will give perhaps a high thought to Harry Fenton and remind him he is more than a mere bread-winner. He knows only of the church's strict laws, now let him see what is loving and beautiful in the same church. It sweetens one's life and why not his. Devotion to Mary is not meant for women only."

In the garret there was a frame, minus the picture. It too was brought into use. Charity put into it an etching which she bought at the bargain counter. There was something mysterious about the empty frame which Charity held in her hand. The picture had evidently been destroyed. Charity, by cross-questioning, found out that it had held the portrait of a fair looking woman—in fact Mrs. Queenly said she was sure that it was Mr. Fenton's first wife.

Whether Mrs. Queenly was right or wrong amounts to nothing now, so Charity hung up the frame with the newly-purchased etching. This latter was a nice bit of work, very life-like and expressive. It was no real photograph of what did occur, but of what might happen. It represented two persons intensely interested in a game of chess. Much seemed to be at stake. On one of the player's countenance was a look of disgust. His adversary had just captured his queen. Charity thought perhaps the picture would be of interest to Fenton. It would indeed, and perhaps more than Charity Werker ever dreamt of.

Charity brought in her mother to witness this triumph of her decorative skill. Her mother stood astounded. "Why, Charity, you'll spoil him," she said.

"You better put his valise in this room, too," continued Mrs. Werker, which was accordingly done. Something dropped out as it was placed in a far-off corner. This gave Charity occasion to say: "I suppose that was a keepsake of his from some dear one." She picked it up, and reverently placed it back in the small opening in the valise. It was only a neat little manual of the Sacred Heart. Three little ribbons ran through it as a book-mark. At the ends of two ribbons were appended a heart and cross respectively. An anchor had probably hung on the third ribbon. The anchor was missing.

VII.

"Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker."—George Eliot.

Everything at Boomfield was now in apple-pie order, and Fenton's return was daily expected. Dame Gossip had not been idle. Fenton and all those connected with him had been thoroughly analysed. But the Werkers remained at home, so their busy-tongued neighbors in formulating their opinions about the new comers had to rely very much on their own imaginations.

The Werkers were mentally labelled as hay-seeds from "Farback." The Boomfielders had more than one quiet smile at the odd ways of old Mrs. Werker, who occasionally crossed the

yard in a huge sunbonnet and a skirt of the coarsest homespun.

People judged them poor, indeed, when even the steam laundry boy had never been seen to stop at Fenton's door, and the neighbors were horrified to see Charity going through the antiquated routine of hanging her laundry work on the clothes-line, a thing only heard of in the days before women were emancipated.

But in spite of themselves, the neighbors were forced to admire Widow Werker. Why, she could give them practical lessons as quick as they could count them. Something was wrong with the horse of the gentleman next door and Mrs. Werker had a remedy in a jiffy.

"Why, that would have meant five dollars to the veterinary surgeon," said the man whose 2.19 trotter had been cured.

All sorts of schemes had been tried in order to find out the mystery of Fenton's domicile. The "Helping Hand Society" tried its hand, but in vain. Finally a seeming trifle brought the nearest neighbors into speaking distance. Mrs. Someone's pet dog strayed into Fenton's yard and at once became an inseparable companion of Faith's. One of the owner's family came to reclaim the stray canine. The lady introduced herself as Miss Mabel Evangeline Topnotch.

Miss Topnotch was so glad to meet Miss Werker, and then she went on to say: "Oh! what a lovely child. Ah, yes—Faith—you say—awfully nice name, isn't it? Faith, dear, (she said turning to the child) you must come and see us. Some day my sister Dolly will take you to our Sabbath school, it will be so nice, and you will see our minister—why he is just lovely. He can play croquet, and sing, and has the sweetest little hands you ever saw. Don't forget to come, Faith."

"I am not quite sure whether her father would allow her to go, Miss Topnotch," said Charity, speaking for Faith, "besides, it is hardly necessary, since I myself give her daily lessons in Catechism."

Miss Topnotch nearly gasped for breath, thinking, "surely here is work for the missionary board." She did not like to go at once, so to keep the pot boiling she said:

"We are awfully busy now. We are making up some lovely lampshades for the Turkish missions. Our minister says they are second only in loveliness to the young ladies of our sewing circle."

"Why," said Charity, "I should think you would find plenty work to do among the poor at home rather than going so far away as Turkey."

"Well, you see," went on Miss Topnotch, "we did try, but the material we had was of the lowest kind—poor immigrant children, and it was next to impossible to get those Catholic notions out of their heads, they were always wanting to go to mass and such things. Oh, it was just aggravating—and such ignorance——"

"Ignorance of crime," broke in Charity, who had listened long enough to such nonsense.

"I suppose I am trespassing on your time," said Charity, hoping to get rid of an undesirable visitor.

"Oh! no," replied Miss Topnotch, "I have lots of time. Why, the baker hasn't come yet. It is such a nuisance to delay the dinner for such persons."

"Why, can't you bake, yourself?" asked Charity.

"I never thought of it, and if I did what a bother it would be hunting around for my books. And, really, I

hardly think I could just discover the chapter in my chemistry treating of the component parts of what is commonly classified as bread, that very essential commodity, so beautifully described by Swift—dear old Dean—as the "staff of life."

"Nice dog you have there, Miss Topnotch," said Charity, who was growing weary.

"He wants to go home," said Faith.

So did Miss Topnotch. In a moment Mabel Evangeline and her dog disappeared behind the trellis work.

From her dialogue with her first visitor, Charity concluded there was a number of poor Catholics near Boomfield. She determined to investigate. Perhaps she could be of some help to more than one indigent person.

In the morning Charity started off to the little Catholic church which lay hidden a good two miles above Boomfield. It was a delightful walk. She stopped frequently to gather the lovely wild flowers which she could mount in her album when a rainy day turned up.

The church was in the centre of a little Italian settlement. "It will suit nicely," said Charity to herself. "I may hear only a sermon in a foreign tongue, but then I can at least hear mass."

Charity and Faith looked around the small church which was neat and tidy. A short stay was made at the Madonna's statue, which stood in the corner. While kneeling there, Faith prayed aloud the "memorare," which Charity had taught her. The child had a little twig of forget-me-nots, which she picked out of Charity's bouquet, and this she left at the foot of the statue. A silent prayer, but Mary heard it.

On coming out of the church, Charity and Faith were unexpectedly met by the priest. With "Good-day" he greeted Charity, in German. She was somewhat taken aback to hear these words coming from an Italian, but the good padre read her thoughts and quickly said in English, "Was I not right? I saw traces of your ancestry in your face. One acquires that faculty by being among different people."

Father Angelo was very glad to meet Charity, and thought that, perhaps, she would be of great assistance to him, neither was he mistaken.

Charity promised to give him all the help she could. It would be a great pleasure to arrange the altars and decorate the statues. The priest nearly went into an ecstacy of delight when Charity told him she might moreover find time to play the organ on Sundays.

Charity and Faith knelt down to receive the priest's blessing, and on leaving he promised to return the visit on the morrow. Next day he fulfilled his promise. When at Boomfield he blessed all parts of Fenton's house, to the delight of Mrs. Werker. The priest was delighted to find a nice little altar erected in honor of our Lady.

"That's where we come together for morning and night prayers," said Charity, by way of explanation.

"An ideal Christian home," said Father Angelo to himself, as he left the house.

Tongues were busy next day in Boomfield. What did the priest's visit mean? Was it another Roman invasion? The real estate boomers had a frightened look about them, and the minister waxed warm on "Papal Intolerance" on the following Sabbath. Even the boys at the high school delivered orations on "The enemy at our door," and their breasts swelled with patriotism as they paraded on the

campus. But the little tempest in a teapot soon blew over.

Even in such a narrow-minded and ultra-bigoted community, Charity made friends. Friend or foe could not help acknowledging her superiority. Young brides came to her to be initiated in the mysteries of bread and pickle-making, and were astounded to find her conversant in everything. Old Mrs. Werker had brought a spinning wheel with her from the country. Many a pilgrimage was made to Fenton's cottage to see this relic of antiquity. They found it was no mere ornament, but actually saw it working. After all, the stories of their grandmammas had not been mere fiction.

"Dear me! and she actually does her own dress-making," exclaimed one of the superannuated vice-presidents of the Proantitheosophical society. She had noticed Charity at work on a dress for Faith to wear when her father returned.

"And a real Bible, too!" broke in another ectstatic maiden. "I wonder if they read it?" she said in a sotto voice tone, which Charity overheard and quickly answered by saying:

"Oh, yes, we read it. Only this morning I was explaining to Faith a verse which says, 'Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.'"

A chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahems" followed this broadside from Charity. To change the disagreeable subject some one asked:

"Do you paint, Miss Werker?"

"Oh, yes," answered Charity, with a smile, "many things except my face. Yesterday I kalsomined the woodshed and varnished this floor here, and next week, after the peaches are put up, I am going to paint a chasuble for Father Angelo."

And then the procession filed out, puzzling their profound brains as to what sort of a relic of the Inquisition a chasuble might be.

The visits to Fenton's grew fewer and farther between. But Charity received bushels of highly-scented notes. They were generally invitations which as a rule turned into such questions as "Come, like a nice dear, to the bicycle academy," or "Don't fail to come and hear my paper on the "Code Napoleon," or again, "You can't afford to miss our amiable minister's discourse on "Love, old and new."

Charity paid little heed to so much wasted ink and paper. She said she had plenty at home to keep her sound in mind and body.

It is growing dark, and old Mrs. Werker is busy doing up Faith's hair in paper curls, since Mr. Fenton would be due in Boomfield on the morrow, if any faith can be given to a telegram.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE UNSEEN LOVE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

WRECK of fragile beauty
Is all I greet to-day;
Starry buds, their golden clusters
Dim and drooping on the spray,
Waxen bells and fiery blossoms,
Fainting, piteous, away.

They perished in the coming,
Long e'er they reached my door;
—It is the same old story
Which life hath told before!—
Yet the love behind the sending,
I trust it more and more!

UNCLE JOSIAH.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

KATHERINE, crimson with mortification, vainly strove to restrain her uncle. But her efforts only served to add fuel to the flame.

"Do you think, niece, I'll set right here and see my religion insulted before my eyes by a jackanapes. By heavens, no."

In another moment, Josiah was in the hall, red in the face with anger and the effort he had made to escape. The loyal soul of the man had been stirred to its depths by what he held to be a wanton attack on sacred things. Katherine meanwhile strove to make the best of it and to laugh it off with her nearest acquaintances. But, at heart, Catholic though she was, she was much more ashamed of her uncle's honest indignation than angry at the flippancy which had provoked it.

Josiah had, nevertheless, struck a responsive chord in the breasts of more than one present. It is to the credit of human nature that a gallant action is seldom altogether unapplauded. The force of real conviction appeals much more strongly to the average mind than is commonly supposed. And, it wins for its holder respect, even in unexpected quarters.

"My dear," said an old gentleman to Katherine, after the performance was over, "I wish you would introduce me to your uncle. I very much admired the stand he took in face of that vulgar nonsense." Now, this old gentleman was one whom Katherine regarded as a very glass of fashion, and it relieved her somewhat that he took this view of the case. Still to her supersensitive mind, it appeared that he was only doing so from kindly motives to lessen her mortification, while she was convinced that her unfortunate uncle had rendered both himself and her objects of ridicule to the majority of those present.

She knew that to many of them the slightest infringement of the received code of manners, was of far more importance than all the principles in the world. Of course, it was bad form to laugh at sacred things, but then really the superstitious practices of an ignorant Catholic priesthood could scarcely come under the head of worship. It was true the High Church people had adopted them and that gave them a kind of respectability, which had to be taken into account.

Katharine mourned and would not be comforted. It was so intensely vulgar to profess one's religious opinions in public. No one would dream of alluding to them in refined society. From that time the toleration which she had begun to accord to her uncle, changed to a far less amiable sentiment. And Josiah, with the keen intuition of deep affection, felt the change and deplored it.

"They ain't got any use for me here, anyway," said the lonely man to himself, in the solitude of his own room. "I guess I'd better pack up and go home the day after Christmas. Norah'll

be kinder glad to see me back agin."

And a longing rose within him for that homely kitchen down the station road and the gleam of the fire in the stove.

The news of his speedy departure was received with deep, though secret satisfaction by mother and daughter. Katherine was at very little pains to conceal her delight. But on the advice of the more astute Mrs. Willis, she dissembled somewhat and strove to treat Josiah with the cordiality which she had shown him previous to the unlucky musicale.

On Christmas Eve she suggested an excursion to see the shops, in which poor Josiah had found an almost inexhaustible source of pleasure. He loved to observe the innumerable varieties of Christmas decoration, the holly wreaths with their clusters of bright berries, the duller mistletoe with its tiny branches of white, the very labyrinths of green, the words of holiday greeting, the flags, the tops, the sugar plums, the displays in the various windows. Here human ingenuity seemed to have exhausted itself. Dress goods were arranged with a view to wonderful combinations of light and shade, ribbons formed innumerable bright colored festoons, trinklets of endless diversity lent their gleam and their glitter to the show.

Josiah had spent many a morning in purchasing and hiding away for the festival day numerous and costly presents. He had not forgotten Norah and other Plainsville worthies for whom he intended to make the day of his return a second Christmas. On these expeditions he had enjoyed nothing more than playfully sending his niece, who was generally with him, to the other end of the shop, while he selected something especially for her. If it were a case, where he might not trust his own judgment, he summoned her to choose "any of those furbelows she cared about." "If you want a dress or anything else for the matter of that, jest you say so," was his remark. He felt a peculiar pleasure in supplying her with one of the dainty costumes, which were to him as unreal as the visions of the dream. He had consulted her over and over as to suitable gifts for her mother. That lady would certainly have to congratulate herself on Christmas morning for the forbearance she had shown towards Josiah's eccentricities, if, indeed, Katherine did not betray the inviolable secrecy to which she was pledged.

On Christmas Eve, then, Josiah started forth, with the pleasurable feeling that he had nothing particular to buy, and could take his time in leisurely examining the manifold wonders of Broadway, Twenty-third and Fourteenth streets and Sixth avenue. The decorations were, if possible, redoubled. The shops were clearly making a final effort and the streets besides were lined with fakirs busy disposing of all manner of cheap wares.

Katherine was arrayed in an artistic and very becoming tailor-made gown. Her uncle liked best to see her thus plainly arrayed, and had no suspicion that each particular button upon that costume had cost a couple of dollars, and that its perfection of cut, its silken linings and fineness of material, represented a small fortune. Josiah had strong notions upon the sinfulness of extravagance in dress, when so many of God's creatures were wanting for food.

"I don't mean that you mustn't look purty, my dear," he said to Katherine, "its a woman's mission, I take it, to be beautiful, jest like the flowers

and the green things coming up in the spring. But extravagance is sinful."

Katherine did not argue the point. What her uncle thought, was, indeed, of small importance in her eyes. Moreover she was in a mood of extreme good nature. Josiah, who had been so great a bugbear for the past ten days or more, was about returning to the pleasant obscurity of Plainsville. It was pleasant because distant and because he could be easily transported, thence, when occasion offered. That is verbally. It was, every once and a while, very convenient to be able to drop a hint, in a well-bred way, of course, about my uncle in the West, or our wealthy but eccentric kinsman who lives so far off, in Plainsville. Josiah's eccentricities were marvellously easy to smooth over when he himself was safe at a distance.

So Katherine smiled upon Josiah and laughed aloud at his jokes and good humoredly permitted him to gaze in as much as he pleased at the different shop windows, and to make his comments upon their contents in a more or less audible voice, and to patronize the fakirs and stuff his pockets with their goods. Katherine could be charming when this mood was upon her and the sore heart of her somewhat forlorn uncle, began to warm towards her once more, as in the old days when she had been the "little gal" and had run to meet him with outstretched arms.

Josiah himself was at his best. It was a glorious December day. The sun shone brightly in the blue heavens, flecked here and there, as they were, with white clouds. It shone upon the crowded streets and the open squares, and in conjunction with the crisp and sparkling air, had an exhilarating effect upon the merry, bustling crowds, nearly all intent upon their Christmas shopping. It invigorated Josiah and filled him with a new keen enjoyment of the passing hour. Moreover he liked the freedom of these vast thoroughfares where one individuality is lost, and each can do precisely as pleases him best.

The faces of the children charmed Josiah; their indescribable, unadulterated happiness seemed to brighten the atmosphere. It shone in each merry countenance, beamed out from bright eyes, played in ripples of happiness around fresh, smiling lips. Christmas, the goal of their hopes and desires, was at hand.

The joy of the festival was shadowed, it is true, on the careworn brow of many an adult. Sorrow and perplexity and the constant daily struggle, not intermitted even by the approach of that great day, which might seem to suffering humanity like one of general amnesty, had left their traces on many a face. All this Josiah noted, too, and read the signs with a sympathetic pang. But on the whole the atmosphere was full of gladness, as if the concentrated pleasures of hundreds of Christmases had got into it, with their legions and legions of vanished smiles and vanished greetings and vanished hopes and vanished joys. The warmth of their hearth fires, the good cheer they made, the echoes of their songs and bells, all were there.

"Christmas is a fine thing, niece," said Josiah under the influence of this concentrated happiness, "Christmas is a fine thing."

"It's fine if you've got lots of money, Uncle Josiah," said Katherine lightly.

"It's a fine thing anyway," declared Josiah, "it seems to make folks, rich and poor, kinder forget their troubles."

"It ought only to make them re-

member the more, especially the poor," argued Katherine.

"You're wrong there, niece," said Josiah, slowly, "though I don't know as I kin make you understand what I mean. But it appears to me that it puts rich and poor on an equality for the time being. They kin all enjoy the sights in the streets, and the services in the churches, and hear the Christmas talk and the bells aringing and the rest of it." Katherine did not pursue the conversation. Her eye was caught by "the most perfect thing in a bonnet" and it did not particularly interest her to know what people down in the slums, or even that very uninteresting prosaic sort one passed in the streets, might be thinking of the festival. Christmas appealed to her chiefly in its social aspect, though, of course, she went to church and delighted in the beauty of the altar and the perfection of the choir. Really it gave her an odd sensation when the *Gloria in excelsis* was sung. It was dramatic. She liked besides to pay a visit to the crib, but she always wished it would be more artistic. Josiah stopped in front of a florist's window. "Them's mighty purty flowers, Katherine" he said, eyeing the accumulated floral treasures with genuine admiration. "They charge a sight of money for them down here in New York, and I could pick you most as purty a nosegay in the woods near Plainsville. But I don't come to this town very often and I don't care if I do get you a posy."

Katherine was not at all unwilling to avail herself of the opportunty of procuring some Marshall Niel and jacqueminot roses, which could be used either to decorate the table or for her own personal adornment on the morning. So she smilingly assented to her uncle's proposition and together they entered the shop.

The most exquisite flowers were chosen and paid for by Josiah with the lavish generosity which he always showed in spending money on others, and which contrasted oddly, with his absolute frugality, where his own personal expenditure was concerned. After that they walked on almost in silence. Katherine was busy with the rather ungrateful reflection that it was a pity she should be unable to show this wealth of floral decoration at the customary Christmas dinner. But that entertainment had been given up by her mother and herself, because of her poor uncle's presence. It would be far too great a risk to expose Josiah's deficiencies to a circle of fashionable friends, in the intimacy of a dinner table. One never knew what he might say or do, and as for the etiquette regulating such occasions! Words failed. So although it was usually very pleasant and although Katherine had specially counted upon it this particular year, still it had to be given up.

"We will have just a few intimate friends to whom things can be explained, and three or four near relations," Mrs. Willis had said, and Katherine eagerly assented. Her experience at the memorable musicale had taught them both a lesson.

Uncle and niece on their Christmas Eve expedition came to a standstill at one of the most populous of thoroughfares. There seemed to be perpetually going on a madly exciting race for life in which divers elements played a part. There were superb, richly blanketted horses, driving liveried coaches, with crest or monogram upon the door plate, and dashing past them express carts, and a variety of other carts, omnibuses, and hansoms, cable and surface cars. While in and out amongst the mazes of vehicles darted masses of humanity, sometimes under the control of a policeman, sometimes obeying their own unguided instincts, which appeared to be chiefly that of haste.

It was a splendid picture of life and movement, but one from which a moralist might have wrung many a forcible lesson. The noise, the uproar, the clatter of wheels and of voices, dazed Uncle Josiah. The very sky above seemed a mockery of that sky he knew, stretching over fields or garden flanked dwellings or quiet, country streets. He had to stop and

catch his breath, and in the pause he felt a positive terror of risking his life in that vast chaos. As he waited, holding Katherine's arm in his very tight, there was a sudden excitement and an exclamation of horror from the crowd. A child, a pretty, golden-haired girl of some seven or eight years old had fallen almost directly under a down coming cable car. It was at at a curve where it would be almost an impossibility for a motor-man to stop. There was a pause in the surging of the crowd. The bystanders were paralyzed. The nurse, in charge of the child, ran shrieking to the sidewalk.

Josiah braced himself. He withdrew Katherine's arm from his and he muttered half audibly a prayer to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin. This had been his life long habit in moments of anxiety or of peril. He had but one thought, and in the space of a moment, he had put this thought into action. He made a mad rush through the throng of human beings, scattering them to right and left. With his strong right arm, he swooped down and seized the prostrate child.

No one interfered. Strong men stood and stared as if this gaunt Westerner had been an apparition of some sort. One or two women shrieked. It could not have been a minute, but it seemed much longer till Josiah had snatched up the child from the track and fairly hurled her into the arms of a man standing by. A cheer bursting from the crowd was stifled in its very utterance. The cable car close at hand struck Josiah with tremendous force and flung him back upon the pavement through the very path he had himself cleared in his frenzied excitement.

Katherine stood motionless where her uncle had left her, both hands pressed over her eyes. In one swift moment she had realized what Josiah meant to do and the probable results of such a venture. The seconds during which Josiah lay stunned seemed to the girl an eternity. Anxious faces were bending over the man, who was generally recognized as a hero. . Willing hands were outstretched to lift him up or render whatever service the occasion might demand.

"Is he dead?" Katherine found voice to ask at last of one of those who bent over the prostrate form. She could not as yet bring herself to look, fearing to behold some external evidence of the catastrophe which had so instantaneously occurred.

"Don't know, Miss," returned the man addressed, "but I rather guess not."

Presently, Josiah opened his eyes and smiled upon those around him.

"I ain't hurt, he said, feebly. "I'll git up in a minnit."

But he did not get up and his eyes closed as if he were about to relapse into unconsciousness. He was lifted up, then, and carried into the nearest drug store.

The crowd forced to remain without flattened noses against door and windows and jostled each other in the effort to see, with that ever keen, ever alert curiosity with which human nature scents out a possible tragedy. A doctor was sent for and arrived in the course of a few moments. He examined Josiah again and again, and it was evident with no very satisfactory results.

Katharine, who had mechanically followed the bearers of her uncle into the drug store, stood there as if turned to stone. She had, as yet, made no effort to collect her thoughts. It was all too ghastly, too horrible and too far removed from the rose-leaf existence which had always been hers. The heroic had hitherto been no less remote from her than the vulgar. She had some idea of the beautiful in existence, but none whatever of the sublime. She wanted to pray, as her Catholic instincts demanded, but the words died away upon her lips.

At last, the doctor having concluded his examination, arose to his feet. There was another strained intense pause. Then he spoke. He was a man of much experience, so that his opinion did not admit of appeal. "My friend," he said, addressing Josiah very slowly and distinctly, as one whom he knew to be on the verge of

unconsciousness, "if there are any persons whom you would like to see, just let them know at once. It is my duty to warn you that you have not got much time to spare. So, too, you had better make haste with any law business you have to attend to."

"I got more important business than that to attend to," said Josiah, his habitually slow and deliberate speech accentuated by weakness, "will any of you gemmen go to the nearest church and get in a priest?"

Some one volunteered, while Josiah, fixing his eyes on the doctor, said:

"So, you think I'm a dying man, doctor?"

"I know it," said the physician, speaking with unusual emotion, "but I see you are a brave man, and it is the best to tell you the truth."

"That's all right, doctor. I'm obliged to you for letting me know, though it's come rather sudden, ain't it?"

A strangely beautiful smile lit up his face as he spoke. Meanwhile, Katherine, pressing forward, laid her hand upon the doctor's arm.

"What does it all mean?" she said, breathlessly.

"Are you his daughter?" asked the physician, looking compassionately at her head.

Katherine shook her head.

"In any case, I can only repeat what I have said. The injured man cannot survive an hour."

"Can nothing be done, doctor, oh my God, can nothing be done? Would it be any use sending for another doctor?"

"No doctor on earth can be of the slightest assistance to him. The spine is fatally injured. Death must ensue in a very short time."

"Can he not be moved?"

"It would only occasion the patient useless discomfort, and he would most probably die upon the way home."

Katherine clapsed her hands in mute distress. How strange and awful, she thought, to die thus in a drug store, under the gaze of a very mob of people, as Katherine indignantly called the curious crowd. The instinct of privacy, of that seclusion which would shut out its sorrows or trials of any sort, from the view of an ever so sympathizing multitude, usually strong in her class, was essentially so in Katherine. Not the least awful feature of the day's awful happening was, in her eyes, the publicity which must attend her uncle's dying moments.

The better instincts of her nature were, moreover, strongly at work. The suddenness of the calamity was a rude shock to her worldliness. Her uncle's long tenderness for her appealed to her with a strange, new force and she began to realize, all too late, the nobility and simplicity of his character. When she found that his death was inevitable, and that it must take place in these very surroundings, she forgot all else. It was as though a cloud had fallen on the landscape, shutting out all but this one terribly realistic scene from her view.

She knelt down beside her uncle, where he lay upon the floor, his head resting upon a cushion. There was a strong tinge of remorse in the deep pity with which she regarded him.

"Oh, uncle," she cried out, "my poor, poor uncle."

"The little critter looked so like what you was, when I seed you first," said Josiah passing his hand feebly but caressingly over her wet cheek.

"She's safe anyway," he suddenly asked, appealing to the bystanders, while an expression of anxiety passed over his face.

"Oh, yes, the child's all right," said a man, who stood near, "I saw her laughing in the nurse's arms. But the woman was so scared she ran right home with the kid."

"Thank God!" said Josiah, "I'm glad the car didn't touch her."

A sort of shudder passed over his own powerful frame, as if he felt once more that fearful touch upon himself.

"Katherine," said he presently, "don't you go to fretting for me. I was gettin' kinder tired of living. Still, if it had been God's will I might have liked to live a bit longer."

He drew a long breath and continued:

"You'll find them things for you, and your ma, and for Norah and other folks all done up and ready in my room. As for my clothes, that new suit and the rest I guess you'd better send them down to Plainsville. Norah'll know who to give 'em to, and I reckon no one here would care anything about them."

There was a diversion. The priest had arrived and, of course, needed sufficient space for a private interview with his penitent. It did not take the priest long to hear the dying man's confession. Monthly, fortnightly, at certain seasons even weekly, it had been Josiah's habit to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist; and he had always done both with a humility and fervor, which had for many years been the edification of his fellow townsfolk of Plainsville. They used to say that "Josiah Baker's life was as good as a sermon any day." Strangely and solemnly it was setting now in the drug store on that great, world thoroughfare of Broadway. He, who had so loved the quiet places of existence and its green and shaded ones, apart from the world's glare.

The priest administered the Viaticum and producing the sacred oils annointed hands and feet and ears and nose. Each sense purged from the stains of earth, fortified for the journey that was to come. The bystanders looked on with intense curiosity, or with reverent prayerfulness if they chanced to be Catholics. Even different ones felt the influence of that singular death-bed and some, at least, dated their conversion from that moment. So that, in death as in life, Josiah Baker was almost involuntarily an apostle.

"Tomorow'll be Christmas, Father," Josiah said when the priest had finished his ministrations, "it seems kinder queer I won't be here for it, I was talking so much about its joyfulness."

There was no regret in his tone, only a sort of musing wonder.

"I wonder," he continued, in a tone of deep awe," "if I'll know anything of it over there."

He turned his dying eyes to where the sunlight streamed in, mingling garishly with the colored lights in the window.

"And now, Father, good-bye, it seems as if I won't have much longer and I've a word to say to my niece here. Don't forget to pray for me."

"Do not be afraid, my good friend," said the priest. "I will pray for you and remember you in the Holy Sacrifice for a month to come."

Josiah, by an effort, began to fumble in his vest pockets. He was seeking for an offering to make the priest. At last he triumphantly produced a roll of bills.

"Take that for your poor Father," he said, pressing the priest's hand. Then he turned to Katherine.

"Come nearer, dear," he whispered, "my sight's gettin' kinder dim and I want to see the last of you."

Katherine was almost startled at the unearthly beauty of the plain, despised face. Her tears fell fast upon the threadbare collar of the shabby coat, which had once excited her wrath, and which covered that heart of gold, the beatings of which were soon to cease.

"Katherine," Josiah said, "I always thought a heap about you. I guess I liked you better'n anything in this world, ever since you run to meet me with your little arms stretched out."

He stopped. Utterance, hitherto, so clear and distinct as is usual in cases of this kind, began to be broken.

"Be sure you pray for me" he went on, with an effort, "and don't you cry that way. Things is better so. You hadn't any use for me, now you've got big. I don't blame you."

Again a pause, awful this time. The face was growing gray, the features sharpening.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, be true to God and we'll have a happy Christmas —later."

The word ended in a sharp rattling sound. Then silence. Katherine saw the priest bend to close the eyes and she knew that the simple and beautiful soul of Uncle Josiah had passed to its Creator.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

"May is here, the world rejoices," are the first words of an old Polish spring song, and I am very sure we are all quite willing to sing it.

No season is quite so delightful as the spring, and May is its most charming month. Is it not fitly so, since it is the month of Mary our mother, most beautiful of the daughters of Eve, "loveliest of women and most glorified."

Young and old welcome this month of holy thoughts, and every child of Mary feels as if a special holiday season for soul and body had begun.

Life is very sweet to all creatures. It is proven by the natural instinct which makes even an insect flee from danger in its endeavor to save its life. But to the young and happy hearted, life is particularly delightful, and especially inviting because of the bright colors with which it paints the future.

The month of May is a fair type, and most gracious symbol of youth.

It is full of light and beauty, full of sweetness and joy.

Nature is as a smiling maiden, decked in her gayest attire, quite satisfied with herself and all the world. Earth puts on her smiles to greet this laughing May, and the very air seems full of happiness and buoyant with hope.

Now, lest earth in all its beauty prove too fascinating, our holy mother, the church, in that wisdom of hers which is so strong a proof of her divine office, makes it the footstool of heaven.

That is what God intends it to be—the stepping stone to higher and better things.

There are many earthly joys which are quite worthy of us, many things which we can and may enjoy to their fullest; but unfortunately the garden of Eden is no longer open to us even in May-time, and the trail of the serpent is over every path strewn with flowers.

Therefore May in all its fresh young beauty might prove a siren to many, if the glory of its flower-laden hours were not taken from the earth and given to heaven. Mary is the queen of the May by excellence.

"After her shall daughters be brought to the King." The days of her sorrows are past, and now in her own special month she leads her children *joyfully* to the altar of God, the *Ultima Thule*, the end of our seeking, the limit of our earthly desires.

Dear children, the Secretary would think that she had done a life's work if she could make you all such lovers of daily Mass that you would consider that day lost which had not consecrated its first half hour to God in His real presence.

During last Lent, some one whom the Secretary knows well, was lamenting the little penance she had done, saying: "Our Lord gets nothing but daily Mass." She so expressed herself in a letter to a religious. The answer of the good nun, who knew more of the

ways of God than her correspondent, is worth remembering.

She wrote: "Please tell me *what* in the world is worth more than a single Mass! Do you think, perhaps, *your* fastings, sacrifices and the rest, are more than *His* sacrifice? If we unite the little we do, with the great offering of Jesus, it becomes a source of much more merit than if we had practised dreadful penances of our own."

Now, dear children, each May the Secretary rings the same old tune on the bells: Come to Mass! Come to Mass! Yes, go every morning from the first day, feast of Sts. Philip and James, to May 31, feast of our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We all love our dear sweet Mother Mary, do we not? Each year she grows dearer and we feel as if she were actually so near to us, that we can throw our arms around her neck and say "My darling!"

Words are empty things, dear children. *Acts* are the things that prove our love. If you go to daily Mass, and before the altar of Our Lady you tell her how you love her, I am positive that she will believe you much sooner than if you say the same to her at home.

Think, too, of the pleasure a May morning walk will give you. The rosy cheeks and clear, cool head, and good spirits for the rest of the day. It pays to do things for God; He rewards them so royally.

When we come to die, we must leave everything natural behind us; but the Masses we have heard—not Sunday ones—but daily Masses we can carry with us.

Let me give you one *glorious* sentence from St. Ignatius and I am sure the cause of the holy Mass will be won.

He says: "When you present at the judgment seat, the price of your ransom—the Precious Blood—you are paying more than you really owe."

Now, while the Precious Blood may be ours in many ways, at daily Mass it is really and truly in the chalice offered by the priests to God for all present.

The angel guardian of the one who goes to daily Mass, will pour the Precious Blood of the chalice into a fountain growing every day fuller and fuller. Then when death comes need such a one fear with such a ransom? Surely not. Then on the Saturdays of May all who love our Blessed Lady will receive Holy Communion in her honor, and so present her with a gift which even the angels envy. How happy we are, dear children, even on earth. So many good things are ours, if we will but take them. So many joys may be ours, if we but seek them. God, Himself, willing to fill our hearts if we but let him. Why, it is heaven begun on earth.

May, with its delights all radiating from the many shrines of our tender Mother Mary is a foretaste of paradise for the pure of heart. You, the privileged children of the most holy Virgin, have a claim on her altars. Speak to her about those who are far from her and her Divine Son. Pray for sinners during May. Help to bring them back to peace and happiness. It is very sweet to think that many such are won back during the month of Mary, the refuge of sinners, who loves them too, despite their sinfulness. Pray for them and pity them, dear little ones, and may no child of our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel ever wander *very* far from her arms. Hold on to her scapular. If you go no further than its string will let you, and our Blessed Lady *holds* the string, there will be no fear of you. Even the wildest colt may be reined in under the strong and gentle hand of Mary, most loving, tender mother. Only in heaven shall we know all we owe to her. Pave the way, the sure way to heaven by daily Mass.

Devotedly,

SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN APRIL.

1. Nansen.
2. In Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin.
3. Jennie Lind.
4. Ethan Allen.
5. Dream. Ream.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN APRIL.

1. Hair-brush.
2. An army.
3. Hop fields.
4. Because he is a *plain* dealer.
5. When she has a large comb in her head.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. When is a man literally immersed in business?
2. When are culprits like old boots?
3. How do bees dispose of their honey?
4. Why was St. Paul like a horse?
5. Write a cipher, prefix fifty. To the right place five, then add one-fifth of eight and you will have the strongest thing in the world.

MAXIMS FOR MAY.

1. Let the life and virginity of Mary be set before you as a mirror, in which is seen the pattern of chastity and virtue; her looks were sweet, her discourse mild, her behaviour modest.—St. Ambrose.

2.

Behold, she seemed on earth to dwell;
  But, hid in light, alone she sat,
Beneath the throne ineffable,
  Chanting her clear Magnificat.

3.

Be thou our guide; be thou our goal;
  Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
  In death our everlasting prize.
Fr. Caswall, Hymn for Ascension Day.

4. Beauty is the splendor of truth.
5. Kindness transforms the world.

FOR THE THINKERS.

LITERARY QUERIES.

1. Who wrote the lines.

We must love our neighbor to get his love,
As we measure, he will mete.

2. Who was called the Bard of Avon?
3. Who is referred to as the "lady with a lamp," in Longfellow's Santa Filomena?
4. Who is "the man of blood and iron?"
5. Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
  Waiting for the May.
  Who wrote it?

A WET DAY.

BY P. A. B.

There are many ways of spending an hour or two indoors on a rainy day. One of these ways is to get comfortably seated at the window and look through an old scrap-book. I did that one day last month when April was strongly giving proof of its shower-producing prerogative. Among divers clippings pasted here and there my eyes were arrested by a wee bit of faded lace. Below it was written "May 31, 1889." I fear more than one reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW too well remembers that date. It recalls very sad recollections.

The Johnstown flood—one of the most awful catastrophes which this country has ever witnessed—occurred on May 31st, 1889. It is not my intention to repeat any of the dread details. They are generally known. My purpose is but to recall one incident recorded at the time, and this in turn will give me occasion to mention another wet day experience which may not be devoid of interest.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, on that ill-fated Friday evening when the watery billows descended on Cambria City, was partially submerged, the water reaching fifteen feet up the sides. The building was badly wrecked, the pulpit and pews were torn out, and, in general, the entire structure was fairly dismantled. On the following Monday morning, when an entrance was forced through the blocked doorway, the ruin appeared to be complete. One object alone had escaped the wrath of the water. The statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had been adorned because of the May devotions, remained unsullied. The flowers, the wreaths and the lace veil were left unsoiled and undisturbed. The marks on the walls too clearly showed that the water had risen to a height of fifteen feet, while the head of the statue did not reach a height of six feet. At least, so it appeared to me when I visited the ruins. Some say that the statue was lower still. The veil itself was afterwards cut up into pieces which have found their way in

many out-of-the-way corners, among others into my scrap-book.

Soon after this incident some ingenious person went to work to fashion a model in miniature of this noted statue. The copy was placed in a case decorated with flowers and tinsels, imitation candles were placed at the sides and the whole covered with a glass face. At the foot of this so-called "shrine" was appended a printed slip with the *Memorare* the beautiful little prayer composed by Saint Bernard. These "shrines" have since wonderfully multiplied. To-day they can be found in houses almost everywhere from Canada to Dixieland.

I well remember the first occasion on which my attention was called to one of these "shrines." It was a very wet day and we were standing in a little railroad station of one of those primitive branch lines, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the train. To kill time I started a conversation on the weather and other glittering generalities with a man who had all the appearance of another Sam Slick. He was not the one to let slip an opportunity. He came down to business at once.

"You are just the man I am looking for," he said. "I've got a first-class article here which you'll buy at sight. They are going like hot cakes. Just the thing for your wife."

As he said this, he unwrapped a parcel which proved to be one of the "shrines" mentioned before. I might say here that my coat collar was turned up, thus concealing the well-known clerical collar. This was done as a protection against the rain, which did not seem to heed the sign over the door, "None but passengers allowed here." And hence it followed that the man in question was not quite sure where I worshipped. I might be a Shaker for all he cared, provided he disposed of his goods.

"It's a bargain," he went on. "Don't you?"

I did not. He might as well have asked a blind man if he saw the watermark in a postage stamp.

"The price is no objection. What I do object to is your wanting me to purchase a thing so suggestive of idolatry," I replied.

"I'll explain it," he answered, as we boarded the train. He did explain. It was one of the most lucid explanations of the Catholic doctrine concerning devotion to the Blessed Virgin I had ever heard. The man had read deep from some good source. For all that, I saw he was not a Catholic.

"And that gibberish there. What of that?" I said, pointing to the printed slip with the prayer of the *memorare*.

And again an explanation. His answer read like a book. At the risk of throwing off my disguise too soon, I said further, "but a monk wrote it."

"Maybe, but the monks are not so black as they are painted," was the ready reply.

After this I threw off any attempt at disguise and could not help congratulating my friend on his ability to explain Catholic doctrine.

"You ought to be a Catholic, my dear man," I said to him later on.

Unfortunately the poor fellow lived in a very bigoted atmosphere and was not apt to find the road to truth.

"Look here," I said, as we were parting, "I am sorry I cannot buy that 'shrine.' However, I know a person who will do so if you hand them this card of mine. But, before I leave, I want to make a bargain with you. It is this. You ought to take means to become a Catholic."

"Rather difficult, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. Just take one simple step in the right direction."

"What is that?"

"Say that prayer there—the *memorare*."

"You are joking."

"Not at all. Do you promise?"

"I'll try. It won't hurt."

He did try, as I found out, when I met him again for a second or two, as we brushed together at another station.

Not long since some zealous missionaries gave a course of sermons in the very town where this man resides. It did not at all surprise me to learn that he joined the church. He is now a zealous Catholic. Did that powerful little prayer, the *Memorare*, play any part in his conversion? I believe it did.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is well to remember that the custom of dedicating this month to the Queen of Heaven was inaugurated by a pious Carmelite nun in France. More devotions than this beautiful one have been born within the cloister.

***

Holy Church wishes us to go unceasingly to Mary during this month, hence she has instituted the feast of the "Help of Christians," which falls on May 24th. Mary loves to help us when all other help seems withdrawn from us.

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May the most Holy Virgin! Beauty of Carmel! Virgin flower, shower every blessing on our friends and readers during this lovely month. For this do we beg daily during the holy sacrifice, and for this there are hundreds of petitions being offered up throughout Carmel in America.

***

Now is the time to offer your gifts to Mary. Gather a bouquet as it were. Let it consist of all the virtues, the lily of purity, the violet of penance and, above all, the rose of love, and your heavenly mother will weave for you a bouquet of forget-me-nots when she beholds your may flowers blooming at her feet

"Fragrant, filling the air with a
Strange and wonderful sweetness."

***

Sophronius gives us a beautiful thought for May. He tells us that "Mary is the true garden of pleasure, abounding in the sweetest flowers, and she emits the celestial odor of all the virtues.

"Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies," sings the poet, and well may we apply the saying to the many saints, blossoms of grace and flowers of Carmel which adorn the church. During this month dedicated to Mary the virgin flower of Carmel and Queen of May, holy church has culled a beautiful bouquet of saintly lives, a worthy offering to our Queen. Three of them especially, were wrapt up in the love of Mary, to wit: St. Simon, with his oak tree "rich in humility's flower," the holy virgin of Pazzi bringing lilies to her spouse, and St. Angelus "with his hands full of passion flowers." And we must not forget Blessed Aloysius Rabata, who like another good shepherd laid down his life for his flock. Let us too, in contemplating these saintly flowers, learn the many lessons contained in their lives which, like flowers, "preach to us if we hear." "More love for God, more devotion to Mary!" is what we would hear loudly proclaimed, did these rare and saintly exotics again adorn the earth.

***

Even a superficial insight into the life of our great Carmelite Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzi shows us a life-long chain of Christian love and suffering. Sorrow there was in that virginal heart—sorrow for human ingratitude towards God. It was a sorrow far different from worldly sorrow. Worldlings regret their youth, and weep over their lost beauty. Their regrets are vain and the tears useless. Our lot is different. We, like the saints, can replunge into our source, and thus recover a vigorous youth and a re-

splendent comliness. And what, pray, is this source? None other than the Passion of our Lord—the Heart of Jesus—which we can safely, quickly and surely reach through the immaculate heart of Mary.

***

In these days of dogmatic confusion when proud puny preachers are lost in the babel of so-called higher critics, it is refreshing for us Catholics to turn to that great spokesman of the Church, and champion of truth—St. Athanasius—whose feast we commemorate on May 2nd. The critics chatter, the scoffers scoff and heretics harangue through all the centuries, while above the din, doubt and darkness we hear Athanasius announcing truth with a voice that sounds unceasingly and sonorously as the eternal diapason of Niagara.

***

Three hundred days' Indulgence can be gained by those who assist at the May devotions in Church. At home, too, you can gain many indulgences by having devotions with your family.

***

Now that there is so much in evidence about Anglican re-union, it may be permitted to suggest a novena for the Pope's intention in honor of St. Simon Stock, commencing say on May 7th. The conversion of his countrymen is surely dear to the heart of the saint of the Scapular. Prayer is more potent than polemics, and a short *Hail Mary* or *Flos Carmeli* will do more good than six columns or more of "Innominato's" best dressed arguments.

***

Comparisons are odious. It is especially true when a secular paper, in speaking of the loss of life among the Cuban rebels, quotes and applies the saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The writer who first penned that remark had in view the early martyrs of the Catholic Church, and never foresaw the day in which some blasphemous space-writer would use it as a text in speaking of rebellious subjects whose blood will be the seed of a faithless race who, like their belligerent fathers, will finally reach hell by the route of freemasonry.

***

"God's mills grind slow but sure," 'tis said, and well may we apply this to the enemies of the Church. Sometime ago we spoke of the "lonesome" man of blood and iron, and now we see him quoted as saying that he has "sinned with his mouth" and his illness is doing him poetical justice. History repeats itself. Moreover now the cable tells us that ex-Premier Crispi is going to his grave in misery and disgrace. This all seems natural to us who believe in Providence.

***

If we turn to Father Faber this month we shall find much in his writings which will warm our hearts toward the Mother of God. We love to quote him when he tells us to love Mary more tenderly. "It is a matter," he says, "in which we cannot do too much." Again he says: "Like Mary we must be loving, sweet and patient with those who cause us any unhappiness." And further in showing us how much Mary interests herself in us he tells us that "a thousand times and more has she mentioned our names to God, in such a sweet and persuasive way that the Heart of Jesus ought not to resist it, though the things she asked were very great." Finally, let us heed well the advice to have more confidence in Mary, for, says Father Faber, "It is wonderful what she has done without our asking, and most wonderful is what

she can and will do if we ask more and trust more."

***

Sometimes God calls the religious from his quiet cell to shed his blood for God and holy church. St. Angelus, the Carmelite, (5th of May) was one of these. He did great things for God and shed lustre on his Order. He gives us a noble example of patient suffering. All is easy where love reigns. A remark of St. Bernard is in place here, who says: "Under the influence of *fear* we support our cross with patience, under the influence of *hope* we carry the cross with courage, but under the consuming power of *love* we embrace the cross with ardor."

***

Now that nature again decks herself in beautiful array, our meandering here and there should help to raise our thoughts to heaven. If we make a start it is not very difficult to find matter for meditation from the things around us. The pious author of the "Spiritual Combat" gives us a hint about doing this. Nature is a book, as we have often heard. There are lessons in stones and plants. It was this truism which Wordsworth announced when he wrote that

"The meanest flower that grows can give
Thoughts that do too often lie too deep for tears."

***

During Eastertide we again hear the voice of Peter urging the faithful to take to themselves St. Joseph as a patron. "Go to Joseph," is not yet a thrashed out saying. We hear it often, let us heed it, if we are wise. You remember well that St. Teresa again and again urges us to fly to St. Joseph's patronage. He helped her. He will help us.

One of the great events of 1897 is the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria. In looking backward over the long and in many ways, glorious Victorian age we have much to be thankful for. There are shadows, too, on this long epoch, but altogether, peace and progress have made gigantic strides. Catholicity in England has taken on great vitality. Either as subjects, or admirers, of the pacific monarch we owe her our prayers. Even those who have little to rejoice over during these sixty years, would surely thank God for many things if we remind them of the old lady of former days who was reprimanded for offering prayers for Nero. "How can you beg a long life for such a tyrant?" she was asked. "If he dies we may get a worse one," was her reply. Let us show friend and foe, remembering that Providence shapes the destinies of nations, pray "God Save the Queen."

***

That excellent lecture on "Some things which Catholics do not believe," delivered lately in Toronto, Ontario, by the eloquent Dr. Walsh, would be a powerful weapon in the hands of the "Apostleship of the Press." It is an able lecture. His Grace's arguments are strong, convincing and to the point. The voice of the worthy prelate has reached far beyond the bounds of his archdiocese. Only lately we met a non-Catholic in an obscure mountain hamlet who by chance had come across a copy of a Catholic journal containing the lecture referred to. "That's what we want," he remarked in his rustic way. Yes, that is just what our separated brethren do want. A mission is good as long as it lasts, but it is soon forgotten. Something permanent is wanting. Therefore, we are convinced that money can be put to

no better use than printing thousands of copies of such lectures as that of Dr. Walsh and sending them throughout the length and breath of the land. The fruit resulting would be immeasurable.

***

"It is but right and proper to honor her (Mary) whom God Himself so much honored," says the memorable Archbishop of Toronto. "Besides," says His Grace, "in honoring her we but honor the gifts and graces which God so abundantly bestowed on her and which crowned her with honor and glory."

***

This year of grace will be full of reminiscent anniversaries for our Holy Father. It seems but a short time ago when we celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee. What grand work for the glory of holy church has not the glorious Pontiff performed during the past decade.

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In a letter of recent date from our Spanish correspondent, Don Juan Pedro, mention is made of a beautiful gift of the Holy Father to the Queen Regent of Spain at an audience which His Holiness gave to the Spanish Ambassador at the Vatican, Senor Merry del Val. The Holy Father presented him with a beautiful rosary as a present to the noble Queen Regent of Spain. The rosary is a work of art, composed of gold brilliants and stones of matchless beauty, and contains numerous relics gathered from the various sanctuaries of the Holy Land.

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The Spanish ambassador referred to above is the highly respected father of Monsignor Merry del Val, the Papal Ablegate to Canada, who has been received with the highest honors by the civic and ecclesiastical authorities of the Dominion. His mission is to examine the settlement proposed by the Liberal government of Mr. Laurier of the vexed Catholic school question of Manitoba. A conference under the presidency of the Ablegate has been held at Montreal, to which all the Archbishops of Canada had been convoked. Its outcome has not yet been made public at this writing, but we can rely on the fact that the justice of the claims made by the minority in Manitoba is so evident that a fair settlement will be the final outcome.

***

The Vatican Seminary is to be made a full fledged university, according to a recent decree of the Holy Father. It will probably be called the Pontifical Seminary and have full rights to confer degrees. Natural sciences are to form a special feature of the curriculum. The students of the American province of the Carmelite Order, studying theology in Rome, are pupils of the Vatican Seminary. The Carmelite students at the close of the last scholastic year bore off the philosophical and theological honors of the seminary and merited the personal approbation of the Holy Father, who praised them highly.

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The French Academy, the "Immortals," are a noble exception to the majority of French scientists and infidel professors. Persistently they have rejected Zola, the literary apostle of dirt, and now they have opened their ranks to one of the noblest Christians in France or elsewhere, Comte de Mun, the Apostle of Christian socialism, the founder of the Catholic Workingmen's guilds, the valiant champion of every Catholic cause against the bitter enemies of the Church, has been elected a member of the French academy to succeed the late Jules Simon. Everything is not yet "rotten in the state of Denmark," when France accords her highest honors to such an uncompromising heroic Catholic.

CLARKSBURG, ONT.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—I return thanks for having entirely recovered from a very troublesome disease since I asked you and the kind readers to pray for me. I remain, yours very respectfully, S. M. F.

CALEDONIA, ONT.

DEAR FATHER,—I wish to thank Our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for a great favor obtained through her intercession. I promised her to ask you to publish it if obtained. Yours faithfully,

A READER OF THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

A. Cerezas S.J.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JUNE, 1897. NO. 6

O! SWEETEST HEART!

From the German.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

O Sweetest Heart! In adoration
All Heaven bows before Thy shrine,
And we on earth intone thy praises
In ardent love, O Love divine!
O! Sweetest Sacred Heart! Still open,
Our suffering Savior's side we see,
And hear His tender words of solace—
"O! weary souls, come unto Me."

O! Sweetest Heart! The crimson fountain
Forever flowing from that side
Full pardon wins for our transgressions,
For grace comes with its ceaseless tide.
O! Sweetest Heart! In loving sorrow,
Our Savior's thorn-crowned brow we see,
And weep to hear His plaintive murmur—
"My child this pain I bear for thee."

O! Sweetest Heart! The cross which rises
'Mid ardent fire from Thee above
Shows that the infernal foe is vanquished
By all who cling to Thee in love.
O! Sweetest Heart! Our joy, our treasure;
Our source of every true delight;
Our guard and stay in grief and sorrow—
Our guiding star in life's dark night.

O! Sweetest Heart! The path to Heaven
Needs patient steps and constant ward
But all through Thee we gain new courage
To follow close our suffering Lord.
O! Sweetest Heart! Our poor heart's failings,
Thy fire of ardent love destroys,
Until our spirits, bright and stainless,
Dare hope to win celestial joys.

O! Sweetest Heart! Our soul's salvation,
We pray Thee, Oh! Thou highest good,
Accept us as Thy loving clients—
This hope we through Thy Precious Blood.
O! Sweetest, Sacred Heart! Receive us
When death's dark shadow hovers near;
Then *faith* will be a glad fruition,
And *Thou*, Sweet Heart, a vision clear.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

McMaster's Spiritual Letters.

New York, May 19th, 1886.

My most sweet Daughter,—It was not that I forget you, any day of my life, that I was confused, a week ago, and did not write to you for your birthday.

St. Teresa is, especially, the "Pattern shown on the Mountain" to all her daughters. But is there not a special and particular obligation on the sister that bears her glorious name, to seek and follow her? You know that wonderful passage in her life when her Lord—finding her loving any other not only *in* Him but *for* Him—said : "*Now* Teresa, I am all thine, as thou art all mine!" It is a very high, and a very rare grace and virtue even for a Carmelite. Not all, even of the saints have attained it in this life. It is gained by none except after great pains and crucifixion. But it is good as an inspiration. On the instant of reading dear Sister Gertrude's note—who is always thinking of others and forgetting herself—the words of our Lord by the Prophet Isaias, came to my mind : "Can a mother forget her suckling, and not be as one with the child of her own flesh? But if she may forget, (for a moment), I, at least, will not forget thee! I have written thee in my hands, and thy walls, (the willing vows by which thou hast given thyself to me alone), are *forever before mine eyes.*"

Yes, my daughter, my beloved Sister Teresa. It is the desire of my heart that more and more you may grow to love even me, your father, not only *in* our Lord, but *for* our Lord, alone. There can never be a time in your life that you will not seek my spiritual good. For all the rest, turn your eyes to your heavenly spouse. You cannot too often re-read the solemn office of your profession and veiling, till the words *live* in your soul daily. The accomplishment of that holy office is the whole of your life : "*Amo Christum! In cujus thalamum introivi!*" etc.

For me, poor wretch in the world, I know it to be good, not only sometimes in the day, but as continually as possible, to think of those dear daughters that, day and night in their whole lives, are serving God. And yet, in my very prayers, I am disquieted, and not without reason, for fear that, in you my daughters, I am "loving the creature more than the Creator." In my will I protest otherwise, and that I love our Lord and His Blessed Mother immeasurably more than I love my children. I will it to be so, but the flesh weighs down the spirit.

You, religious—especially you of the "Order of the Mother of God"—should aim higher. St. Bernard, "Doctor of the Church," on the words of the Canticles : "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth," comments : In the beginning of a Christian life, like Mary Magdalen, the *feet* of Jesus are kissed. He is worshipped *for the benefits received.* After the crucifixion, Mary Magdalen kissed the hands, also, of the crucified Saviour. This was *loving Him for Himself alone.* St. Bernard, in grand words, adds : The "kisses of the mouth" are reserved for those that love themselves and all dear to them, *only* for Jesus Christ. Out of humility, perhaps that great saint and doctor says : "Of this let those who have attained, speak. I cannot."

Dear daughter, and sister, I could pour out more words, but perhaps I have written already too many.

My heart goes with them.

Poor Papa.

New York, June 25th, 1886.

My most sweet Daughter,—Our Lord is again pressing you to His sacred heart. He must love you very much. He loves all of us very much, but only as we respond can that love do its work. When it is not made use of, He withdraws—not his love, but these manifestations of it. But there are graces He gives without our asking. The highest of these are *sufferings*. There is no other way of being united to the Crucified. And it is better, *more perfect*, to accept sufferings at His hands than to inflict them on ourselves, even with the approval of our spiritual guides. See how I, a worldling, talk of things I know, and do not do. O, my daughter, if I had but the generosity to suffer, as you do, and the courage, our Lord would surely lead me by the way of great sufferings and I would have the grace to bear them patiently. Then, my sweet one, I would write to you *rejoicing in your sufferings*. But I grovel, a coward, on the earth.

So, you drew "Fear of the Lord," and I drew, as dear Mother Prioress—the *real* drawing—for me—"Wisdom;" of which "foolish one" I have so much need. But all these seven gifts are linked, like beads on a chain, and yours, Fear of the Lord, touches the first, that, as naming the family of seven, is called simply "Wisdom." But as no one of the seven can exist without all the others —"they are seven in one house," as St. Gregory the Great so beautifully explains. And I think it is the fourteenth chapter of Proverbs that begins: "Wisdom hath built herself a house. She hath hewed out her *seven pillars*,"—all of wisdom. This house, first of all, means our Blessed Lady, the "seat of Wisdom," but it means also—for the meanings of scripture are many fold—that the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are wisdom, under seven forms. The last verse of that chapter of Proverbs, I think it is, says: "The fear of the Lord *is* wisdom." I am writing at a hotel and cannot be sure of the chapter, but I am sure of the words, be the place there or elsewhere; while it is said once in the Psalms, and I think once elsewhere: "The *beginning* of wisdom is fear of the Lord;" it is written many times in the inspired book that: "Fear of the Lord is the *Principium Sapientiae*—the very foundation of wisdom.

Besides, as doctors of the Church have taught, the fear of the Lord that is the beginning of wisdom, may refer to that *servile* fear—that is afraid of punishment; but that fear of the Lord which is a gift of the Holy Ghost is a filial fear—not thinking of the punishment—but horror of doing anything to offend so infinitely loving a Father, who has so loved us as to become, even in our flesh, our brother, that has sucked the breasts of our mother, our mistress, Mary, and has given us such a mother.

Sweet daughter and sister, press to your heart the cross your spouse sends you. It is a *jewelled* cross, and each pain it gives, lovingly embraced, will give you delight to hold then to the heart of that same body you now suffer in, but that then will be glorified. And that delight will never grow wearisome, and millions of millions of years cannot begin the measure of the duration, the eternity of your reward.

Sweet Sister Teresa, I treat you as I treat our Lord. I *think* very much, very often of you, but I do not work for you—not even by writing a letter in time, though you say my letters give you pleasure.

Poor Papa.

New York, May 21st, 1885.

My most sweet and dear Sister,—This is a note *sharp on business!* You know you are "no longer an infant!" Your sisters, each, on coming of legal age, wrote a note such as I send you . . . . .

Dear sister! How I think every day—and often in the day—of the loving round heart of my Carmelite daughter, trimming the lamp for me, and putting me in the heart of our Lady of Carmel. Was it you or our other dear sister that told me how Mother Ignatius delighted in the Psalm: *Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi?*

Who is the Adjutorium Altissimi? Who, is help of the Most High? Who then, is the *Help of Christians?* Oh, you chosen souls—chosen by our Lord's free grace and purpose, to "*the Order of His Mother*," not to *visit* her, but to *inhabit*—to have your home in her! Of such a one it is said, not

that he will tarry for a time, not "morabitur but com-morabitur;" it is a continual abode. And, in these days before the feast of the Holy Ghost, what a thought for you Carmelites. Then, "in the form of a dove," the Holy Ghost came upon the Apostles; and, in them, on all the Christian fold. But, at the Incarnation, in the Annunciation the Holy Ghost in the power of the Most High came on our Blessed Lady and overshadowed her, and has never ceased so to do! *Scapulis suis obumbrabit tibi; et sub pennis ejus sperabis!* Each of you that our Lord has taken into "the Order of His mother," dwelling in Her, is thus held and warmed by the heart of God. Is this not a thought for you in this Pentecost time?

Dear love to my dear children.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1885.

MY SWEETEST DAUGHTER,—I am growing very inaccurate in memory of days and events. Till to-day, I have been for a week looking forward to to-morrow, the *fifth*, as the anniversary of your clothing. Now, I am reminded it was yesterday, *the third*. Well, that I did not write you a little line for the day, you must take among the other things, little and great, that you must take as your portion, in giving up all things, and counting them as nothing, that you may "win Christ," as the Apostle has it. Oh, how blessed a thing it is to have the grace to *suffer*, and to correspond with that very great grace—that special grace that our Lord keeps for His *dearest friends*. You, my dearest Teresa, have had your share of suffering, begun early in your young life. I feel confident you will not faint on the road, now—even if it shall seem good to our Lord to send you a full cup of what He has drunk of suffering—which was His own *Palace* here below. You know that all you may still suffer will be not worth a thought—compared to the glory and the joy that will follow because of every sorrow or pain. Looking, the other day, in regard to the question once disputed, if there were four or only three nails in the crucifixion of our Lord, I found in the "Mystica Civitas Dei," of Ven. Mary of Agreda, the meaning of the *three* nails. When our Lord, thrown rudely on the cross, was ordered to stretch out His adorable arms—He *first* stretched forth His *right arm*, and so sanctified the virtue of *obedience*. Then His left arm, sanctifying the virtue of *poverty*. And the third nail, piercing both His feet, sanctified the virtue of *chastity*. So it is that in the Crucifix—the best of books of meditation—you *religieuses* have before you the three vows you have taken. I give this to you for a thought, in these days of St. Teresa's *novena*. I remember your suggestion for two years ago, and I have the candles and the candlestick ready to light before the image of St. Teresa. I will begin it to-morrow—Monday evening. Thank you for the Devotion to St. Michael, that dearest Sr. Gertrude sent me. I did not get the letter till Sunday—but I made the *first* on Sunday for Saturday—and St. Michael will not refuse to count it as if I had received the form earlier. Ask Sister Gertrude, in her next letter, to let me know at what hour on St. Teresa's day the Mass will be at which community go to Communion; also, at what hour High Mass is expected to be.

With love to Mother Prioress, Mother Mistress of Novices, and to the others, as well as to our Sister Gertrude—but this is needless—you know my heart is in Carmel.

I salute you,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30th, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Your sister asks me to write to you. How can I write to you? How dare I?

Your Divine spouse is speaking to you! He is showing you *His hands* and *His feet!* He is letting you kiss them. He is *touching* you with them. "His left hand is under your head, and with His right hand He embraces you." *Laeva ejus sub capite meo, et dextera illius amplexabitur me.* The cruel nails wherewith He was pierced are coming out of His hands! Thus it is with those He especially loves. "Nerve up, then, the hands that hang down, and strengthen the knees that tremble." In proportion as He loves you He will let you feel the print of the nails—as if they were too heavy and too sharp for you. But He is close by you—nearer than when

you are free from torture. It is *after* He makes you walk through the desert way—where you see no path out—that He sheds forth "the glory of Libanus, the beauty and comeliness of Carmel and Sharon, and appears Himself coming *thy God* to save thee." That is the way to read the *thirty-fifth chapter of Isaias*, if you are able to read or hear it. My sweet daughter, I—a poor creature of unmortified will—have no right to say anything to a spouse of Jesus Christ; and, notwithstanding, my heart forces me to write to you. You are entered on the life of *perfection*. "*Perfection*" does not mean *perfect*, but only the *road* tending towards the perfect. Do you remember you asked of me, a good while ago, to pray you may be and become "*an obedient and a humble religieuse?*" Do you remember I laughed when I said that would be my *daily* petition for you? That "*humble and obedient*" meant your entire sanctification. And so, now. Except as directed by some one having authority over you, *do not ask* anything farther than that the ever Blessed Mother of God, having chosen you out of so many, to be of *Her Order*, will take you, *as a little one*, at the *beginning* of the grand road of perfection, will vouchsafe to present you to Her Son, our Lord. And you, try to copy, afar off, the wonderful correspondence of our Blessed Mother. *Ask nothing*, but desire that *the will of thy spouse* and of *our most Blessed Mother may be accomplished in thee.*

There are species of dogs called "*Pointers*" and "*Setters.*" These dogs cannot catch the birds the hunters are seeking, but they find where these birds are, and with their paws *point* towards them. And these dogs are content with having some less desirable parts of what the hunters feed on thrown to them.

I am one of these poor dogs—going round about the city of the Great King, and hungry for the food that is abundant in *that city!*

What city is that? Oh, my daughter, you know! *Gloriosa dicta sunt de Te, Civitas Dei nostri.* "Glorious things have ever been told of Thee, City of our God,"—*His Mother, thy Mother, our Mother!* The Virgin Mother Mary—to whose complete charge our Lord has committed His whole work of grace! *Maria, Mater Gratiæ!* In *Her*, with Her Divine Son, who is *ever with* Her! *Dominus tecum*—we are safe and ought to be happy. And she will be gracious even to the *dogs*, that wait hungry but hoping, outside such blessed gates as those that keep, day and night, the true daughters of Her Order.

Courage! Need I cry courage to thee, my beloved daughter? On thy bed of suffering the Everlasting Arms are about thee, and grace, aye greater grace than thou now knowest, is hovering over thee, to "add grace to grace," if thou dost correspond! and I believe you will.

The PAPA *unworthy of his daughters.*

NEW YORK, Sept. 1-2, 1886.

MY SWEET AND BELOVED SISTER IN DOMINO,—Phons. wrote to-day to Sister Gertrude, so I—as to-day is passing into to-morrow—write to her "little mother!" Is it not funny you should be "little mother" to one on whom you used so to depend? Are not God's ways wonderful? I am sure it will not tempt you to pride, but to humility and thankgiving, that God chose you, so little a one, to open Carmel, perhaps, probably to your sister Gertrude—certainly to your poor old papa. And, you remaining faithful and humble, and knowing that God chooses the weak things of this world to confound "those that are counted strong."

Sept. 6.—See how I am treating you! Letter tossed in my travelling bag—postponed from night till morning, and from morning to night. Too bad! I have wanted, after thanking you for scapulars and pamphlets, to tell you what a delightful visit I had on Wednesnesday, Aug. 25th, with our Sister St. John. She was *so much better* that she showed that old *elasticity* she was used to abound in. The day was lovely and she wanted to *walk* down into the grove. I made her get into her *go-cart* to let me have the pleasure of pushing her. And it was into that same nook where we *all*—that is, papa and the *three* daughters and Pho.—took dinner together on the *Corpus Christi*, on which you made your first communion. And I read to her out of St. Bernard on the Canticles—his "*Trahe me post te curremus!*" Her dear face had no trace of pain, but glowed with joy. Dear St.

John, alas, new burdens are coming on her. She is made Assistant Mistress of Novices. Pity and pray for her, and for all burdened with spiritual offices.

Your letter to me, like all your letters, was exceedingly sweet to me. I am writing this at my office, and the hour of closing is at hand. If you get this *Tuesday*, as I hope you will, tell our dearest Gertrude that I intend she shall have a letter by the next day —Wednesday.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1886.

MY OWN—GIVEN GLADLY—TO BE *altogether* SISTER OF THE HEART OF JESUS,—"Not that you have already attained or are already perfect." But you are on the surest road by which to "*reach forward,*" to reach while running "for the prize of the high calling." I am a mean father not to write to a daughter that is so kind in writing to me. But it is some special grace of God, if any words I write can give you any spiritual thoughts. How can it be? I am, as I often think of myself, like "Baalam the son of Pear," the man that saw great truths and declared them, "As one in sleep, but having his eyes open," that "beholding but not near," remained *cold* as the jet of an electric light. Is it not better for you neither to ask for my written words, nor even to read them when I write them? I am so harsh, so slothful, so *full of self*, that I fear, even when I write words precious in their source, that—as "the dead fly in the precious ointment of the apothecary"—my vices create a bad odor even in the holiest words I may use.

Yes, Gertrude, of the heart of Jesus, the words of Mont-Fouque, in his strange allegory of Undine, applies wonderfully to a religious vocation. "There must be something very beautiful, but at the same time very awful about having a soul."

You, my beloved one, have no longer a choice. It is made! Shall I write here for you the lines you used to love, and that are Catholic—whoever wrote them:

A charge to keep I have,
  A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
  And fit it for the sky.

From youth to hoary age
  This purpose to fulfil,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
  To do my Master's will.

Teach me to watch and pray,
  And on Thine aid rely,
Knowing, if I my trust betray,
  I must forever die.

Dip deeper, my daughter, than from anything I can write. You remember that I, singularly, had drawn for me last Pentecost at Carmel, at Sharon, and I for myself, the "Gift of Knowledge." I have tried to gain a little of it. The Holy Ghost has graciously given me—with great forbearance, because of my misery—a little, a very little, look—as through a smoked glass, faintly—of what this gift of knowledge means. 1st, a knowledge very dimly of myself. Oh! were it only of my own *nothingness*, I could hope to be *filled* with Jesus and Mary. But it is a faint gleam of insight into the filthiness, the hideousness of the nothingness of my soul, as I have degraded it. I am sure, had I sight of but one-fifth part of the hideous ugliness of my soul, as it appears in God's sight, I would fall dead of horror. To this sight is given me, most faintly, blessed be God, the same "gift of knowledge" shows me—so far as I can embrace it—not only the infinite justice of God, but the infinitude of His *mercy*, which is over all His works in Jesus and in Mary.

So, you drew the gift of "Understanding." It is a *passive,* that is, a *receptive* gift. Treasure then, my beloved, every word spoken to you in the sacrament of Confession, even if they seem childish and unconsidered words. Some of the greatest instructions I have ever received have been in the Confessional, from unlearned priests whose words, when uttered, forced a smile at their simplicity. But, go aright to Confession, and it is God that sits there and speaks by His priest.

In a late letter you asked if it was from a *full* heart that the mouth speaks? No, my daughter. When the heart is full—if of good thoughts—*the fire burns* while the heart keeps silence, except in silent adoration. But the words of holy Writ are: "From the *abundance* of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The *abundance* is the *overflow*. "While I kept silence the fire burned, *afterwards* I spoke with my mouth." These are the words of the Psalm.

But see how I have run on and *run over* from the sheet I began to write on.

When I spoke about listening to your Confessor, you know the same rule of sanctity reaches to the voices of our dear superiors, whenever they speak to you as superiors.

But the shallow fountain has been running over too much.

PAPA.

From another letter he adds:

Have you also not learned something more than ever before by the gift of "Understanding?" "Understanding," you remember, is a *receptive* faculty. Its use is to be quiet and let God work, and to receive and be ready to put in practice what He impresses on the waiting soul. "I will stand on my watch-tower and note what he will say to me." No *idle* waiting—but a *waiting*; to hear, that *afterwards* "I may know what to answer Him."

But I have time for no more. My heart's love to you, to dear little Teresa.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1884.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Three Tuesdays have passed and no letter from me, despite my good "resolutions." I have a letter to write to dear Mother Prioress about the translation I send her, in printed proofs of the ritual of Clothing. I want you to assure her by what you know of me so well, that I have no particle of attachment to *my work* in it, and will be glad of any corrections, or of its utter rejection. *You* know my motive in making the version. I did it for our Lady of Carmel, for St. Teresa and for the Carmel that holds the largest part of my poor heart.

Trudey, I want to know about Sr. Agnes. You made the novena invoking the intercession of Father Jogues. She is not cured. I asked on the Monday the novena began, our dear Sr. St. John to join, and get the Sharon nuns to join in the novena. Our darling St. John, in that strange, quiet manner of hers, said: "Why, before I ever came to Sharon to school, I used to pray to Father Jogues. I thought he was a saint. I wish you would ask the dear nuns to make another novena. To make it *markedly* and *distinctly*, asking God to honor His servant and martyr—Father Jogues—by a signal cure of dear Sr. Agnes. Ask Sharon to join Carmel. For my part, I *vow*, if I live, and this grace is granted, that, with all the theological cautions carefully guarded, I will use my journal and my personal influence for the honor of that heroic servant of God, Pere Jogues, and his inscription among the canonised saints.

Sweet Trudey, put down all the points you want to speak of on paper, before week after next. But your big heart will be too full! Blessed be God, and Lord Jesus Christ and His most Blessed Mother, besides the saintly sufferer in Sharon, I have *two* daughters in Carmel! Whence is it to me, miserable old wretch, to have so many harbingers of salvation, so many great strong wings, as of eagles, to force me all the time to look towards heaven, though "I am chained to earth."

Love to your dear "little mother." Tell her I think of her as she used to sit quiet on that old sofa, looking at me with "half-shed tears that never fell." And that I remember her long years after, when I used to listen, outside, while she was playing notes of music that were to be hushed soon by the grander music of the voice of her spouse calling her to Carmel.

To you, my inexpressibly dear daughter, I send no love. Have you no need in Carmel of your guardian angel, then you send him to me to whisper at night and by the wayside at day? What if tears fall fast and often, they are all tears of joy, and not a black five minutes!

PATER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET SISTER IN DOMINO,—Had any one told me that I could have been so fooled by my whims and acted so mean a part as to have let three full weeks pass since I parted with you, a clothed Carmelite, I could not have believed it—bad, and chronically bad as I have known myself. I have felt so ashamed that, week after week, I almost wished you had punished me by ceasing to

write the letters that have been so dear to me

But, do you know, I think very often that your guardian angel—especially about half-past seven in the morning—is prompting me? One morning, the alarm going off at seven and my sleep broken, I wanting another half hour, I asked your guardian angel to waken me, and it seemed to me that as of old I saw you and heard you say: "Pater, dear, it is half-past seven." Enough of this, we will know more about it when we meet *up there!*

We had a "tea party" at the Keileys, on the Sunday after the clothing—the great thing in it, the Carmelite wedding cake. I invited Mr. Harper but he was not well enough to come. In fact, from the Tuesday I telegraphed him, for a week he did not go to his counting-house, the doctor advising him. It was a kind of neuralgia of the frame work of the chest. He is looking very much better now. I see him every week, he usually paying me a visit in my hermitage, and it is very pleasant for me to see him. I am in better health than ever, except for so much drowsiness—that is a new thing for me. I am continuing this page the day after this sheet is dated, and it so happens I am constantly interrupted.

I am not altogether surprised that our Lord has not answered the novena to Fr. Jogues. Do we not read repeatedly in the holy scriptures that repetition of supplication is the rule our Lord makes before granting a special grace? Even our Lord in His agony prayed *three times*, using the same words. And the apostle explains the rest by saying that He, the Lord Jesus, "was heard in that He feared for!" Do you remember what that was, as revealed to the Venerable Mary of Agreda? So, for himself, the apostle said he "besought the Lord *three times*" for relief from his infirmities, and then had the answer promising sufficiency of grace! Best of all and most to the point is our Lord's parable of the hard-hearted judge and the poor widow that importuned him with her prayers. So I hope "Carmel and Sharon" will unite soon again in an earnest novena full of faith to Father Jogues and his companions in martyrdom, that He will signalise His servants who suffered in the Mohawk valley, by granting *these two cures*. Surely the affection of Carmel and Sharon for each other must be pleasing in His eyes! And this is a time for miracles; and the bosoms of fervent convents are places wherein it is most easy to verify the reality of supernatural cures. I will send you tomorrow extracts from this week's Freeman, containing a remarkable sermon of Archbishop Ryan, etc.

The bell rings for locking up the office. In a day or two I will certainly write "our little mother" in answer to her dear letter. Love of course to *all* the daughters.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1885.

MY MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,—How good in you never to fail of the letter on Sunday—no matter what your suffering, from heat or other causes! Yet, do not be so particular! I can bear the disappointment. I know you will be glad to hear *I im well!* Truth is, the last visit to Carmel did not cure me as it usually does. I was sick, and continued sick after my return. Every day at my office—but sick stomach, weak, unable to eat or sometimes to sleep. Truth to say—you cannot grieve to hear it—I have missed the kind hand of my darling, but, not for one minute, have I ceased to bless our Lord and His mother, that you are in *her* Order and not with me. Monday morning brought a change of temperature, and health with it. But how you Carmelites must have suffered! Well, that is *ad quid exivistis!* For that you have gone forth from the world, bearing the cross after Him. Yes, you are right about patience. It connotes tribulation. The apostle says: (Romans v., 3-5) "We glory in tribulations, for tribulation worketh patience; and patience proving (or probation) and proving hope; and hope maketh not ashamed because of the love of God, poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." Patience is the holy enduring of tribulation, in whatever form God sends it. It is your enduring "*patientia vestra*," and is through free grace made your own possession in your soul. The possession of likeness to our Lord, who has vouchsafed to "be made perfect through sufferings."

The context of the gospel (St. Luke xxi.) from which the antiphon is taken, is very striking. It told of persecution and death, but "not one hair of your head shall perish!" No need of wigs in the Resurrection, for those who have given up life and all for our Lord in this world! Though all is His free purchase, He makes it the possession proper of each that strives to follow and be like Him, that each shall hold not only patience, but all virtues, not as borrowed ornaments, but as personal possessions! How good is our Lord; how blessed they who are altogether given up to His service!

Pray for poor papa, cowardly and crawling along on the earth, while seeing how blessed it is to mount up on wings as eagles, and to run without fainting.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER AND SISTER IN DOMINO,—For three days I have wanted to write you, at least a little letter, to tell you that I am no longer sick.

And you, my dear Carmelites, housed up in your little cells, and you, darling, that feel the heat so much! King Ezechias, as told of him in Isaias xxxvi., when in the middle of his thirty years' reign, surrounded by comforts, was sick to death and told to put his house in order that he must die. When God heard his prayers and added another fifteen years to the fifteen he had already passed, he recounted the years he had passed, in bitterness of soul. I suppose it was to resolve to spend the years to come more profitably. Pray for me, not for my temporal comfort, but that I may make better use of the days or months or years, that God may still grant me, in doing penance for my sins, and trying to promote His glory. When I think so many times every day of my dear tender daughters—the two in Carmel and that other little one in Sharon, suffering continually, knowing how great are the rewards of every one of these sufferings—in holy religion, under sanctifying obedience, and contrast these with my soft life, going whither I choose, resting at my own will, eating what I fancy at my own judgment, it is a daily thought with me—but, alas, most often thoughts not reduced to practice—that I should enter into the words of Ezechias, in the chapter of Isaias above cited: "In pace amaritudo mea amarissima!" In this sluggish hugging of peace for the body, the bitterness that should be mine at lost time, and fast vanishing opportunities for gaining merits for Heaven, are the most bitter —and still, for want of courage, I am chained to earth, and to the momentary allurements of earth.

I miss the visit to Baltimore, that, by month's reckoning, would be due next week. Never mind! I will try and enjoy it the more for two days, the 19th and 20th of the following week.

Please tell dear Mother Prioress that, except a full box of lemons is heavy to handle in getting into the convent, I cannot think of sending half a box, with all the hot weather that is ahead. I send this time Catanias, as good—though not so good looking—as Palermos, but that will keep longer if not wanted. Only let them be put in a cool place, and let the Sister in charge pick out those that are least hard.

I have sent also the oil to dear Sister Teresa, with great joy. I *hope* to write her by the next mail.

I do not send love to any. I keep it, however, forever in my heart for all, and, as you know, in particular.

PAPA.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PROPHET ELISEUS.

BY REV. A. F. BRUDER, O.C.C.

ELISEUS the Prophet, son of Saphat, of Abelmeula, was one of God's chosen instruments in the old dispensation, to look after the interests of God's own people and put to shame the enemies of His holy name.

Eliseus became a disciple of the Prophet Elias, whose work in Israel was continued and found its completion in Eliseus—"*Et in Eliseo completus est spiritus ejus*" Eccl. 48:13. We read in the 3rd book of Kings, 19:19, that at the time of his calling by Elias, Eliseus was ploughing his father's fields. He no sooner heard the call, than he prepared to leave everything behind, and only requested to be allowed to bid his aged parents adieu. He ever remained a faithful disciple and companion to Elias, until the latter was carried away in a fiery chariot, 4 Kings 3:11. Being questioned by Elias, he asked for the double spirit of his master, and his petition was granted. The mantle which Elias in his ascent let fall upon Eliseus was a sign that this great favor was granted him, that the spirit of the master had descended upon the disciple. The other disciples of Elias willingly submitted to the authority of their new leader, when in the very first moment they beheld him divide the waters of the river Jordan by means of his mantle, a miracle similar to the one wrought by Elias before his ascent. As we read in the 4 Book of Kings 2:13, the prophetic life of Eliseus lasted from B.C. 896 to 840. His life during these years was that of a Thaumaturgus. They are related in 4th of Kings. He divided the waters of the Jordan, healed the drinking waters by casting in salt, procured rain, prophesied victory to the kings of Israel, Juda and Edom against Moab, raised a dead child to life, increased the oil in the vessel of the Sunamitess, cleansed Naaman, the Syrian, of leprosy, made iron swim upon water, blinded the Syrians who were sent to take him prisoner, in a time of famine foretold a time of great plenty, annointed and deposed kings, at his invocation the children who mocked him were killed by bears, and even after his death a dead man was raised to life, his body having come in contact with that of the prophet. In consequence of the many miracles wrought by Eliseus, his fame spread far and wide. Even from far-off lands they had recourse to him in troubles and difficulties. Eliseus was always considered in the Church a prototype of the Redeemer. Indeed, there exists a striking similarity between the miracles of Christ and those of Eliseus. Our Lord at various times drew the attention of the multitude to this prophet, (Luke 4:27).

We read in the writings of St. Jerome, that the tomb of Eliseus was highly venerated in his days. In the reign of Julian, the Apostate, it was destroyed, however, some of his relics were preserved and brought partly to Alexandria, others to Constantinople, others again to Ravenna.

The Prophet Eliseus is highly venerated in the Carmelite Order. In fact, after Elias he is looked upon as one of its most glorious pillars. In the Carmelite Order, his feast is celebrated on June 14th.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh! woman, lovely womankind,
Be careful how you play
The role of queen in this, your realm,
To him whom you may sway."

AS was expected Fenton came bounding up the steps bright and early. He received a very hearty welcome, especially from Charity. Our traveller did not come empty handed. He had brought presents galore from the sunny South. Faith got a beautiful doll, and later in the day a large and roomy rocking-chair came for "grandma" Werker. To his faithful house-keeper, in whom his hopes for future happiness centred, Fenton gave a pin with a pretty gold heart pendant on which had been engraved the recipient's name "Charity."

Fenton found agreeable surprises on all sides. His advertisement had brought him more than he had ever expected. "There is something in printer's ink, after all," thought Fenton. He had now a good house-keeper, and Faith was well looked after. And everything was so fresh and cozy. Even the food had a sweeter taste.

A happy man was Harry Fenton as he went that evening to enjoy a genuine "Key West" in his study or "den" as he called it.

Faith was a privileged one, so she followed her father into his "sanctum sanctorum" and was soon seated on his knees, and it was not long before she was off into the land of Nod.

With the beautiful child reclining on his breast, soft colors all around him, the odor of fresh roses on the little table at his side, and from the outer room coming sweet soft tones from the organ, whose reeds spoke so soulfully under Charity's touch; how else could Harry Fenton be else than in a blissful mood. And so he was.

But in the midst of his musing his eye caught sight of the etching which faced him. Thoughts of other days began to shape themselves, and Fenton thought.

"Yes, Harry Fenton, you *think* you are happy. Perhaps you are. But, O God! all is not complete. There is still a void. Oh, if I had but played my part well. But I didn't—and like yonder player intent in the chess game, I forgot my part and sacrificed my queen. But perhaps all is not irretrievable."

Fenton was now putting his thoughts into words, which were only drowned by Charity's playing. As it was, he awoke Faith. She rubbed her eyes, which first met another picture, not yet seen by Fenton.

"Look, papa!" she exclaimed, "there's mamma!"

Fenton was afraid to turn his head. He was struck dumb. He was almost paralysed. What on earth could the child mean? His very blood froze in him. He finally summoned enough courage to turn in the direction pointed out by Faith and his fear was somewhat allayed. But what possessed the child to say "there's mamma?" Had a face appeared at the window?

Then Charity came knocking at the door. As she entered and saw Faith looking at the picture she smiled.

"Do you know, Mr. Fenton," she said, "that Faith has become a great devotee to our Blessed Lady, whom she calls mother, mamma and other most endearing names! So beautiful in a child, isn't it? Dear little child, she would give me no peace if I didn't dress her up every month as a flower-girl in the beautiful scapular procession held up at Father Angelo's. Faith will have excuses enough to enter your room now, since she will often want to come and greet her heavenly Mother hanging there on the wall. You will have to blame me for all this, Mr. Fenton."

By this time the mystery was cleared up in Fenton's mind—still he had not gotten over it. When Charity came again into the kitchen she said to her mother: "Mr. Fenton looks ghastly pale. I wonder what can be the matter."

Charity soon returned in order to put Faith to bed. As she approached, Fenton said "come in," but I think he said the words uninvitingly. Charity drew back for a few moments. It seemed wrong to intrude while such a tender and pathetic scene progressed. Poor girl, her heart jumped into her throat. And what caused it all? A simple thing indeed. Faith was saying "good-night," and absolutely refused to go until her father knelt down and said a little prayer with her before that picture of the divine "mamma." Faith was victorious, and Fenton had to obey. He recited the *Salve Regina* after Faith and just before Charity knocked, from Fenton's lips there came those words of the prayer, "our Life, our Sweetness and our Hope . . . "

Almost every evening found Fenton now at home. While the tea things were being cleaned and put away, he devoted his time to the newspaper and a smoke. Later on when all was quiet Fenton spent many a pleasant hour with Charity and her mother.

Faith's education and future career was a frequent topic with Charity and Fenton.

"Dear child!" said Charity, "do you know I have become much attached to her, Mr. Fenton. She reminds me of both of my sisters, one a namesake of your child—Faith. Ah! I shall never forget her. And, as I said, Faith, too, reminds me of my sister Hope. Poor girl, she had her faults (and who hasn't?) but you could not help but love her. Oh, I do wish you could have seen her, Mr. Fenton. She really was a handsome girl. Some day I'll try and get her picture to show you. Her only fault was she was somewhat vain and imperious. All she needed was a little suffering and humiliation and then she would be the one whom many a good husband would give much to have, that she might queen it over his heart and home. Yes, indeed, when she loved once, her love was elasting, even if it didn't seem so. On the surface she may not have appeared what she was, but I assure you her heart was gold."

As Charity went on with this panegyric on her long-lost sister, Fenton

was doing some very profound thinking and at intervals his eyes involuntarily were glued to the little gold cross which graced Charity's bosom.

"Well, she is gone now," went on Charity, quite unconscious of how cruelly she pulled at the strings of Fenton's heart. "I cannot help but think of poor Hope. I hope she is happy now. Alas! only one who has experienced it knows what it is to lose a dear sister."

"Yes, and grief the deepest to lose a wife," broke in Fenton with tearful voice.

Charity had touched a tender chord, and it was too late to introduce some other topic. The woman now showed herself in Charity and her curiosity being aroused she asked Fenton:

"Is your wife buried near here? Do you think I could conveniently find the grave?

"No," was Fenton's short answer to both questions, and Charity was none the wiser.

"The reason why I asked," she went on, "was because I have raised some very nice flowers during your absence, among them some lovely forget-me-nots, which would be just the thing to put on the grave of a beloved one. We have a large number of them on Faith's (my other sister's) grave. If we could only find out where poor Hope is laid, if she is dead, which seems to be certain, the lovely little flower would be planted there, too."

"Oh, your sister may turn up some day. You know the saying is that 'While there's life there's hope,' Miss Werker," said Fenton, who was trying to assume a cheerful air.

"Yes," replied Charity, "I would love to find Hope still among the living. Oh! how I would throw myself into her arms to forgive and be forgiven, and what joy to poor mother. You and I have our faults. So had Hope, but

'The best may slip and the most cautious fall,
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.' "

"You have great taste, Chari—Miss Werker. I must congratulate and thank you for all your work in my studio," said Fenton, who in truth was trying to change the subject of conversation.

"Oh, well, it is the best a poor country-girl can do," said Charity. "But," she continued, "what do you think of the pictures? Be honest, now."

"Very well selected," said Fenton. "It's quite a coincidence that you have chosen that picture—I mean the etching over my desk. Do you know that the drawing of those players and chessmen had a parallel in my life? I don't care to recall any sad remembrances now but I can't help remarking that men and women are but players in this world—just as Shakespeare said, 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' 'Tis only too true—our meeting at times seems accidental, but I think it is really providential. Often, too, do sad beginnings bring happy endings. Yes, Miss Werker, strange influences are at work around us."

"Only too true," answered Charity, "great influences indeed—and in my opinion the greatest is prayer. It is often true that 'what man proposes, God disposes.' In truth, we are but instruments in God's hands. Oh, if we had the proper faith, what wonders would unfold themselves to us; how our hope would yearn for better things and then perhaps I would be more charity in deed than I am in name."

"It was very thoughtful of you to get that chess board," said Fenton smiling, "but it is not like solitaire—it takes two to play it."

"It verifies the scriptural saying that it is not good for man to be alone," said Charity, whose bright brown eyes were laughing.

"If you don't mind," said Fenton, "I'll initiate you into the mysteries of the game."

The figures were placed on the board and Charity took her place opposite Fenton.

"Now," commenced Fenton, assuming a meditative mood, "please pay attention."

"There you have the board," he went on, "the field of action—as it were the stage. All is above board and everything on the square. There are thirty-two white squares and as many black ones—64 altogether, somewhat about the limit of human life. Not one square over and above 64. Such, my dear friend, is our life which is measured out by Him who gave it to us. Observe, too, that whenever a figure is touched with intent to move, moved it must be or it is lost. And so it is that in the serious steps of life, we cannot recall them. Some of the spots on the board are dark, some light, and so in life we have sunshine and shadows. There is little talk necessary in this game—it is indeed a very silent game, and so should we go quietly through our life's game with not too much a flourish of trumpets. Too quiet a game for the ladies, is it not, Miss Werker? The chief figure and central one on the board is, you observe, the king. We cannot get along without a leader. We must all have a ruler, be it reason or passion—the devil or God. You also notice each player has eight pieces and eight pawns. Eight, you know, is significant of perfection—remember the eight beatitudes, they are great aids to us in the game of life. Those figures with the horses' heads represent knights; but the age of knighthood is gone, although at times we are amused to hear in our day companies of men calling themselves Right Worshipful Sir Knight this or that. Poor fools! they remind me of the saying about the wolf in sheep's clothing. See too the castles, sometimes called rooks. They remind you of the castles of antiquity, and also of the fact that every man's house is his castle, and likewise of those silly ones who build castles in the air."

"Why, Mr. Fenton, I knew drummers could talk, but never thought they were such serious thinkers," said Charity.

"Pardon me, Miss Werker," Fenton continued, "but I now come to the most important figure in the game, the queen. There are two queens and they are equally matched. One is white, the other black—you see the lesson there. It is that color doesn't count. The black skinned Cissy or Sue who presides over a family of pickaninnies in old Virginny is as much a household queen in the negro's eyes as are the fair skinned graces who have erected their thrones up here in the chilly North. In this interesting, ancient and noble game of chess, the queen is the important piece, as I said. She is the strongest assistant and defender her royal spouse has. There are no limits to her moves. She can sweep down in all directions, and it means death to all who stand in her way. She flies away into the ranks of the enemy, and often runs in opposite directions from the king. It reminds me of the comparison of a husband and wife to the blades of a scissors which

go in different ways, but heaven spare what comes between. Yes, the queen is ever faithful. She never deserts her post, and always tries to have a clear path by which she can retreat to her place beside the king. Sometimes she gets on the king's square, but as a rule keeps on her own color. Remember that rule, *Queen on her own color.* Nowadays the would-be queens (those wasp-shaped fairies who take our seats in the street cars) generally stand on other colors than their own, and how offensive it is to those who are not color-blind. And, as I was going to say, the chess queen at times goes so far as to sacrifice her own life for the king. And, again, she is often his sole companion, when things come to extremes. And when, as a captive, he dies who is there to console him? The queen. 'Tis but a game, Miss Werker, but how analogous to life!"

"But must the queen bear all the burdens and heats of the day?" asked Charity.

"Always in chess and not seldom in life," said Fenton. "You see, we men are very apt to put too many burdens on our queens. Thereby we often kill them and sometimes lose them. We are selfish, inconsiderate and altogether too exacting. An open confession is good for the soul. We expect our queens to be perfect, but we are blind to our faults. Half of us do not deserve to have a queen."

"One thing you failed to explain. What of those remaining figures—what you called bishops?"

"Oh! they represent the hierarchy and clergy. A very good thing in its place—what some consider a necessary evil—symbolical, I suppose, of prompt application for salary due."

This last came from Fenton as a mere bit of fun at Charity, who was very sensitive at anything pertaining to God's annointed, so I crave the reader's patience, if I quote Charity's rejoinder which ran:

"Give me now a chance to draw a lesson. The bishops, as Faith can tell you, are the successors of the Apostles, they rule in God's place. They have a power far surpassing any of your kings and queens—and so has any priest. We make little of these men of God, and God Himself will demand an account for any injury done to them, who are the "apple of His eye." God showed His great love toward us, when He gave such power to His priests, whereby they can bind and loosen. They are our best friends. They are with us from our entrance into the world till our exit from it. We do not respect or appreciate them properly, and woe be to us for it. If some wicked minded person speaks ill of them, we too readily believe it. And then we have the large army of regular clergy—the monk and friar—showing us the higher walks of virtue. How often do we thank God for sending us these angels to guide and succor us?"

"All very fine, Miss Werker, but what of all these ecclesiasticle laws; are they not obnoxious at times?"

"Yes, to those who break them," replied Charity.

"I for my part have thought that the church is rather strict at times—especially——" and he stopped short—but it was evident to Charity that Fenton some time in his life had encountered a sign which read, "Thou shalt not," etc.

"Well," said Fenton, "let me finish up what I have to say about this chess game or it will be too late. I was going to say that in the game you will find many surprises, pitfalls, unexpected attacks, unlooked for enemies.

Even your own men will stay in your way and cause your ruin. So much like life, is it not?"

"O, yes, the life of man upon earth is a warfare," said Charity. "Job said so long ago. Enemies from within and enemies without, and we are our worst enemies."

Oh, well, let's wind up the game, or at least the explanation," said Fenton, who looked as if he needed a good share of holy Job's distinguishing virtue. "Now, Miss Werker, when the game closes," Fenton explained, "you either win the game or lose it, that's clear, but sometimes no one wins, and then it is called 'a draw,' *Ergo*, as the college boys say—if I win, I checkmate my opponent, if he overcomes me, then I am checkmated. If the king of the one who has to move cannot do so without walking into checkmate, then it's a draw—or in the language of the game "a stalemate," and the honors are divided. So it is in life, we often give checkmate and in turn are ourselves vanquished, and at other times it is only a stalemate. I checkmated a man once when a queen was at stake, and in turn was myself checkmated. I am at a loss to know what to expect next. I'll give you the honor of being my prophetess, Miss Werker, what will it be?"

"A stalemate!" answered Charity.

In truth she didn't know what she was saying, nor understand the drift of Fenton's figurative language.

And the queens, bishops and pawns were thrown into the box to await the day on which another opponent crossed swords with Fenton.

As Charity arose from the chess-table she turned towards the other picture of the Queen of Carmel.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Fenton?" she asked.

"Very pretty. Where did you get the frame?" said Fenton.

"In the garret," said Charity, "and I don't think it nice of you to have gotten rid of the other picture. It is very true we often are anxious to obliterate some images from our minds, but I think you should have at least allowed me to see it—surely I would have been interested to see the fair one who was formerly the queen of your home, and what a delight it would be to Faith, to have at least one reminder of her mother."

Fenton remained silent, and Charity didn't press the point; however, she was not going to retire without a parting shot at Fenton on religion, so she said gently:

"We were talking of queens, Mr. Fenton, and it seems to me that's the best queen of any household. Our holy mother there is always asking our love and homage. She is the valiant queen ever ready to fight our battles. You men of business have no time for devotion—you leave it to the women, but I tell you nothing would be lost if you commenced to know and honor Mary. It would bring a blessing on you. You would do anything for me, I know. Now show your love for me by saying a few *Hail Marys* daily, won't you?"

"I'll try," said Fenton.

Charity said "good-night" adding that she must hurry to her room and say her rosary.

"For whom will you say the beads?" asked Fenton, as Charity gave a parting dash of holy-water to his room.

"For Harry Fenton," replied Charity.

"Thank you, Charity," followed her as she vanished.

And soon after Fenton was sleeping soundly, dreaming of bishops, pawns and queens.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY.

BY M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.

IF you are bent upon the pilgrimage of the Nine Tuesdays, let us hope in a devout frame of mind and filled with faith untainted by that fatal *if* that leaves half our prayers unanswered—the trolley will speed you towards the east end of the town. It is the poor end, of course, the region of dirt and squalor, the abode of cosmopolitanism where sign boards creak to the breezes in the distinctive names of Germany, Poland, Italy, France, and half a dozen other countries of Europe, not to mention that Erin which is always with us. Pawnshops and Jewish second-hand clothing shops jostle each other. It is the land of three cent schupers and free concert halls, of hand-me-down suits and gaudy millinery, of mission halls, free kindergartens and diet kitchens.

When you have gone several miles through this region, your trolley journey is at an end and you proceed on foot up a narrow little side street to the big, grey stone building, jutting on another cross street, which, in the grey light of the winter afternoon, puts on a certain medieval Gothic appearance and dwarfs the miserable little dwellings about it precisely as do so many of the European cathedrals in somewhat similar locations. There is a touch of the old-world too, to our American eyes, in the Franciscan monastery attached to the church.

"There is something very peaceful and satisfying, as well as picturesque, about this heap of grey stone and the cowled brown figure standing for a moment in the doorway of the monastery. That harmony of quiet color in building and clouds, and the network of tall branches against the sky which in summer will be a dignified cluster of elms, impresses one more to-day than ever before. I suppose it is because it is the last of my Tuesday visits and it all seems to me a sort of personification of the intensity of my desire. Well, Saint Anthony has to take care of that," and with a little sigh which ended her inward soliloquy, Mrs. Irwin ascended the steps and entered the church.

She was a middle-aged woman, very tall and graceful in appearance. Her black hair parted simply and brushed from her face was thickly sprinkled with white, and the soft and gentle beauty of her face did not hide the lines that told of thought and care and sorrow that had mingled with the happiness of her life.

She walked softly up the aisle towards the distant corner where stood the beautiful shrine of St. Anthony. A pyramid of tapers flamed on either side. A little lamp glowed before the reliquary of the saint. Before the railing in front of the statue knelt several women. Further back in the church were many suppliants whose eyes were fixed earnestly upon the beautiful face of the saint who holds the Divine Infant in his arms. If the beseeching of these eager eyes be answered, St. Anthony will have cured many a heartache. Who does not come to him? Here are women and men, old and young, rich

and poor, even little children. Everybody comes begging of St. Anthony for relief from ills of soul and body. Those candles as they burn and flicker tell their story to him of sorrow and sickness and want and temptation.

Mrs. Irwin took her place at the railing and prayed fervently for several minutes. Then she arose and lighted a taper. At first she tried to light the one poised on the apex of the pyramid but, tall though she was, it proved beyond her reach and, with a smile and a murmur relative to those who exalt themselves, she contented herself with a candle in a less conspicuous position. Then she went towards the rear of the church, knelt in the corner of an empty pew and began telling her beads. Something caused her to raise her eyes. Involuntarily she glanced across the aisle. Her eyes remained fixed, her hand dropped and her beads fell with a little clatter to the floor. Facing her across the aisle was John Irwin, her husband.

The man, a striking looking personage with grey hair and unusually bright blue eyes, was equally surprised. For a minute or two husband and wife remained gazing at each other. Then, believing evidently that his sight was deceiving him, Mr. Irwin slowly passed his hand over his eyes. The spell was broken. With one impulse both rose to their feet and left the church together.

Outside they stood silently side by side. As usual, it was the woman who was first to apologize and explain.

"John, I should have told you before that I have been a Roman Catholic for a year, but I waited until I finished what we Catholics call a novena of nine Tuesdays to St. Anthony. I was asking," she went on slowly, "his intercession for your conversion."

Mr. Irwin looked at her silently—amazement, pleasure, amusement was in his glance, but above all, a deep and true affection.

"Well, Margaret," said he finally, "this is indeed extraordinary news. But why don't you ask me what I was doing at St. Anthony's shrine? I, too, my dear wife, am a Roman Catholic and have been of the faith for nearly a year. I, too, confess that I should have told you my secret before but I, too, have been making what '*we Catholics*' call a novena of St. Anthony's Tuesdays for your conversion."

He broke into a roar of hearty laughter. She echoed it and peal after peal of merry laughter rang through the quiet little street.

"How did it happen?" said she at last, her gentle eyes agleam with joy and laughter.

"How did it happen?" repeated he.

Then they laughed again.

"Ellen, the cook, is responsible for my conversion," said Mrs. Irwin. "I saw many instances of her marvellous faith. It touched and impressed me. I spoke of it to her. She gave me one of her Catholic books to read. Not to hurt her feelings, I took it, was interested in spite of myself, fell back upon Newman's *Apologia*, and the Jesuits did the rest. I said nothing to you at first because I knew your agnostic views and feared you would be hurt and angry at what you would deem a piece of folly on my part. Afterward, I hoped for your conversion. That, in a word, is my story."

"Mine shall be equally brief. I fell into the hands of the Franciscans and the logic of the situation compelled me to become a Catholic. It was this very church I was passing one evening, some legal business having called me into this part of the town, when a

Mission was being given here. An unaccountable whim of curiosity seized me. I entered the church, heard the sermon and came again every other night of the mission. At the end of that time I was a Catholic. I did not tell you immediately because I dreaded your contempt. Great as is the gulf between a good Episcopalian and an Agnostic, it is nothing to the chasm that divides your good Episcopalian from a Roman Catholic."

"How wonderful are the ways of God!" she murmured.

He reverently raised his hat. "And how happy I am!" was in the natural sequence of a woman's logic, her next remark.

The man glanced swiftly around. There was no one in sight. His arms gathered her tenderly towards him and the fervent love in his look and tone would have convinced any sceptic that the charm of marriage had not vanished for these two even at the end of a quarter of a century.

"Ah, love, am I not happy also?" said he. "It is the perfecting and rounding up of all our happy days together."

"Shall we not go in and thank St. Anthony, dear?"

Together they entered the church and, hand in hand, they knelt before the shrine. St. Anthony and the Babe in his arms smiled down upon their happy faces. The lighted tapers of the pyramid had burned down to the sockets. A monk in sandaled feet stepped softly from the sacristy and replaced the burnt-out candles.

John Irwin rose from his knees and approaching the stand of tapers, lighted the candle at the apex of the pyramid. The light flamed joyously upward. As husband and wife watched its steady glow, they felt that for them the old lights had vanished and the new begun to shine.

LINES ON RECEIVING A BOUND VOLUME OF THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

(ADDRESSED TO THE REVEREND EDITOR.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

LIKE a soft zephyr wafted from Mount Carmel
O'er the blue sea, with whisperings of love;
Like the fair star-gleams from the throne of Mary,
There in bright angel-land of light above.
Sweet as those scented flowrets that are blooming
Far in the mossy glade and woodland lane,
Came to my soul these thoughts of our Blest Lady.
Breathings of loving hearts, ... and of my own.
Father, thy gift is soothing to my spirit,
E'en as a nameless, mystic melody,
And, in the heart of Mary's lowly "Enfant,"
Vibrates an echo softly, gratefully.
May that dear Mother's sweet and holy blessing
Shed o'er thy soul her own celestial balm!
And "post exilium" may she lead thee gently
On to the glorious vision of the Lamb!

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE SCAPULAR.

A Life Saved.

"Filled with gratitude towards God and the Blessed Virgin, I wish to publish and thereby, if possible, to perpetuate the remembrance of a miraculous event, by which my eldest son, who is superintendent of the railroad depot at Moux (France), was benefitted.

On the 9th of April, 1887, Saturday before Easter, a special train dashed into the depot at Moux at the very moment when a woman was crossing the track. There was no doubt but that the woman would meet her death. The superintendent of the depot frantically rushed towards her and half lifting her, threw her on the sidewalk. At this moment the train reached the spot, on which my son stood. The crossbar in front of the locomotive, on which the great lantern is fastened, struck against my son and sent him whirling from the track.

The rumor of my son's death spread like wild-fire and soon reached us, his parents, who live at Montauban. But, thanks be to God! my son is alive. Three physicians declared that not one bone in his body was broken, neither was he hurt internally. The doctors justly wondered that the violence of the shock did not kill him. I myself attribute the escape of my son to the protection of heaven. He himself, as soon as he recovered, exclaimed: "My Scapular has saved me." And I know that my son is right. I have seen his shirt and flannel-undershirt all torn, but the Scapular was intact."

BIERMANN, RETIRED ENGINEER.

(Chroniques du Carmel.)

A Conversion.

A pious priest sends us the following communication:

I received a letter, containing these words: "An old man, residing on N. street, is on the point of death. For twenty-two years he was a stranger to every religious practice. Everything has been tried to convert him, but he remains deaf to our entreaties and loving solicitude. Will you please and make a last effort? Call on him as soon as possible. Be not offended when he tells you to leave him, for he is greatly prejudiced against priests."

I was stupefied reading the above words. I understood at once, that, in order to convert such a man, a miracle, and indeed a great miracle, was needed. Remembering the magnificent promise, made by the Blessed Virgin, to save from the flames of hell all those who die, clothed with the Scapular of Carmel, I at once took a Scapular and armed with a bottle of holy water, I started for the house of the dying man, resolved to put the Scapular on him.

I was ushered into his room. Glancing around the room I tried to find some emblem of religion. Alas! All I could see were some irreligious newspapers and periodicals on the table near the bedstead. This was the hellish food for the soul of a dying man. First I spoke to the sick man about indifferent topics. Then, almost imperceptibly, I changed my conversation. I hinted at the necessity of fulfilling our religious duties, especially when a prolongation of life was doubtful. It seemed as if my words made not the least impression on this obdurate heart. Then let me do, I said, at least something to-day, let me give you this

Scapular. The patient answered, "I have no objection." I then performed the ceremony of blessing the Scapular which he seemed to watch with interest. Visible satisfaction was expressed on his face. Evidently Mary began to open this obstinate heart to the work of sincere conversion. In fact, a few days later, by order of the patient the bad reading matter disappeared from the room. With piety and edification he received the last sacraments and his soul soared towards a happier land. The Scapular had snatched from the devil a soul of which he had been sure.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

A Priest Protected by His Scapular.

Rev. Varet, a worthy priest from Chambery, went at five o'clock in the morning on Ascension-Day to say mass at the chapel of the Good Shepherd when he saw a suspicious-looking man coming towards him. Rev. Varet tried to turn aside, but the man, following the priest, threw himself on the latter and plunged a dagger into the servant of Christ. The priest groaned and, wrestling with the man, succeeded by his efforts in freeing himself from the assassin. Happily the priest was not hurt at all. His sash and his cassock were rent and the Scapular had been slightly touched. Who could not see in this the protection of the Blessed Virgin? The man was arrested. He was one of those wretches who could not bear the sight of a priest. The reading of bad books had corrupted his mind and heart. Affiliated to secret societies and a habitual drunkard, he was a worthy servant of Satan.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

The Miners and the Scapular.

A letter from Valenciennes gives the following details about an event which happened some years ago in the neighborhood of that city and which ought to be publicly known.

"About three miles from Valenciennes there is a coal mine, known under the name "Renaissance." In this mine some hundred miners find employment. In a factory, near the mine, fire broke out. The danger of a horrible conflagration was very great, since in the factory an enormous quantity of tar was kept. At the first signal the miners ran to the spot. They were preceded by the Sisters of Charity, and by the priest who had charge of the coal-miners' chapel. It was night and the fire had broken out among the vats filled with tar. Suddenly a man approached the superior of the Sisters of Charity, who is venerated like a saint, and said, "Sister! we must have your Scapular!" "Yes," at once, all the miners exclaimed, "give us your Scapular." Then several women surrounded the good sister, whose name was Vincent, and took, almost forcibly, the sacred vestment from her. At the request of the sisters the Scapular was thrown into the raging flames. At once the fire was extinguished. The eight witnesses of this scene clapped their hands. But the greatest miracle was, that the day after the fire the Scapular was found, perfectly intact. I have seen it myself. All the miners who had witnessed this miracle lost no time in having their names inscribed in the confraternity of the Holy Scapular, promising always to wear this habit of salvation, this protection in all dangers. The archbishop of Cambri himself invested the miners with Scapulars. What I have told is authentic. I have

visited yesterday the hamlet "Renaissance." I have spoken with miners, with the Sisters of Charity, with the priest. All of them attested the miracle."

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

Young Creelman's Scapular.

Young Creelman, the intrepid young midshipman who has just been rewarded with a medal by Congress for his bravery in plunging into the sea to save a drowning boy during the late hurricane around Hatteras, was almost exhausted when they lifted him aboard. On removing his clothes they lifted his Scapular and would have removed it, too, but he caught it and said: "Leave it; it saved me from the sea."—(Western Watchman.)

Cease to Weep.

A lady of Otranto, Italy, once heard a Carmelite priest preach on the devotion to the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. With great eloquence the preacher dwelt on the magnificent promise of Our Lady that she would deliver from purgatory on the first Saturday after their death all those of the confraternity who had piously worn in life this habit of salvation.

Struck by these precious advantages, the lady lost no time to receive the Scapular and to have her name inscribed into the book of the confraternity of Mount Carmel. She observed the rules most punctually. Her progress in piety was so great and her love for the Blessed Virgin of such simplicity, that she did not hesitate to ask for the grace to die on a Saturday and to enter heaven on the very day of her death.

A few years later the lady fell sick. The physician declared that the patient would not survive the next Wednesday. This was on Monday. The pious patient, full of confidence, said that she was going to die Saturday since she had asked the Blessed Virgin for this grace every day and especially on Saturdays at the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular. As by a miracle she continued to live and her pure soul took wings on a Saturday as she always had hoped for most confidently.

Her pious daughter was inconsolable at the death of her mother. While she was pouring out her soul in her oratory at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, a priest, who enjoyed the reputation of great sanctity and who had been favored before with supernatural communications, came to visit her. He said, "Cease to weep or rather change your sadness into joy. I come to bring you a message from God. Thanks to the privileges, granted to the confraternity of the Scapular, your mother has entered heaven to-day. Rejoice, for though you have lost a mother on earth, you have found a powerful protector in heaven."

Idle is our labor, worthless our toil, ashes is our fruit, corruption is our reward, unless we begin our undertakings in faith and prayer, and sanctify them by purity of life.

A little wrong, a trifling injustice, an insulting word, piquing our self-love and personal vanity, stirs us more effectually and interests us more really than the chances of being lost or saved. And yet we dream we are serving God. —Father Faber.

O good Jesus, let my soul take its flight at all hours towards thee; let my life be but one act of love. Make me feel that every work which does not honor thee is dead. Let my piety be less a habit than a perpetual outpouring of my heart.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

"*And what is so rare as a day in June?*
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

The charming poet James Russel Lowell has voiced the thought of the world in the beautiful lines quoted above. His poem, "The vision of Sir Launfal," in which they are found, is well worth reading, full as it is of high and holy thoughts, of which two are especially worth memorizing:

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Now that June in all its perfect beauty has come to delight us, we must make of the whole month a glorious tribute to the Sacred Heart to which June is consecrated.

The wealth of rich, red roses whose sweet fragrance fills the air is ours to offer on the altars of Him who complains so appealingly, "Behold the Heart which has loved men so much and is so little loved in return."

Those very roses are a fitting type of *His* love—why not of ours?

Dear children, the great duty of the Church and of every individual soul in June is that of reparation.

So many offences are committed daily, yes hourly, against the majesty of God; so many blasphemies of sinners, and so much coldness and indifference from His own; from those who should be nearest and dearest to Him. Now, ours is the sweet and loving work of making up to Him for all He is robbed of by others. What if our own hearts should cry out against us, reproaching us for our own infidelity to Him?

Well, these are the days to prove our loving sorrow for the past, and to fill the present with most fervent reparation.

No devotion has ever blessed the Church with such glorious results as that of the Sacred Heart.

Look at the churches on each First Friday morning. See the crowds of eager communicants, growing larger and larger every year. It is a most touching sight to behold, and one's love is increased by the example of so many fervent souls, all anxious to console the loving Heart of Jesus, who in His sweet and winning humility stoops to plead for the love of men.

Of course, all the children of the CARMELITE REVIEW, who have made their first Communion, go to Holy Communion on the first Friday of every month. It is an excellent training in regularity to have a special day like that for approaching the holy sacraments, and a sure sign of predestination to be faithful to the Sacred Heart on His own special day.

Blessed Margaret Mary, the charming young nun of the Visitation, is our authority for saying so.

In one of the revelations, which the Sacred Heart made to her, He assures her that those who are faithful to the first Friday Communion will not die under His displeasure.

Pray much to her during this month

of June, dear children. Ask her to obtain for you a strong personal love of the Sacred Heart, and also some especial grace in the practical line. Too many of us pray without a purpose. "Practical Piety" after the fashion of St. Francis de Sales, that which helps us to overcome our faults, is what we all need sadly. One is hot-tempered, another lazy, another gossipy. There is room for improvement in all of us, and the grace to correct our faults should be the subject of persevering prayer.

Prayer is pleasing to the Sacred Heart, of course; but acts of self-conquest are the things that please Him most. The hasty word kept back behind the teeth, the unkind criticism unspoken; the temptation to act under impulse restrained—those are the roses which will waft sweetest perfume to the loving Heart of Jesus.

A word to you about the dear St. Anthony of Padua, whose feast falls on the 13th of June. Devotion to him is growing steadily, and wonderful are the experiences of those who confide in him. Let me tell you of one little instance that occurred lately.

A family were in great distress because of the illness of a beloved mother. Fervent prayers were offered to St. Anthony, before whose statue a light is always kept burning, and in whose honor a mass is always said monthly. The invalid, who was in a high fever, craved some home-made jelly. It was quickly prepared for her, but owing to the warmth of the air, it seemed impossible to stiffen it, even while packed in ice.

One member of the family, who is especially devoted to St. Anthony, said to him imploringly: "Dear St. Anthony *you* often work miracles—make this jelly solid quickly for our dear sufferer." Many will smile at this simplicity, but the fact still remains that in a very few moments the jelly was a solid mass, and the client of St. Anthony claims it was his work, because everything was against it, as good housekeepers well know.

In the statues of St. Anthony he is represented as holding the Infant Jesus on a book, and very sweet are the accounts in his life of that delightful vision during which he held the Divine Infant for thirteen blissful hours. Say thirteen Hail Marys in his honor on June 13, and make him your friend. Try him. See how much and how often, even in seemingly silly little ways, he will help you. God loves you to be simple with him. Childlike hearts have much power over the Heart of God.

Many of you, dear children, will make your first communion during June and will be objects of envy even to the angels. Anything you ask from our Lord on that happy day will surely be granted you. So don't be afraid. Ask much from the Sacred Heart and in particular beg one thing of Him; say, "Let me *die* before I commit a mortal sin." A holy old French Jesuit once told the Secretary that *that* was an act of perfect love. Make it often, dear children, for yourselves and your devoted friend,

THE SECRETARY.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why are gloves unsalable articles?
2. Why are your nose and chin constantly at variance?
3. What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire?
4. What writer would have been the best angler?
5. What was the first bet ever made?

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Why do leaves change their color?
2. Why do leaves fall?
3. Name a great American naturalist.
4. Who was called the brilliant mad man?
5. Who was the most famous painter of the English school?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN MAY.

1. When he is giving a swimming lesson.
2. When they are bound over.
3. Cell (sell) it, of course.
4. Because he was fond of Timothy.
5. Love.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN MAY.

1. Alice Carey in "Best to the Best."
2. Shakespeare.
3. Florence Nightingale.
4. Bismarck.
5. D. F. McCarthy in "Summer Longings."

A BEAR PREACHER.

BY P. A. B.

This is not a fable. At a great fair held in the good old days, people enjoyed themselves. It may not have been "the greatest show on earth" as we Americans say when we dream of clowns and bare-back riders, but for all that the jolly peasant was tickled for joy and never demanded back his money at the ticket office. On one of these occasions a large dish of hot honey was placed in the arena. A bear was let loose. Bruin has a weakness for sweet things and it was not long before the beast had sunk his nose deep into the sweet dish. He pulled back his head with a roar of pain. He was burnt. This didn't discourage him. He repeated the act. Again and again he did it, and each time he emitted a roar of pain. The people screamed with laughter. When silence prevailed a loud voice came from a far-off corner, saying, "Learn a lesson! Thus do people return to sinful pleasures and sweet uncleanness. They return in spite of the pain they suffer. Friends, the bear has taught a lesson. His roaring is a sermon."

A CLOCK WHICH SPOKE.

BY P. A. B.

A friend of Edison's once passed the night in the Wizard's house near Orange, N.J. Until a late hour, so runs the story, Edison and his friend sat together discussing electrical affairs. The guest retired somewhat before eleven o'clock. He had no sooner jumped into bed ere he heard a clear voice, coming as it were from the dressing bureau, saying, "It is eleven o'clock." Frightened, the gentleman sprang out of bed, expecting to find a strange room-mate. He found no one. He called Mr. Edison, and told the latter of the strange voice. "Don't mind, sleep in peace! There's no one in the room," soothingly said the great inventor.

The guest returned to his bed, tried to ascribe everything to imagination and was just falling into the arms of Morpheus, when loud and plain he heard a voice again. This time it said, "It is midnight. Prepare for death!" This was too much. The frightened man ran towards Edison's door saying: "Mr. Edison, there's something wrong here. I will not sleep here if you make me a present of the house."

Edison laughed outright. He led his guest back to the room. Mounting upon the table, he opened a clock hanging against the wall, and from the inside took out a small phonograph, into which that night Edison himself

had spoken the midnight warning:
"Prepare for death!"

SUMMER EVENINGS.

The sky is aglow with colors untold,
A triumph of crimson, cardinal, gold;
And over the western portals so bright,
Are wavering curtains woven of light;
And the sun goes down in a fiery ball,
And darkness comes and covers all.

The wind it sings in the springing grass,
Through which the lads and lassies pass;
And the robins sing their song of love,
As the sun goes down in the splendor above;
And then a silence creeps over all,
But still through the dusk the robins call.

The river is running briskly by
And reflects the splendor seen in the sky
The echoes are borne on the evening breeze
And a voice is found in the brooks and trees
O! marvel of marvels! O! soul thrilling hour!
And high over all is the Power of Powers.

—May Burke.

"Don't send me no more cocoanuts,"
Wrote the untaught speculator
To his educated agent
Way down near the equator.
Said the agent, as he scratched his head,
"Two negatives, they say,
Always make one affirmative—
I'll send more right away."
So he sent another ship load,
Which were sold off "under the hammer,"
And all because of ignorance
Of one simple rule of grammar.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"Keep a watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the glad warm sunshine
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like a cruel two edged knife."

He is truly great who has great charity.

He is most truly learned, who does the will of God and forsakes his own will.

Devotion to Mary is like a beacon-light placed on the road which leads to God.

Do not forget that, sooner or later, God will do unto you as you do unto others.

To know and to do what is necessary for salvation is the true science of a Christian.

The humble knowledge of one's self is a surer way to God than deep researches after science.

Nothing is more opposite to charity, or more fatal to salvation, than the evil reports we make of one another, whether they be true or false.

Among all the means which Providence has put at our disposition for regaining souls to God, there is one more particularly blessed than the others, and that is prayer.

All virtue consists in having a willing heart. God will lead you as if by the hand, if only you do not doubt, and are filled with love for him rather than fear for yourself.—Fenelon.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Local and travelling agents are wanted for the CARMELITE REVIEW. Our terms are very good. Persons willing to work in this field should write to us at once.

***

June is the month of the Sacred Heart. It teaches us the greatest truth to be learned on earth, and to be enjoyed forever in heaven: that God has a heart, that God is good, no matter how wicked man may be. This lesson is taught by the fiery tongues of Pentecost, the burning furnace of love adored on the feast of Corpus Christi, and the flames bursting forth from the Sacred Heart. All the creed is contained in the truth that God is love, and all the commandments are embodied in the one: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. All God for man, all man for God. It must be pleasing to the Sacred Heart to know that Pope Leo XIII has added the invocation, "Blessed be His most Sacred Heart" to the short prayers said after benediction in many churches. It is customary in Rome, and throughout Italy, to recite these invocations immediately after the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Time and again has the Holy Father recommended this laudable custom, and it is rather hard to understand why it is not more universal at least for the sake of uniformity, which is such an edifying feature of Catholic worship. Moreover, the indulgences granted for the public recital of these short prayers have lately been doubled. It might be added that this act of devotion is in harmony with the many exercises offered up daily in our Carmelite convents in reparation for the insults offered to our Lord in the Sacrament of love.

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Pentecost should remind us of the great need we have, in these days of coldness and unbelief, of the graces we receive by the imposition of the bishop's hands in holy confirmation. At this season we see many of the younger generation receiving this holy sacrament and it ought to remind us that we too are marked indelibly as soldiers of Christ. Soldiers fight. Do you?

***

The 24th of June, feast of St. John the Baptist, will mark the close of the scholastic year at our Seminary. This year witnessed the ordination of several of our young confreres. May the Queen of Carmel obtain for them abundant grace to bring forth much fruit in the vineyard of the Lord.

***

Our Lord may not call us to an account for having *dishonored* Him in the most Blessed Sacrament, but He will surely ask us if we did not properly honor Him under the sacramental species when we had the time and opportunity. For instance, how many neglected visits to the church when it required no great effort. Holy church has lifted from us the strict obligation of hearing holy mass on Corpus Christi, 'tis true, but will we go farther and shake off all obligations? We are the losers, not our Lord.

***

Spring-time is a season of cleaning and polishing, domestically speaking.

Just so in a spiritual way. It is time to throw out the garbage long accumulating in our hearts. We need no X-ray to find mountains of dirt. Out with it. Bathe your soul thoroughly by a good Easter confession. It is healthy, and is the best spring medicine for the conscience. The church, a physician with nearly 2000 years experience, says so. Remember the last chance comes on Trinity Sunday. After that you are thrown out among the rank and foul-smelling weeds. Nothing good will grow in a soul poisoned by sin. Nature is now awake. Imitate her.

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Monsignor Merry Del Val, the Papal Ablegate to Canada, has been received with enthusiasm by the civic authorities as well as by the ecclesiastical hierarchy. From the governor-general down, the officials of the government have vied with each other to honor the representative of the Pope. "Kit," the well known woman writer in the *Mail and Empire* gives the following description of him: The face of the Ablegate, the poise of the head, the delicate strength of the features reveal much. Here was a man—if physiognomy be no vagary of the mind—whose face at once noble, austere and infinitely tender—expressed every high spiritual and intellectual attribute. Fasting and meditation and prayer had left their tokens upon it. Passions must have warred in that soul. From the eyes, deep, soft as a doe's, penthoused beneath black brows that sometimes almost met in one great arch above the wide forehead, there looked out in all its beauty a self-conquered soul. A spirit above and beyond the poor vanities of life; a spirit that had vanquished the flesh most utterly. In the great, dark Spanish eyes with the brown shadows about them—eyes as we would say in Ireland—"put in with a dirty finger," there brooded a mighty pity for the griefs of humanity, a great tenderness for the temptations and sins and weaknesses of us all.

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There is a great cry for action during these hustling days. "Give us active religious!" we hear. We are told that the monks and nuns of the old contemplative orders are too slow. Nevertheless the quiet religious who passes hours in meditation *is* necessary. He goes to make up the salt of the earth, even if it does seem "placid and mature" as Faber once said of the Carmelites. Why did Saint Simon spend so many precious hours beneath his favorite oak tree? He was not idle. His long vigil obtained for us the holy Scapular. Yes, dear reader, action is necessary, but silence and suffering more so. It was by remaining motionless on a cross that our Lord performed the great work for which He came on earth. Those who are active are the arms of the church, but those who silently suffer and supplicate are its arteries. Stupendous events, perhaps the salvation of thousands, hang on the prayer of some poor friar or nun now bent in some unknown cell.

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Diana Vaughan was all a myth. Her memories are pure fiction and the self-confessed father of this enormous lie is Leo Taxil. Some, too many, alas!—credulous souls, believed in his conversion. Some timid souls now fear, that his shameless confession of fraud may make people lose their aversion to secret societies. They are not so bad, after all, as Leo Taxil painted them. But the fact remains, that they are bad enough. This very Taxil was one of their leaders in former years, and

claims to be an honored Freemason still. Only the lodge could have produced such a monster. One lesson is to be drawn from the whole affair, and that is, that a Freemason cannot be trusted, even after conversion, when he goes into the revealing business. He is as bad, then, as an ex-priest or an escaped nun. True converts are silent about the follies and crimes of former associates.

***

The old Carmelite province of Upper Germany, which had been forcibly dismembered in 1802, has, at last, been reestablished. It is now called the Province of Bavaria. Of all the former monasteries, Abensberg, Bamberg, Dinkelsbuehl, Heidelberg, Munich, Straubing and so many others, only Straubing had been allowed to serve as a house for the older members of the order. All the other convents were secularized, and the Carmelite Fathers of Straubing were not permitted to have a novitiate. Times have changed since then, and now the very same monastery which was to be the tomb of the last Carmelite, has become the cradle of a new province, with three monasteries. Absberg, Mainburg and Straubing. At the first provincial chapter in January last, Father Autonius Seidl was elected as the first provincial superior.

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Little we know of the great religious work progressing in far-off Patagonia. Who shall recount all the labors and sufferings of the missionaries in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Meagre reports tell us of the gigantic work done there by the zealous Salesian fathers, who find no difficulty too great when the glory of God and salvation of souls is in question. There are many heroes, the greatest of whom was Padre Francesco Agosta who has just died a martyr to duty—being drowned whilst on a long and dangerous journey to a new mission. This is the first of the Salesians who has thus far made an offering of his life. The church is never wanting in hero-sons.

***

A correspondent has taken the trouble to copy some of the beautiful quotations engraved on the corridors of our new national library. Some of the chiselled sayings are pregnant with thought for the reflecting Christian. For instance: "There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man." A sorry looking temple though, when given over to God's enemy. Here is another quotation: "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wings with which we fly to heaven." However, there are times, we think, when "ignorance is bliss." Knowledge of sin, alas! has brought many a soul to hell.

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"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." This is another true quotation taken from the walls of our great national library. Suppose we apply it to poor old Bismarck who says he is getting lonely. Does he ever think of all the families he saw plunged into mourning? All the poor peasants who died on the battle-field deprived of religious consolations, and all the widows and orphans? Surely these are not inspiring thoughts during the lonesome hours of the once great chancellor who in the days of triumph exclaimed, "We Germans fear God and no one else on earth!" Time tames even men of "blood and iron."

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It warms the Catholic hearts to hear what good is being quietly done by zealous missionaries in all parts of the

globe. Now we are told that the good Dominicans are doing wonders among the poor Zulus.

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At the beginning of the year a statement got into print setting forth the fact that the English people were going over to Rome in large numbers. Several excited preachers in this country immediately jumped into print and declared the statement to be false. Nevertheless the first report is true, for a learned Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan—who knows what he talks about—tells us that there were 1,300 converts in the diocese of Salford alone, and over 2,000 in the diocese of Westminster. May the numbers increase, and God speed the day when England once more can claim her title of "Our Lady's Dowry."

PERIODICALS.

The Voice of the Deaf, is a yearly appeal in behalf of the Ephpheta Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Chicago. This union at St. Joseph's Home, 409 South May St., Chicago, Ill., takes charge of Catholic deaf-mutes, and provides them with a home and education. The first number of *The Voice* is an illustrated paper, containing articles contributed by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly and others. The dedication is written by Miss Eliza Allen Starr. She proposes three patrons of the work: St. Francis de Sales, St. John of Beverley and the Venerable Anne of Jesus. Of her she says:

But we have still another saint to call upon as the special helper; no other than a Carmelite, one of St. Theresa's own. When she took the habit in the monastery of Avila, she was addressed by St. Theresa in these remarkable words: "I receive you, my dear daughter, not as a simple novice, but as my co-adjutor in the work of reform."

This Carmelite nun, in the world Anne de Lobera, born at Medina Del Campo, Spain, the 25th of November, 1545, was the daughter of Don Diego of Lobera, and his wife, Donna de Francesca of Torres. She was born deaf and dumb, but at the age of seven was miraculously cured by the Blessed Virgin. The circumstances of this wonderful cure, I have not been able to obtain even from the Carmelites themselves; but the fact is stated emphatically in the chronological table, giving testimony to her heroic virtues. At ten years old she made a vow of virginity and on the first of August, 1570, took the habit of a Carmelite of the strictest observance, under the name of Anne of Jesus. She was a shining light in her Order, founded many houses under great difficulties, worked many miracles, and was accounted a saint during her lifetime. She died on the 4th of March, 1621, at Bruxelles, and is known and honored everywhere as the venerable mother, Anne of Jesus. Do you think there is a deaf-mute in all the world who has ever heard of Mother Anne of Jesus that will not ask the prayers of this holy Carmelite nun, and even regard her as a special patroness?

NEW BOOKS.

Histoire de la Vie et du Culte de Ste. Jeannie de Toulouse, is the title of an interesting life of Blessed Joanne of Toulouse, the Carmelite nun, who received the veil from St. Simon Stock, and who was lately beatified by the Church. It is written by l'Abbe Baurens de Molinier and has been printed by a Belgian firm. The edition is on fine paper with red-lined edges and handsomely illustrated. The Rev. author has kindly consented to have the "Life" translated into English and published in our REVIEW. It will soon make its appearance in our pages, and we can promise our readers a most interesting and edifying biography of this saint, so popular in Southern France.

Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Apostleship of Prayer, New York. (cloth, 316 pages, price 25 cents.)

This neat manual is a reliable handbook for the directors and members of the Sodality. It is published by those who have official charge of the Sodality. It is at the same time, a complete manual of devotions. The blue cloth binding with silver lettering, is very appropriate, blue and white being generally accepted as the colors of the Blessed Virgin.

OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JULY, 1897. NO. 7

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

COMES the glorious Feast of Carmel,
Lighted by Faith's golden rays;
And the glad hearts of its children
Thrill with holy joy and praise.
"Hail! our Queen and Blessed Mother!
Clement, loving, sweet thou art!
Ever pleading in the bright land
With our Saviour's tender heart."

"All the joys of seraph-spirits
Come not near that bliss of thine.
Pale their radiant crowns of glory,
To those stars that round thee shine,
Wreathing with a wondrous beauty,
That most pure and virgin-brow,
Where maternal love is gleaming
And a queenly lustre bow!"

Through Mount Carmel's peaceful cloisters
Steals celestial melody.
List! "All hope of life and virtue,
Loved ones, you will find in me."*
Like the vine I breathe sweet odour,
And your souls it will embalm.
Come! my fruits will now refresh you,
These are best gifts from the Lamb.

"When the swift days of your exile
Watching on this Mount are o'er,
I will show our Saviour Jesus,
To your gaze forever more!"
Favoured children of Mount Carmel!
Raise your eyes, your thoughts above,
Greet this gentle Queen and Mother,
With new canticles of love.

*Ecclesiasticus xxiv.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XVI. (Concluded.)

New York, Oct. 26, 1885.

My Darling Daughter,—Thank you for your letter of 22nd, received Friday, 23rd. I failed not to see kind Father McKinnon, whose heart is so open to us. As rector of the church, he could and he gladly promised to have two masses said, next morning, (St. Raphael) in honor of Archangel Raphael, for our dear Teresa. Also I had the promise of one for her, same morning, from a Redemptorist. And on St. Raphael's day, I offered my communion for *her*. And, next day, Sunday, for her *especially* with others. Please tell her this. Not that I forgot others so dear to me. *Giving* does not make God poor, nor withholding increase riches to Him. He can scatter wide blessings, in answer to one true call. Our dear St. John looked especially *worn*. I made my visit short. Their gala-day for their English general had imposed extra duties on St. John in musical work, and she was *suffering*. Suffering! Hard word for flesh and blood—but golden words, as written in the "Book of Life!" Thank our dear Sister Teresa once more for the chaplet of the Seven Dolors of our Lady she made for me. How fruitful is a deep meditation of them! How light, even the almost overpowering suffering of *little ones* in the way of the cross, compared, or rather, as *not comparable* with those of our Mother Immaculate! Please give from me this message to our dear little sister: "The most fruitful penances our Lord sends her through Mother Prioress, or Mother Mistress of Novices, are simple obediences. She need desire none beyond. When her Lord and spouse wishes her to suffer more, He will send them, in love, and will give her grace to meet them! Lord do with me as seemeth to Thee good!"

See an old sinner writing advice to a Carmelite Virgin! Even so Baalam "saw, but not near," the work of the Redeemer: and St. Teresa teaches that one may be an instructor in the science of the saints, without being pious. I have been indeed bitter in soul since my last visit to Carmel and to Sharon. May it work somewhat for me the "*gift*" *I* drew, last Pentecost, and that Carmel and Sharon both drew for me, all three the same, the gift of "*Knowledge!*" I think I am a little appreciating its present importance to me, for my own poor soul. Good-bye Trudens,

Papa.

New York, Sept. 15, 1886.

My Dearest Daughter,—I failed writing you in anticipation of the feast of the 14th. At least, with what poor earnestness I could, I offered my communion that morning for the Carmel in Baltimore, and especially for those of whom, at the awful tribunal, it will be asked: "Where is thy flock, the beautiful flock," by each one of whom you (I) stood when the white garment was thrown over it in baptism. And, be sure, I tried to offer the holy sacrifice and communion for dear Mother Beatrix and others. Thank, abundantly thank, dear Rev. Mother, for having special prayers said for me. I know God will do what is best, but it were want of humility not to ask prayers of those, on earth as in heaven, whose prayers are more acceptable to our Lord, as said with purer intention, and from more worthy hearts than mine.

I would not live without sorrow and pain. Do you not know—of course you do—that *a life without the cross is an idle life*. The result of it is a gross, selfish life, pleasing not God, and having no good odor even among men. I dare not ask a life free from the cross for any of those dear to me as my own soul. Why should any of you ask it for me? It

would not be the love you owe me! Let us ask for each other grace, and more grace, to make the better, and if possible, the best use of the cross—and *never to fail.*

You seemed, in your dear letter, to ask in what psalm the words occur : "*Domine ter scisti.*" It is in the 39th Psalm, said in Matins, *Feria Tertia*, when the feria is said. So in the Roman Breviary, and no doubt in yours. It is, first of all, the words attributable to our Lord, having taken on Him all the sins of the world. All the Psalms are wonderful—but this one is markedly grand. Try and find time soon to read it by itself.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1886.

MY DAUGHTER, SISTER, BELOVED,—My heart all week has been in your Carmel. Dear little community. Now but fourteen in the choir, and two of the white veil. Better fourteen than more, except our Lord Himself calls others "*to the Order of His Mother!*" Better less than fourteen, than more—if not *distinctly, determinately* called by our Lord. There is no need so instant as more to pray and to do penance.

"*Bella premunt hostilia!*
"*Da robur, fer auxilium!*

But they need to be *special*, clearly Divine vocations. The harvest is ripe and heavy. Pray, ask of your truest friends, in heaven and on earth, to send laborers into His harvest field.

Very weak and feeble folk can work in the active fields of preaching, teaching, and writing, and God can give the increase. The thing so little regarded, but the greatest before heaven, is to have those that pray and offer sacrifices.

I love and esteem your late Mother Sub-Prioress more since her death than even in her life. It seems to me that her spirit, or her guardian angel, has been at times hovering over me. Her vocation was a blessing to your Carmel. Deprived of her audible voice and her bodily presence, be sure she cares for you and prays for you—dear daughters of Carmel—*better* than when you could talk to her face to face. But I must stop this, for it would have no end.

My own health is reasonably good. I sent some copies of my poor notice of Mother Ignatius to Carmel.

God bless my Gertrude, and my sweet Teresa of Jesus, to whom I had liked to have written. And then, devotion, not necessary for me to express, to Mother Beatrix and to all.

POOR PAPA.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

From a letter written Dec. 26 and 27, 1881:

"And, my dear *St. John*—(I was so glad when his great name was called on you in religion)—*you* have a *special octave* of your own, after his feast, for there is commemoration of his octave in the office of each day. Well, are you going to ask him to carry you up on his "*eagle*" wings? To soar into high places? To perch on topmost crags of the rocks, and change dreams for a true contemplation of that *Body*, taken by His own almighty power from the blood of the heart of Mary; of that most beautiful possible *Soul*, that He created to make united with His Body, *Perfect Man.*

But the "*eagle*" wings of St. John must carry you down also into the lowest places, to hunt for prey. St. John's prey, you know, was the rescue of poor souls from the devils. My sweet Mary St. John, it is past midnight. You and I will meet at mass and communion on this beautiful feast. Oh! for that *other meeting!* When the *work* is over."

A FATHER THAT WOULD BE *Your Brother.*

From a letter written Sept., 1885:

"Courage then, my sweetest daughter! If the suffering in store shall be longer, the reward will be a thousandfold the greater. You have had two beautiful feasts of Mary this month already. On last Sunday, feast of the Holy Name of Mary, I offered my communion especially for you. And next Sunday we shall commemorate the Seven Sorrows of Mary. There is inexpressible solace in deep meditation on each of these sorrows. In each one of them, as revealed to several holy souls, our Mother can cry : 'Consider and see, all ye that pass by, if there be any sorrow like to *my sorrow.*'"

MOST DEAR ST. JOHN,—I saw off on the steamer, on Saturday, Mothers Walburga and Antonia. These were the first I ever saw at Sharon. They had very nice and good state-rooms.

The Holy Ghost was good to you to give you *counsel* as your gift. It has been one of my continual prayers for you that you may, through the help of our Mother Immaculate, lead souls to union with our Lord, and knit them to His sacred heart. Our Lord has been very good to you, in drawing you to Him, *in suffering. There is no other way!* But thorny as the road has been for you, look to what the saints have suffered! You will not be discouraged, but it will awaken faith and kindle courage. "Their strength was not of iron, nor their flesh brass," but how they suffered with joy, for the great recompense, but above all, to be more like their crucified love.

THE END.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL'S INVITATION.

Come over to me all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits."—(Eccl. xiv.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

ARY is the echo of Jesus, and Holy Church places as it were, on her lips, this invitation of the Holy Spirit, since it is through her alone we have access to the mystic garden of Jesus' Divine Heart, and taste its sweet fruits.

Let us dwell a little on these words that steal through Carmel's prayerful cloisters on the feast of its glorious queen, and consider, first the invitation: "Come over to me." Secondly, to whom it is addressed: "all ye that desire me." Thirdly, the reward promised to fidelity in responding to our Blessed Mother's voice: "be filled with my fruits." In Holy Scripture language the imperative "be filled" is used instead of the future. We may cite an example of this mode of expression, "Walk before me and *be* perfect." That is, "you *shall* be perfect."

Jesus Christ our Lord tells us that no one can come to Him unless the father draws him; neither can we approach Mary except by the pathway of divine attraction leading to this mystic "Gate of Heaven."

That light to know her beauty; that love which inflames the heart at every sound of her name; that confidence which recurs to our dear mother's guidance in darkness, sorrow, every vicissitude of life, these are workings of God's Holy Spirit, leading us, through Mary, to eternal rest. Why has the Church placed her dear image before us with its pleading face and outstretched hands? Why does she address the Queen of Heaven by so many sweet titles? "Comfortress of the afflicted," "Morning Star," "Our life, our sweetness, and our hope."

Why does she so often invite us on special feasts to enter this "garden enclosed," and admire its fair lilies of immaculate purity, its fragrant violets of humility, ("Behold the handmaid of the Lord!") or its roses of queenly beauty, intermingled, at the same time, with thorns? Surely the voice of Holy Church is like a melody flowing through aisles of spirit in many variations, but echoing still, "Come over to me!"

It is the most assured presage of eternal day when that "Star of the sea" sheds silvery rays over a darkened heart. We may hope where all seemed hopeless, if we find any trace of Mary, the "spes desperantium."

Let us not refuse this invitation, whether its music sounds through the instrumentality of ecclesiastical liturgy, or softly steals through the temple of our soul; rather let us answer, "Behold I come quickly" to thee my mother and my queen! or, with St. Bernard, "ad te curro, ad te venio!" (Memorare).

To whom is it addressed? Surely none are excluded from the all-sufficient grace of God, from the compassionate prayers of Mary, yet it is especially whispered to those who *desire*. The heart of Mary, like that of Jesus, needs only to be sought with desire. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after

justice, etc."* "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink."† And does *she* not tell us "Esurientes implevit bonis?"‡ Desire is the thirst of the soul. Our Lord told St. Gertrude He had given a golden tube to each soul in order to imbibe as much grace as it desired.

It would seem as if the desire preceded, and was the cause of invitation, but, in reality, it results from the divine attraction previously mentioned which first excites, then satiates our thirst. "O all ye that thirst, come to the waters."§

Never shall your desire fail if you go to Mary. She is "clement" to sinners; "loving" and compassionate to those who advance, "sweet" to the perfect. And lastly, let us see why she "longs to be longed for;" it is that we may be filled with her fruits.

The Holy Spirit dwelt in her Immaculate heart at the first instant of its life—even before He overshadowed it at the Incarnation, and each moment His gifts and fruits increased in her with the increase of sanctifying grace. At Pentecost, this divine fire so inflamed her, that she could not have remained on earth were it not that Omnipotence sustained her beautiful soul for the comfort of his infant church. She was to the early Christians like the cedar of Lebanon, or the cypress on Mt. Sion, with restful shade of protection, and mystic fruits to refresh their weariness. At last those fruits had attained all but infinite sweetness, and the divine Gardener transplanted this mystic tree to heavenly soil. Was earth then deprived of its shade? Oh, no! Never could we have so enjoyed her protection if she remained in only one favoured spot, as now we experience it from her queenly throne.

May we still taste of her fruits? Yes; we have only to answer the invitation with desire, in order to "be filled." Let us consider these fruits. Jesus is the fruit of Mary, this we repeat thousands of times in the "Hail Mary," but He, the eternal Wisdom, though "*one*," is also "manifold" in the effects of His Spirit, and the flame of His love "reaches everywhere by reason of its purity."

It is this love we are to seek in and through Mary. Sometimes it tends directly to God by charity, joy and peace; sometimes indirectly, by patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, fidelity. Again, it elevates the soul above the senses by modesty, continency and chastity. These, in their full perfection, we admire in Mary and desire to taste in ourselves. O, how that Immaculate Mother loved God! What ineffable joy and peace in her union with Him! What patience, tender benignity, mildness! What purity and fidelity even unto death!

Let us love her next to God with all our hearts, in aspirations of prayer; with all our souls, seeking ever to increase our knowledge of the Creator's beautiful workings in Mary; with all our strength, doing all in our power for this sweet Mother, and seeking to make others do still more, by word, example, prayer. Then she will fill us with the fruits of grace, obtaining special graces from the Holy Spirit, and He will abide in us as so many gardens of pleasure; until we are called to the eternal garden of Paradise. *There* is an eternal freshness, for all things are watered by "the river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and from the Lamb."‖ Then, indeed, shall our Lady of Mt. Carmel's promise be fulfilled: "Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits."

*St. Matt. v. vi. †St. John vii. 37.

‡Magnificat. §Is. liv.

‖Apoc. xxii. i.

A PILGRIMAGE TOUR IN SPAIN.

BARCELONA AND MONTSERRAT.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

In response to the beautiful "Venite Adoremus" addressed to the Catholics of Spain by Lugo's illustrious prelate, a large number of pilgrims hastened in August, last year, to take part in the Second National Eucharistic Congress, held in the ancient basilica of Lugo, the veritable "house of bread." The longing desire to be even an humble unit in this vast assemblage, afforded me a welcome opportunity of making this lengthened journey a source of spiritual joy, by visiting along its route many of the historic sites, hallowed by the lives, labours and vigils of Spain's two most illustrious saints—Ignatius of Loyola, and Teresa of Jesus.

These two saints were providentially raised up by Heaven to beat back the flood of heresy, which during the 16th and following centuries sought to deluge the fair lands of "Maria Santisaima," as it had already devastated the rich inheritance of the church in Northern Europe, and the "dowry of Our Lady" in Britain's seagirt isle.

Barcelona, from which I took my departure on Saturday, 8th of August, has furnished many an interesting page to the history of the great founder of "La Compania." Here, in the beautiful church of Belen, once the property of his children, is the sword which he abandoned, when he took up the cross. Here his humility and self-abasement urged him to sit many a long weary hour by the portals of its churches, amongst the heterogeneous crowd of its beggars, and solicit alms from a charitable public, which he daily distributed to the more needy poor, who had been his less fortunate fellow mendicants. Here, in the class rooms of Senor Jerome Ardebalo, in the years of his manhood he joined the youths of the "Condal City" in the study of the classics, to qualify himself for the sacerdotal office, to which he aspired. Here he taught catechism and gathered around him, Sunday after Sunday, the "waifs and strays" like another St. Vincent de Paul, and a later Don Bosco. Here he was the welcome guest of the pious family of Sonora Isabel Roser, members of which on various occasions witnessed the warmth, the generosity, the intimacy, the undeviating loyalty and impassioned intensity of the saint's personal love for God, resulting in heavenly manifestations and wonderful ecstasies, with which God visited "Inago de Lloyola."

From Barcelona I took the train to Monistral, a journey of a few hours, and at its junction commenced the first stage of a pleasant excursion by ascending on the "funicular railway" the rugged heights of Montserrat. On the "Pearl of Cataluna's Mountains," in the peerless basilica of our Immaculate Mother, Spain's glorious Patroness, I invoke her powerful protection and Heaven's blessing on my pilgrimage journey.

The day is agreeably spent in passing from hermitage to hermitage, climbing cliff and wandering through tortuous ravines and mazy paths, penetrating the dense brushwood that grows here with African luxuriance. In the afternoon I visit the interesting grotto of "La Cueva."

"La Cueva" is in itself a magnificent basilica in miniature, where some eleven centuries ago the miraculous statue of our sinless Mother, (piously believed to have been given by her to St. Peter, in the year 50 A.D., on their journey to Spain) was discovered by some goatherds, who were pasturing their flocks amidst these Cyclopean rocks. For four consecutive Saturdays these simple peasants revisited this mountain cavern, and on each occasion they were charmed by hearing heavenly melodies proceeding from its subterranean passages, and seeing the cave itself brilliantly illuminated by a heavenly light, encircling the head of the dusky statue with an aureole of celestial splendor. This was about the year 880; two centuries having elapsed since the time when it was revered in the church of Sts. Justus and Pastor in Barcelona, from where it had been taken by the good bishop of the diocese and the chief governor of the city, and placed within the deep caverns of this rocky shrine, in order to avoid its profanation by the Saracen hordes, who were at the time laying waste by fire and sword the plains of Cataluna, and had carried their sanguinary warfare to the very gates of the "Condal City."

During this interval all traces of the statue's hiding place were lost, the custodians all having died, and the secret of the cave having being buried with them.

Naturally, therefore, its discovery was a source of universal joy. The first tidings of its whereabouts were conveyed to the bishop of the diocese, who resided in the city of Manresa. He at first doubted the news, but determined to investigate the matter. With that view, he betook himself to the summit of Montserrat, and placed himself in a favorable position to be able to detect any fraud. His belief was strengthened when he heard with his own ears and saw with his own eyes all that had been related to him of the miraculous image. He repeated the words of the Magi: "*Hoc signum magni regis est, eamus et inquiramus.*"

Intense, then, was the joy of the principality when the glad tidings were circulated, that once more the miraculous statue of Our Lady was discovered. With popular rejoicings, and loud acclamations of a nation's gladness, the statue was removed from "La Cueva" to a large and more suitable church, which, a few centuries afterwards, made room for the present magnificent temple, founded and endowed by the royal liberality of the sainted Ferdinand and Isabella.

Thus, for over a thousand years in both churches, the miraculous statue has been enthroned and venerated by the devout children of our Lady of Carmel, who from every part of the Christian world have journeyed to her shrine and prayed beneath its lofty dome. Yes, since then Montserrat has been for our Mother Mary a perpetual throne on earth, for here she will reign until time shall be no more. Here, oft and oft, has the immutable been changed and the very laws of nature have been turned aside by the appeals and prayers of her clients, which, through her powerful intercession at the throne of God obtained instant and efficacious hearing. No matter, then, from what clime you may come, here a cordial welcome awaits you from Our Queen, whilst the blackrobed sons of St. Benedict have provided for you a "hospice" unequalled in any other nation for its capacity, its comfort and its cleanliness.

To these rugged, and, at that time, inhospitable heights, like his Divine

Master to the desert, came Ignatius, as soon as the wounds he had received during the siege of Pampolona were healed. Here, in deep solitude, with no other voice, save the sweet warble of its birds to break the solemn stillness, he commenced to imitate the vigils and austerities of the Jeronimos, and the Magius and the host of holy anchorites, who once peopled these wastes. He modeled his life after the silence, prayers and penances of its former recluses. Oft and oft he betook himself to the grotto of "La Cueva" and entered on a series of spiritual exercises that prepared him for the compilation, under the guidance of the spirit of God, and the inspiration of our loving Mother, of that inimitable treatise, which, like the matchless "Imitation" of a Kempis, has since become the text book of the preacher, and the golden treasury of spiritual maxims for the director of souls. Yes, in these silent haunts, beneath these gigantic rocks, he planned the inspired volume, which later on, in "La Cueva" of Manresa he perfected and transferred to parchment.

Nor was St. Ignatius the only saint who scaled its heights and visited the shrine of the Immaculate Mother and Queen. We see from the records carefully preserved in its archives, that St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter Nolasco, St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver and a host of others prostrated themselves in the "Caverin" of the Virgin, and kissed the hand of the Mother upholding her Infant, Creator of the world, in her loving arms.

What joy is it not, then, to steal away from the heat and turmoil of the city, from the perplexing cares of trade, from the anxieties of commerce, from the labours of the counting house, from the curriculum of the schoolroom, and from the arduous duties of the pulpit and confessional, to hasten, if only for a day, to the peace and seclusion of this once eagerly sought earthly purgatory of the saints.

How pleasant to ramble through its shades

"Over whose acres walked these blessed feet,"

and there, as its tenants of old, the venerable hermits of Spain's primitive church,

"Hear in shade the voice of love;
Find in gloom, the light of day—
Light that gleams with tender ray,
Voice that whispers from above."

At the close of the day the precincts of the monastery and spacious "Plaza" become a picture of life and animation, as crowd succeeds crowd, arriving by rail and road and mountainpath. The hotel and the hospice, both the exclusive property of the Lord Abbot and the Benedictine Fathers, are filled by the hosts who, during the summer and fall seasons, each succeeding Saturday afternoon betake themselves singly or in family groups from every city of Cataluna to the picturesque plateau of Montserrat, there to pass a quiet Sunday. They participate in the religious functions and at the same time imbibe the delicious mountain air, and drink the health-giving mineral waters, which are ever flowing from its fountains. Truly, here are found rest and health for the body, and peace and tranquility for the soul.

At 4 o'clock on Sunday morning the sweet notes of the Basilica's chimes, and the loud voice of the "Sereno" or watchman, who passes beneath your window with the midnight salutation of "Ave Maria Purissima" awake me from a tranquil sleep. I arise at once and hasten to join in the first mass of the early morning. Even at this early hour, the crowds fill the spacious Basilica. Many of those present have been traveling all night, and on their arrival they at once hasten to salute the Virgin Queen of Montserrat.

After the solemn high mass at 9 a.m., I prepare to take my departure for the manufacturing city of Manresa. Full of the joy I have experienced at the shrine of Montserrat, I proceed to the Basilica, there to offer my "Adios" to the Immaculate Queen, more than amply compensated for the monotony and fatigue of the journey hither.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER IX.

"Education is generally the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents."

—Dean Swift.

ON the last evening Fenton and Charity commenced to discuss matters pertaining to the bringing up of children in general and the education of Faith in particular. Small things produce effects little intended, and thus it was that the chess-board entered on the scene, and gave us Fenton's and Charity's observations on the game. Now they meet again, and waiving the subject of queens it has come down to the practical question, "What will we do with Faith?"

"I myself have been trying to do something with Faith," said Charity. "The child is bright enough, and learns quickly, but, like others of her age, needs close watching. If her little faults are not corrected now they never will be. Schools will effect little, for whilst there a girl's pet passions, and a boy's too, for that matter, only lie dormant, ready to break into a flame as soon as the check is withdrawn. Now for my part I should like to know how far I may go in Faith's instruction. I have my own method of teaching, and think I can fit the child out for a start in life. After that she may be sent for a while to some academy, if you think fit, Mr. Fenton."

"It is only too true," replied Fenton, "that Faith was not taken in hands early enough. But, I presume, you can easily undo what her mother has done. I always told my wife that she never knew how to raise children, and then she would push her graduating certificate under my nose to show me she knew it all—perhaps she did—theoretically."

"Yes, it was just that way with my sister," said Charity. "When she came back to the farm from school, she was going to show us how to make the farm yield us money enough to buy up all our neighbors, but her exorbitant milliner's bills nearly caused the farmers to gobble us up, house and all. I agree with you, Mr. Fenton, there is no question that education begins at the mother's knee—and moreover, every spoken word and every action goes towards forming the child's character."

"Alright then, Charity, I'll leave Faith in your hands," said Fenton. "You know more of training than I. My little smattering of education doesn't amount to much. I can figure up columns and talk, too, if I get hold of the right kind of a customer. However, I have seen a lot of things in this world, young as I am. I have seen plenty of your so-called cultured men and women. Yes, I have met all

grades of those who waste the midnight oil—the reformers—the ultra-polished—the superficial ones—those who spend their time from home and those who considered it a sin against womanly modesty to appear in public. Yes, I have seen the silly, sensual creatures lounging at the watering-places—the giddy butterflies whose chief occupation is doing nothing. I have too seen the heroic woman coming forth from the cloister to bring sunshine into many a hovel—and, too, I have seen drudgery, patience, suffering and loneliness on the farm. Education in my opinion is lost when it is not accompanied by religion."

"Indeed, 'tis only all very true," said Charity. "There is more poetry and heroism in far-off and hidden places than we are aware of, but the men are not alone. Sometimes a very forcible sentence comes home to me and it seems so appropriate here. I think it was Pascal who made the remark, he said "Place moral heroes in the field and heroines will follow them as brides."

"By Jove!" said Fenton, "I have been in the field long enough, and have long thought myself a suffering hero. Perhaps if I brush up my morals a little the saying may apply to poor Harry Fenton."

"Oh! I am not making any personal remarks," said Charity, "however, when we come to think of it, there is a great lack of morality in the world. You must admit that. Just look around you. What do our schools turn out? Heads brimful of facts. Men with a taste for athletics. You will find plenty of respectability, strict observance of public decency—but there's too much sham."

"Why, women were never more respected than now-a-days," said Fenton.

"Yes," said Charity, "as far as outside politeness goes. I have seen your beardless youths making such profound bows that one would imagine they were going to take up a collection with their hats. What does it mean, though? Very little sincerity in it, I think. The fact is these 19th century chevaliers consider the girls something made to order for their special delectation. Something to take to and from church—to look at and fondle—to dance and ride with and so on, provided they are young and good looking enough. This is a truth which can't be denied. ' Life is short so let's get all the fun we can, boys.' That's their motto. No wonder we girls, who are expected to be paragons of perfection, get so disgusted with our would-be admirers. Yes, they admire us, but alas not for our sakes. The more I think of this, the stronger becomes my desire to remain single. Only last night mother said I would be far happier if I remained a spinster. I think she is right too. Formerly it was either marry or be a nun, now there has arisen a third state, to remain a 'lady-bachelor,' as the gentlemen have graciously christened us."

Charity had now become quite animated. Fenton was thinking of a suitable answer, which for the moment refused to jump into verbal being, so he merely said:

"Take things all in all, you must grant that the world has grown better."

"That's a broad subject you touch on, Harry—pardon my familiarity," answered Charity. "In some things," she continued, "the world has progressed. You, who read and associate with the world, know this better than I do. I grant there has been more advance in science, we have more ma-

chinery and luxury, but we have more misery, poverty, unhappiness and crime. Why, I know a poor old man who has only a cow and a shanty over at New France, and I defy you to find a happier person in any of the palaces from Boomfield to the city."

"It seems you keep all the happiness in New France, and only send the discontented ones away," said Fenton.

"Thanks for the compliment," said Charity.

"Oh, present company always excepted, as the saying is, Charity. I was thinking of other people from your part of the world, with whom I have had dealings," said Fenton.

Charity's curiosity was fully aroused. She could not imagine to what person Fenton referred. He had not even mentioned anything of the kind before, and he was usually so outspoken. Charity mentally ran over the list of all the girls she ever knew or heard of. She tried every little feminine trick to get the secret out of Fenton, but to no purpose. He was obstinate. She even put Faith in his way with the promise of a box of caramels if she would only wrestle the secret from her father, but Faith did not get the confectionery. When Faith was playing the overture to her question her father at once detected the "nigger in the wood-pile," and turned to the child, saying, "Faith, you talk too much. You will never make a chess-player." And poor Faith was also check-mated.

"Never mind," said Charity, "murder will out." Nevertheless, although confident of unravelling this mystery in Fenton's life, her hopes of unveiling it daily grew beautifully less, and "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

CHAPTER X.

"*Men no longer wholly believe in this age of blindness and scientific pride. No one is any longer seen bowing before his God on both knees.*"

—Victor Hugo.

Under Charity's care Faith was becoming very proficient in Christian doctrine. Her father was hardly seated in his studio, after leaving the dining room, before Faith was on hand to ply him with questions, which at times were rather pertinent.

"Here, papa," Faith commenced, "take this book and see if I know my lesson." Fenton did not care much about fishing out questions—they might be disagreeable. So Faith reversed things and put her father through a cross-examination.

What is meant by Faith, Hope and Charity?" Faith rattled off almost in one breath.

"Oh, that is an easy one," said Fenton, but in spite of it he couldn't think of the words. Still he was not going to make an exposure of his ignorance, even before a child, so he evaded the question by pretending to misunderstand Faith's question. So lifting her up on his knee, he laughingly said: "You are *my* Faith, aren't you? Yes, my own dear little girl. And we have our own Charity, too. Don't you like her, Faith? Your papa does. Wouldn't it be nice to keep her with us always? Does she ever speak of me, Faith?"

"Indeed she does," answered the child, "and she often said that there is nothing in the world she would not do for you, but she would scold me if she knew I told you, papa."

"Any more questions, Faith?"

"Yes, papa, why do you never speak of hope, as well as faith?"

"Oh, well, Faith, when you grow up to be a nice young lady, you will understand more about some things. At one

time, Faith, there lived a wise old American, I guess you have heard of him, since most of the school readers mention him—Benjamin Franklin. He it was who as a boy used to send up kites, and one day made a big discovery about electricity. Well, as I was going to say, this man Franklin said some very wise things, and one of his sayings was that

'He who lives on hopes will die starving.'"

"Oh, yes," said Faith, "I remember that at the top of my copy-book there is something which this man– Franklin did you call him? Well, the words are, 'A good conscience makes a continual Christmas.' Charity told me that it makes us happy and sin is the only thing that makes us unhappy. Are you happy, papa?"

"I try to be, Faith," answered Fenton.

But he was not happy. In his heart he was miserable. But Faith heard her father laugh, she heard him sing and believed him happy. Poor child! She had not yet learned that

"E'en our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those which tell
of saddest thought."

These dialogues between father and daughter were cut short, much to Fenton's relief, by the entrance of Charity. It was a dark and gloomy day, and her entrance seemed to bring with it a flood of sunshine into Fenton's studio. The girl had just come back from a visit to good Padre Angelo, and brought a nice little pearl rosary for Faith. As she handed it to the child, she accompanied the gift with an affectionate kiss on the child's sweet face.

"Nothing for me, Charity?" said Fenton.

"Yes, Harry," said Charity. "I have a message to you from the good padre. He expects to see you at church next Sunday. I had quite an interesting chat with him."

"About wicked me?" said Fenton.

"Indeed not," replied Charity. "You would become vain if I repeated all the fine things I said. It could not be otherwise, you know, for as Father Angelo himself put it, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"As the good padre handed this rosary he looked at it in a meditative way, saying:

'Oh, Miss Werker, how I do love the rosary—it is such a consolation to me. Many a time do my poor fingers travel around those decades for my dear flock, and how I love to say it for my dear penitents. 'Tis very true what a holy priest, an Irish Dominican, Father Burke, used to say, 'If I have my beads about me I could sleep peacefully near the crater of Vesuvius.' O, yes, Miss Werker, love Mary and her rosary. Tell the holy madonna you want to love her. Keep wishing and pray for the will to love her—for as they say in my own dear Italia, *La volonta e tutto*. The will is everything. Just as your own Schiller once said, '*Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis.*'"

"I am going to say this rosary first for the padre and the next for papa, and the third for you, Charity," broke in Faith.

"Thank you, Faith," said Charity, "and I hope you will often bear in mind the lessons the beads teach you. Remember that our holy Mother's chain of beads is strong, so strong it can draw you to heaven. With it you can bind up the devil. He will be then powerless to hurt you, and the most he can do is to bite at the chain. Use the beads often, Faith—for when a chain

becomes rusty from want of use it breaks. Bear in mind that those ten beads on the decade remind you of the ten commandments. Some beads have links of precious metal, others of perhaps coarse wire. So it is with our lives—they may be welded together with golden bonds of plenty, or perhaps by chains of suffering, and we must accept either if it is God's will. And then again, those three beads which go before the decade remind you of what I so often spoke, Faith, Hope and Charity. So my dear Faith, as has been said:

Like threads of silver seen thro those crystal beads,
Let love thro your good deeds show."

"You delight in delivering little pious lectures, Charity. I expect they are not solely meant for Faith, who herself takes delight in lecturing me, as she did this morning," said Fenton.

"I was just asking papa some questions in catechism," said Faith.

"Yes, she gave me some puzzlers, and of course things were bound to get around to the old subject of Faith, Hope and Charity," said Fenton.

"Things which we should never tire of discussing," said Charity. "That was the very thing Father Angelo touched on to-day. He said it was deplorable to see such a want of faith in the world to-day. 'Oh,' he said, 'if there was more faith—if we but took God at His word, what a happy world this would be. Then, indeed, we would not be pained to see so many unhappy wretches ending their existence, because they failed to see things in the eyes of faith. And, oh misery of misery, what havoc the printing press and the godless school are doing. Well did our Lord say, 'Do you think the Son of Man will find faith on earth when He comes to judge the world.' Oh, how light our burden would be, were our hopes placed on a better world to come, where peace, love and happiness is infinite. How our charity would burn and our lives become holier did we but know the glory awaiting us.' "

Charity grew quite warm as she repeated the words of Father Angelo. She showed Fenton a very pretty prayer-book which she received from the priest. On the fly-leaf he had written a verse—as yet unnoticed by Charity herself. It seemed so pretty. It ran like this:

"Love, led by faith and fed by hope, is able
To travel through the world's wild wilderness;
And burdens seeming most intolerable
Both to take up and bear with cheerfulness,
To do or suffer, what appears in sight
Extremely heavy—love will make most light."

"I should like to see the good padre," said Fenton. "He might take a load from my heart. But I need courage to act. Say a little prayer for me, and ask Faith to do the same."

Never did Faith and Charity pray more fervently than this night, as they together offered up the rosary for Harry Fenton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He who communicates is in the heart of Jesus, and Jesus is in his heart. This union is not of pure affection, but it is real and true.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

The enemy has been cast out of your hearts. You have promised to renounce him in that profession, which not man only, but God and his angels witnessed when you said, "I do renounce him." Renounce him, then, not only in word, but in work; not only by the sound of the lips, but in every act of your life.—*St. Augustine.*

A LEGEND OF THE PROPHET ELIAS.

IT would appear from the following legend that the prophet Elias wishes to prove that he belongs partly to the church militant, not having passed through the shadow of death.

It is said that every Easter he descends to earth and receives Holy Communion in some Carmelite community, choosing for this purpose the most fervent of the Order.

Last year, a community in Germany received the honor of his presence.

The chaplain was unacquainted with the legend and we may judge of his astonishment when at the time of communion, he perceived a venerable old man with a white beard at the head of the procession of nuns coming up to receive Communion at the grating.

"What," said he to himself, "a man has dared to enter the enclosure! What is to be done?"

However, the look of profound recollection of the aged personage impressed him so deeply that he resolved to give him Holy Communion and ask the explanation when his mass had finished. As soon as the Holy Sacrifice was over, the chaplain sent for the Superioress, and asked her who had come to communion the first. "It was I, Father," she replied. "But before you," he said, "I thought I saw a venerable old man coming up to the Holy Table."

"Oh, what happiness," said the Prioress, "it was the holy prophet Elias who made his Easter with us this year; our convent is then the most perfect of the Order."—"*La Semaine Religieuse de Grenoble.*"

A THOUGHT FOR THE PILGRIMAGE.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

To thy shrine, O ! Queen of Carmel,
We, thy loving children, come.
Hear our prayers, O ! Flos Carmeli,
Offered in thy chosen home.
Extend a mother's arm caressing,
Shield us with tender love,
Till guided by thy care and blessing,
We dwell with thee above.

POPPY THURSDAY IN MEXICO.

ONE of the most attractive features of that excellent Catholic paper, *The Sacred Heart Review*, is a regular correspondence from Mexico. This Catholic neighbor of ours so little known, and so much maligned by a hostile press, improves more and more upon nearer acquaintance. We are grateful to the enterprising Catholic journal, that gives us such charming descriptions of the customs and habits of a thoroughly Catholic nation so near to us, and so deserving of our Catholic fellow-feeling.

In its issue of June 5 ult. we read the following account of a beautiful festival celebrated in the Church of the Carmelite Fathers at San Angel, near the city of Mexico.

The festival, beautiful and poetic to a degree, is celebrated on Thursday in Easter week in honor of our Lord's appearing to Mary Magdalen in the garden. This is known as "Jueves de Amapolas," Poppy Thursday. Although held in many of the city churches, that of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, at San Angel, twelve miles out from the city, celebrates the festival magnificently. So much so, indeed, that the apostolic delegate, Mgr. Averardi, who attended this year, was greatly pleased. The church itself is large, well lighted and tastefully decorated, possessing several fine paintings.

On this day poppies are everywhere, altars, chandeliers, in fact, every place where flowers can be put is filled with poppies shading from the pink to the crimson. Although every year the church is crowded, it was even more so on account of Mgr. Averardi's visit. Camacho's orchestra rendered Rossini's "Petite Messe Solemnelle," assisted by a choir of picked voices. As the "Gloria" was entoned, a shower of rose petals began to fall from the dome, and continued in a steady rain until, at the Elevation of the Host, it increased to a storm of perfumed petals. The sun's rays, striking these multicolored leaves, transformed them into glowing jewels of ruby, topaz, amethyst, all falling from some mysterious Aladdin's garden above. This is a distinctive feature of the feast, and the effect eludes description; although a simple thing in itself, the sight of these millions of bright-hued rose leaves falling silently from the dome to alight on the heads and shoulders of the worshippers, and afterwards forming an odorous carpet for the procession, is never forgotton, ever fascinating.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Maltrana, one of Mexico's most eloquent orators. Fr. Maltrana is immensely popular here among all classes of society, preaching daily, and often as many as three times a day. His ascetic appearance, graceful delivery and polished yet clear language combine to make his sermons doubly effective. Mgr. Averardi, although not well acquainted with Spanish, understood most of the sermon and expressed his approval.

Mass over, the procession was formed, the Monsignor bearing the Host and giving the benediction at the close. In the four corners of the churchyard, altars were erected by Indians from the surrounding villages. One unacquainted with the skill of the native

gardeners would not dream they could produce anything half so beautiful as these "pozas," as they call the altars. Composed entirely of foliage plants and cut flowers, the designs are new every year, and are admired greatly, especially by foreigners. On each of these altars stands an image of a Carmelite saint, and the Blessed Sacrament rests there for a few minutes while the "Pange Lingua" is sung. All along the high walls are perched boys with baskets filled with more rose leaves to scatter before the Host. The quantity of poppies and roses used on this feast is fabulous, even in this land of flowers. Mgr. Averardi and accompanying priests dined at the pastor's house, returning in the afternoon charmed with San Angel.

This village teems with memories of Gen. Scott and his soldiers (many of them Irish) who were quartered there for some time during the war of '47. The Carmelite friars gave up the convent to the soldiers, reserving for themselves only the infirmary, and, notwithstanding the fact that the friars released, in one night, some four hundred prisoners confined in the convent by the soldiers, these two most dissimilar bodies of men became warm friends, so much so, it is told, that when the final leave-taking took place, friars and soldiers wept on each others' necks. Twelve brave American soldiers lie at rest in the quiet vault under the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and many are the anecdotes told of "los Americanos" by the surviving friars. Now only a small portion of the convent attached to the church exists; the rest has been torn down.

But the town of San Angel, owing its existence to the good friars, is still the resort of wealthy families during the summer, as it was when Mme. Calderon de la Barca, wife of the first Spanish minister to Mexico, spent a few months in a house still standing, and thus describes it: "San Angel is pretty in its own way, with its fields of maguey, its scattered houses that look like the beaux restes of better days, its market place, its parish church, church of El Carmen, with the monastery and highwalled gardens adjoining; with its narrow lanes, Indian huts, profusion of pink roses, little bridge and avenue and scattered clusters of trees; its houses for *temperamento* (*constitution*, as they call those where Mexican families come to reside in summer), with their grated windows, and gardens and orchards. And then the distant view of Mexico with the cathedral towers, volcanos and lofty mountains, scattered churches and long lines of trees; and nearer the pretty villages of Cayoacan and Mixcoac; and everywhere the old church, the broken arch, the ancient cross with its faded flower garlands to commemorate a martyrdom or erected as an act of piety—all is so characteristic of Mexico that the landscape could belong to no other part of the known world."

And San Angel has not changed much since then; many more houses have been built and so-called improvements made, trains, both steam and mule-drawn, run every half-hour, but the charm is there. Towards the last of April the families begin to close the city houses, leaving behind modern customs and manners, with fine gowns and rich furniture, and betake themselves to the simply furnished old county houses. There five o'clock tea gives way to the delicious native chocolate (not made after those strange recipes published in northern papers under the name of "Mexican chocolate"), and the life led is charmingly Mexican. The houses, for the most part only one story high, are built around an open court, where flowers bloom and fountains tinkle, on which open the spacious, lofty rooms; at the back stands an old-fashioned garden, with swimming tank and bowling alley, all surrounded by high walls of solid masonry, above which the passer-by may only see towering tree-tops, the roof of a summer house, clambering vines, and hear merry voices united in laughter or song.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

I.

The Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel at Naples.

Historically speaking, the most important and ancient shrine in Naples, is that of La Madonna del Carmine, sometimes called Santa Maria della Bruna, from the darkness of the picture. Brought there in the middle of the twelfth century by some monks from Mount Carmel, whose order about that time began to emigrate westward, and placed in the chapel of the convent assigned them, it furnishes the original for all Carmelite pictures, medals, and scapulars of our Lady.

In 1269 Naples beheld the tragic execution of young King Conradin, and the anguish of his mother, Empress Marguerita, who arrived too late to save him by payment of the ransom agreed upon with Charles of Anjou. Obtaining his body, she placed it in the chapel of the Carmelites, which she resolved to rebuild as his mausoleum with the gold she had brought wherewith to purchase his life.

On the completion of this new church the ancient Madonna del Carmine, replaced on the altar by a large "Assumption," was relegated to a side chapel, where it remained comparatively neglected until the jubilee year of 1500.

At that time, a pilgrimage to Rome, desiring to place itself under our Lady's care, asked and received permission of the Fathers to carry this picture with them. One April morn, banners flying and chanting litanies, they set forth. A wretched cripple, begging by the wayside, stretched out his arm toward the picture as it approached, praying aloud that the Mother of Mercy would restore to him the use of his limbs, that he, too, might join these others on the way to Rome. Even as he prayed, a glow penetrated his wasted frame, "and leaping up, he stood and walked and went with them." As the procession advanced from village to village, the inhabitants, apprised of the miracle which had signalized its departure from Naples, brought out their sick and laid them in the streets, praying that, as she passed, this powerful and tender Madonna would compassionate them. The Pope ordered inquiries to be made as to the authenticity of the remarkable cures reported to him; and the result was such that, accompanied by all the cardinals, he paid homage to the picture at St. Peter's.

On returning to Naples, the Madonna della Bruna, with all honor and rejoicing, was placed above the high altar of the new Carmelite church. Then the King of Naples gave proof of a faith unequalled in history by commanding all the stricken and suffering throughout the land to be brought to the metropolis, and there placed in a hospital which he had prepared for them.

On a day specified, in presence of the sovereign and his people, the sick were borne into the church and ranged on long benches near the altar; then the medical certificate required of each was read aloud by one of the secretaries, giving age, name, and that of the disease wherewith he or she was afflict-

ed. High mass followed, and at the *Gloria in Excelsis* the veil covering the Madonna was slowly drawn aside. How depict the scene? Imagine the cries, the supplications, the pealing shouts and *vivas*, as a celestial light, emanating from her face, shed its rays upon the multitude, all of whom in that miraculous moment were miraculously healed. *Evviva! evviva, Maria!*

(Dawn Graye in *Ave Maria.*)

[Ed. note.—The picture of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is sent to all those who contribute towards the building fund of the *Hospice of Mt. Carmel* at *Falls View, Ont.*, and as a receipt to subscribers for the Carmelite Review, is engraved after a copy of the Madonna della Bruna.]

II.

Conversion of a Veteran.

The following communication comes from Lille:

A retired officer of the French army, almost ninety years old, was for many years a total stranger to any kind of religious practice. This man was recommended to us by a saintly priest, whom the old officer often received as a dear personal friend, but whose efforts to lead him back to religion were in vain. Scepticism, the result of evil company and the reading of Voltairean books, had poisoned the soul of the old warrior.

Several attempts by different persons to convert the old man, who was tottering to his grave, were fruitless. Some months ago I sent the old man a Scapular, begging him to accept it from the daughter of an old friend. The Holy Virgin had inspired me. He accepted the scapular. Our mutual friend, the priest, announced this joyfully, adding: "It will be a long time till he will be ready to make his confession . . . . remember that he had forgotten Mary." Some days later the same priest sent me a note. The old officer of his own free will had wished to go to confession and to receive the sacraments of the Church. Once more our Lady of Mount Carmel had shown her power and her maternal solicitude. The old man now enjoys perfect health. He is a devout child of our Holy Church and an ardent admirer of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

(Chroniques du Carmel.)

III.

A Happy Escape.

The charity of Mary towards her chosen children is boundless. Proof of this is an event in the year 1879 at the railroad depot at Courtrai.

A good peasant woman from a Flemish village, who had to go by rail to Courtrai, had her scapular adjusted by her daughter, not wishing to travel without this protection against all dangers. When the time came for the train to leave, the scapular had not been sewed on again, which fact greatly vexed the good woman. "I will put it on as it is," she exclaimed. "The Blessed Virgin knows my will and will not withhold her protection during my journey." Having arrived at Courtrai she had to cross the track, not seeing a train which came speedily on from the opposite side. The woman seemed doomed. Recommending herself to the mother of God, she threw herself on the ground. When the train was stopped all the cars of the train, with the exception of the two last ones, had rolled over the prostrate form of the woman. The conductor and the brakemen drew her form from under the cars, sure to find a mutilated corpse. What was their astonishment when the woman rose, as if nothing had

happened. "This was a happy escape. You were but a hair-breadth from death," people said. "It was my scapular which saved me," the woman answered. "Thanks to the Blessed Virgin! At the moment of danger I had the presence of mind to throw myself on the ground." On her return to her village home, the pious soul had two masses celebrated in honor of our Lady of the Scapular.

(Chroniques du Carmel.)

IV.

A Conversion Through the Holy Scapular.

Dr. Francis Zaldiia, former president of the Republic of Columbia (South America), was an eminent lawyer, but very much opposed to the Catholic Church. He always belonged to the liberal party, which in that country, like in all countries, is hostile to the church. To him partly the expulsion of the Jesuits and persecutions of similar character had to be ascribed. Nevertheless, this man had a son, who had been educated very carefully and who finished his studies at the American College at Rome. The young Columbian studied for the priesthood and was particularly devoted to the most Holy Virgin. Incessantly he prayed to the Virgin for the conversion of his father, but all his efforts seemed in vain. After the young cleric had been ordained priest, he returned to his native country. A few years after his son's return, the old ex-president became hopelessly sick, but he showed no sign that he wanted to die as a Christian and awaited death unconcernedly. This almost exasperated the priestly son, who stood near the dying father's bed. Making an effort the young priest said to his father: "Dear father! What human skill could do has been done. Do you not want any spiritual assistance whatever? Please, take this scapular!" The dying president, accepting the offered scapular, asked for the conditions under which it has to be worn. "First you must make your confession, father," said the son. The thought of confession made the old man quiver, but after a few minutes of reflection, he said: "Well, call a priest." After he had made his confession, the old gentleman declared aloud that he wished to die a child of mother Church. The pious priest, his son, is at present canon of the Metropolitan Church at Bogota. Great is his zeal for the cult of Mary and for the scapular of Carmel.

(The Irish Catholic).

V.

A Painful Trouble Cured.

The following letter was sent to the editor of the Carmelite Review by a well-known professional man:

Rev. Dear Father,—About a week ago while traveling on the cars I had a particle of cinder or other substance blown into my right eye, which caused me much trouble and affected the other eye at the same time. Sometimes one night's sleep will cause such things to be discharged from the eye, but in my case it did not, and on the second night my eye was worse, much inflamed and the left weakened and inflamed as well. Before going to sleep I took my scapular and held it to my eye and asked our Blessed Lady to help me, and thus went to sleep. In the morning I awoke with the obstruction gone and it has not bothered me since.

J. S.

There is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

It seems a very long time since last vacation; but now that it has come the days and weeks will fly, as does every joyful occasion eagerly looked forward to and longed for.

Vacation means rest, does it not? Now, what is rest? It is a change of work; not giving it up entirely. So, while school books are put out of sight for ten long weeks, all books need not be so treated.

A word to you all, but particularly the girls, as to this matter of reading.

It is well worth while to educate one's self to admire *only* the best in literature. In these days when books are so cheap, so plentiful and so tempting, it is very necessary to know what to take and what to leave.

It would seem as if novels were the only books to be read in vacation. Now, while it is true that light reading is well adapted to while away the summer hours, yet it need not be trashy to be light. There is no excuse for reading silly, sinful novels, when there is an abundance of good, clean, delightful books and Catholic ones, above all, which can not be classed as prosy or preachy.

Christian Reid's novels are all delightful ones. The last published in the Ave Maria, "The Man of the Family" was exciting enough to satisfy any taste and charming to the highest degree.

Dear Mrs. Dorsey, now in the sweet rest of paradise we fondly hope, wrote a score of beautiful stories, and those who subscribe for the "Ave Maria" are always sure of a good story or stories running through it every week.

Don't read every book lying around on tables and chairs in summer resorts during vacation. You are choice as to the friends you select, why not be as fastidious about your books? Read poetry during the summer. Fill your minds with beauty, even as you feast your eyes on it. Learn to love the pure and noble thoughts of those who have made the world brighter and better.

Nathaniel P. Willis is sadly old-fashioned nowadays—but, give him a trial and see how very beautiful his scriptural poems are. They are word pictures which always haunt the memory of those who learn to love them.

So much for reading.

Don't forget that you are Catholics during vacation.

Form an apostolate among yourselves, dear young friends, to see to it that you go to no country place where you can not go to mass on Sundays.

Why, the very soul of a summer resort is the Catholic Church. How can the children of the faith enjoy the beauties of nature while forgetful of God. What more inviting than the little country chapel with its ever open door, and its fascinating charm which never suffers one to pass without going in to see Him, whom a saint called "my dear neighbor."

The Secretary thinks that much loving reparation might be made to our dear Lord in the blessed sacrament during the long summer days, if Catholics would make it a matter of conscience not to pass the season in any country place where a church was not within easy reach.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. We all owe a huge debt to our Blessed Lord for this "price of our ransom," and the long idle days of July give many a sweet opportunity to pay our debt. Ask our Blessed Lady every morning to offer to the eternal father the Precious Blood of her Divine Son to prevent the commission of one mortal sin that day. *That* would not be very hard, and yet when we think that our Blessed Lord would go all through His bitter passion again to prevent one mortal sin, how eager we should be to do our little share which in the indulgence of His mercy He makes so powerful.

God's glory should be very dear to all His creatures. Vacation days are full of opportunities to work for this high and holy object. Good example, fervent prayer, a daily rosary, a daily visit to the blessed sacrament. *What* can they not do?

The Secretary hardly dares propose daily mass to her young friends during vacation—but why not? Lots of time to be lazy all day. Why not give our Lord the first half hour?

When we are dying we will look back very wistfully at the days that were sanctified by daily mass. Every one of them meant a sacrifice, and God is a royal paymaster. I firmly believe that daily mass will save one's soul. Grace fairly pours down on the soul during the holy sacrifice. It can not be lost.

Remember our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel on her feast, July 16. Ask her to obtain for you a happy death, but that word reminds me to ask your prayers for a very dear friend of the Secretary's who died during the month of Mary. She loved the blessed sacraments so passionately that she was affectionately called "the dove of the tabernacle." She would make it a duty to find out where the forty hours' devotion was going on, and no matter how great the distance she would travel all over the city to visit the blessed sacrament.

To spend an hour before It was her joy. Everything was given up for benediction. The loss of one communion was a positive grief to her. The blessed sacrament was the grand passion of her life, and so the Secretary commends the soul of her dear friend to the loving remembrance of the little ones and of all the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

Very sweet and tender is the memory of those who have lived for God. Even the world holds them in benediction.

A happy vacation to you all, dear children.

In the words of St. Philip Neri, "Love God and then do what you like."

Devotedly,

SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JUNE.

1. Because their supply of food is cut off.
2. Because their work is done.
3. Thoreau.
4. Charles XII. of Sweden.
5. Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JUNE.

1. Because they are made to be kept on hand.

2. Because words are constantly passing between them.

3. A powder magazine.

4. Hooke.

5. Alphabet.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why is Florida the nation's housekeeper?

2. What kind of sermons would a parson write whose father was a baker?

3. Why is an infant like a diamond?

4. Why are Germans like quinine and gentian?

5. What three animals rule the world?

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—Our Lady's Magnificat.

2. My dearest, if God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another. —St. John 1 chap. iv. verse.

3. Those who have Martha's cares upon them may enjoy a most perfect share in Mary's rest if they refer everything to God.—Sr. Francis de Sales.

4.

There are thousands in all ages,
  Come to Christ because of thee;
O, then, Mary, with thy converts
  In thy kindness number me.
    —Fr. Faber on Mary Magdalene.

5. Take your rest then, and gather new strength for your work. Take care of your health; and give your mind intervals of rest, joy, and innocent liberty.—Fenelon.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is referred to in the following lines:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled, in Asia wed;
Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead,
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven."

2. What cathedral is called "a miracle in stone?" and "a bit of frozen music?"

3. Who completed that cathedral and left his own statue in the building?

4. What was the object of Gothic cathedrals?

5. Who is called "the painter of the conception?"

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Beside the water and the crumbs
  She laid her little birds of clay,
For—"When some other sparrow comes
  Perhaps they'll fly away."
Ah, golden dream, to clothe with wings
  A heart of springing joy; to know
Two lives i' the happy sum of things
  To her their bliss will owe!
Day dawned; they had not taken flight,
  Tho' playmates called from bush and tree,
She sighed: "I hardly thought they might.
Well—God's more clever'n me!"

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul set free from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.
O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

—Lowell.

Old Time, in whose bank we deposit
our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas
for groats :
He keeps all the customers still in
arrears—
By lending them minutes and charging
them years.

—Holmes.

"Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike."

In an empty room we three
Play the game we always like,
And count to see who it shall be :
"Ana, mana, mona, mike."

Round and round the rhyme we go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow :
"Barcelona, bona, strike."

What it all means no one knows,
Mixed up like a peddler's pack,
As from door to door he goes !
"Hare, ware, frow, frack."

Now we guess and now we doubt,
Words enough or words we lack,
Till the rhyming brings about,
Welcomed with a farewell shout :
"Hallico, ballico, we-wi-wo, whack—
out."

JIM.

By Mrs. M. L. Sandrock Redmond.

As Mrs. Brownell entered her drawing-room, a queer little figure rose from the edge of a chair and touched its fore-lock with two very dirty fingers.

"If yer please, ma'am," said he, "I'm Jim. Guess yer don't 'member me, but I ain't forgot yer, nor never will."

Mrs. Brownell took the small dirty hand in hers. A smile, whose delightful geniality penetrated the very soul of the miserable morsel of humanity before her, beamed from every feature as she said :

"That's a very nice compliment, Jim, but you're not the only one with a good memory. Why, you're the very lad I was thinking about this afternoon. I was wondering how you had been getting along in these hard times."

Jim looked uneasy. He shifted from one ragged foot to the other. He crumpled his rusty, nondescript hat against his knickerbockers, while the other hand made a dive into an inner pocket, from which he produced a small tissue paper parcel.

"I ain't come to ask yer for nuthin', ma'am," said he. "I jest wanted ter thank yer for the dollar yer guv me that day we almost wuz starvin'. An' it wuzn't jest the plunker ; it wuz the way yer guv it, too. Here ——" thrusting the parcel hastily upon her —"it's jest a red posy. But I didn't hev no more tin, yer know."

The lady silently opened the parcel and as she held a glowing crimson carnation in her hand, her lips smiled tremulously, and when she spoke her words had the catching of the breath that those who knew Mrs. Brownell most intimately, understood to mean that she was more moved than she

would like to admit, for Agnes Brownell was, above all things, a practical woman, and a practical woman, we all know, does not like to be caught with the dew of sentiment in her eyes."

"Wonderfully energetic," commented her acquantances, not knowing nor caring what resulted from the energy. But I think, from what I have heard of this little woman, that the angel who kept the record of her daily doings called her energy by the noble title of charity. She had wealth, she had leisure, it is true. But there were innumerable calls upon both, and it seems to me it could only have been a genuine thirst for the glory of God and a passion of love for her neighbor that gave her strength to seek out every day the poor, and sick, and suffering, to spend many a long day interviewing employers and janitors of public buildings in quest of work for some deserving protege.

Mrs. Brownell held the carnation to her face and gave such a look of delight to the little lad that his dirty face smiled sympathetically, and he remarked, "I'm glad you like it."

"Like it! My dear boy, I simply love flowers, and above all, red carnations. And this is a beauty! I shall put it in water and keep it as long as possible. But you must come along with me now and have something to eat."

Jim was easily persuaded to accept this invitation, and disposed of the food set before him with the avidity of the boy of the streets whose appetite is very seldom even half satisfied. At Mrs. Brownell's suggestion, he scrubbed his face and hands before eating, and after he had finished his meal, was easily led to tell of his life and family. It was a very ordinary story. He was ten, he said, the eldest of half a dozen children. Mother worked when she could get washing to do. Father had had no work all winter. He sold papers, blacked boots, ran errands, shovelled snow, did whatever he could get to do, and had evidently been the mainstay of the family.

Mrs. Brownell had the art of winning confidences. Jim had never talked to any one as he did to this bright-faced, pleasant lady. She listened quietly with a smile or a little question now and then, and as she listened she thought as was her wont. She looked at the pinched white cheeks and the red, chapped hands of the little fellow beside her, at his intelligent gray eyes and good-natured mouth, at his threadbare, dirty garments and shoes full of holes. As she looked, she thought of her little son well fed, and clad, and taught, and cared for in every way, and a pang of pity went through her for this little neglected waif.

"Jim," she said, "if your mother and father could get work enough to do, would you like to go to a place where you would be taught your religion and reading and writing, and various other things, above all a good trade? You would have a comfortable home, clean and warm and pleasant. You would have companions of your own age and plenty of games, and all sorts of fun. This place is called St. Joseph's Protectory, and is in charge of a good, kind man whose name is Father James, and who is——. Well, Jim, there is no use trying to explain to you what Father James is; you'll see for yourself. I think he's a saint and so do a good many other people. And as for those boys out there, they think he's the grandest boy they ever knew. He'll play ball with you, or marbles, or fly kites. He'll teach you how to spar."

"Golly! He must be a reg'lar corker!"

Mrs. Brownell gasped. "He is!" she fervently exclaimed.

"Do dey guv de coons any grub at dat dere Protec'ry?"

"Oh, certainly. The food is excellent and plentiful. Would you like me to take you there? Do you think your father and mother would consent?"

"Dunno. 'Spect dey'd be glad. Ma sez dere's too many of us brats and dad beats me for de dough when he's on a booze."

Mrs. Brownell shook her head pitifully. She had met many cases of such parents. Promising Jim to come herself to see his father and mother the next day, she sent him home with a basket of dainties for the younger children.

It was not in Agnes Brownell's nature to lose time in the prosecution of a good deed. Her interest was so strongly aroused in this little urchin that she exerted a more than usual amount of energy in his behalf.

Two days after his visit, Jim, neatly clad in a complete outfit from the wardrobe of Mrs. Brownell's little son, with face and hands immaculately clean and curly hair less tangled than usual, accompanied his benefactress to the Protectory.

Father James received them with the manner of simple, beautiful kindliness that at all times characterized him and helped, perhaps, to make him idolized by the hundred or two of boys under his charge.

While Mrs. Brownell spent a few minutes in the beautiful chapel of the institution, Father James won his way to the boy's heart and made him happy and comfortable at once by showing him the well-equipped gymnasium and explaining its various wonders to him.

When Mrs. Brownell caught sight of the eager, happy little face, with its wistful grey eyes fixed upon the Father's countenance, she thought of the wan little face she had seen two days before, and very gratefully she said to Father James, "I see the spell of your magnetism has been cast already, Father, and Jim is another victim. I need not fear to leave him in your hands."

As Jim took the hand she extended, his big eyes were more wistful than ever as he looked into her face. Very slowly and seriously he said: "Yer've been awful good to me, ma'am. I dunno how to thank you. I guess yer what yer said he wuz,"—nodding towards Father James—"a saint, yer know."

An impartial observer would have found it hard to say which of the two people so ingeniously complimented laughed the heartier, blushed the redder or looked the more confused.

As he bade her good-by, Father James said, "You have struck the right lad this time, Mrs. Brownell. I know very little of boys if Jim does not turn into a pretty good sort of a man and a creditable protege. We'll keep his carnation for a blossom in your crown when we canonize you," he added, with a twinkle of the merry brown eyes that glanced brightly as a boy's, from under his grey hair and brows.

Don't wait until some other time to say a kind word of praise and encouragement to any one. To-morrow may be too late and you will always reproach yourself. And don't be chary of smiles. You don't know to whom they may seem like little rifts of sunshine in clouds of darkness.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The July number of the CARMELITE REVIEW must be especially dedicated to our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The beautiful frontispiece is a copy by an eminent artist of the famous "Madonna della Bruna" brought by the Carmelite fathers to Naples from Mount Carmel, after having been their greatest treasure on the Holy Mount from the earliest days of Christianity. In fact, tradition affirms it to have been painted by St. Luke himself. The tender poem, on our Lady of Mt. Carmel, by one who will not be known publicly by any other name than child of Mary, "Enfant de Marie," is a worthy prayer to our glorious Queen—and her article on "Our Lady's Invitation" is redolent with the perfume of the cloister.

The Feast of the Scapular at Niagara Falls.

This great feast of love and privilege falls on Friday, the 16th of July. Every client of Mary remembers that treasured day and eagerly anticipates it. The thousands who annually visit the shrine of our Lady at Falls View, will be able to make use of the facilities afforded them by the pilgrimage train from Buffalo to spend the day in visiting the quaint chapel, and gaining the plenary indulgences accorded to each repeated visit. This indulgence can be gained from the vespers 2 p.m. on Thursday afternoon of the 15th until sunset of the 16th of July.

The pilgrimage train leaves Buffalo at 7.25 a.m., and returns at 5 p.m. High mass at 10 a.m. There will be early masses for all those who wish to receive Holy Communion at the shrine. Pilgrims are requested to bring lunch with them, as only bread and coffee will be served on the grounds.

The Latest Encyclical.

Our Holy Father has issued an extensive encyclical letter on devotion to the Holy Ghost. It is a complete treatise on the external and internal mission of the Spirit of God. The Holy Father desires to have the devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity increased among the faithful, and to this end ordains an annual novena to be held in preparation for the feast of Pentecost. His paternal heart, wishing to bring about the complete success of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the Church by uniting all Christian churches under His loving sway, and wishing moreover to have the fruits of the same Spirit fully bestowed on each Christian soul, has chosen this means of exciting greater devotion to the spirit of Jesus and the Father, the Comforter, who alone can give consolation to a troubled world.

The Pope's Poem.

In the midst of his many occupations the Holy Father finds time to distract himself, not as ordinary mortals do, but in a manner peculiar to himself. There are but few persons living to-day who could imitate him in this sort of recreation, and these few would call it a most laborious task. His relaxation consists in writing Latin poetry so exquisite and harmonious, that it successfully ranks with the best classic poetry of ancient Rome. His late poem on frugality and greed has been praised to

the skies by the ablest critics, classical scholars such as Gladstone, and competent judges, such as old hoary-headed German professors. He is not only an able exponent of the blessings of frugality, but a living proof of it. It is decidedly pleasant to see the healthy interest this saintly man takes in such a commonplace thing as a stomach, and the quaint humor with which he pities the liver of the bloated glutton.

Two New Saints.

New saints? No! They were saints long ago, but on Ascension Thursday the Holy Father solemnly canonized them in St. Peter's church in Rome. All the old-time pomp and splendor was displayed to pay honor and veneration to these two saints, St. Anthony Maria Zaccaria, the founder of the Barnabites, who died in 1539 and St. Peter Fourier, the founder of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, who died in 1640. A careful investigation proved them to have practiced the most heroic virtues during life, and to have obtained miraculous favors for their clients after death. God willed them to be honored, and the Church has done so, with the sanction and at the expressed wish of the vicar of Christ. On such an occasion, no expense must be shunned, no ceremony omitted to give a glorious example to a material world, how highly holiness is to be valued and venerated.

Two Deaths at Sea.

Hardly had the papers brought the news of the sad ending of Barney Barnato, the richest man on earth, when another death took place at sea of a totally different kind. Barnato had to be restrained by force from laying hands upon himself, but he managed to escape the custody of his friends for a moment and flung himself headlong into the ocean, there to end a life given to material ends. On Sunday, June 13, Archbishop Jassens, of New Orleans, lay dying on a steamer, plying on the ocean between New Orleans and New York. He saw his end approaching and asked for the last rites of the church, which were administered to him. And then, in his dying moments, he begged his attendants to lift him out of bed and to place him on his knees, when the noble prelate lifted his eyes to heaven and with the words, "Thanks be to God that I am ready," lost consciousness shortly after.

The Death of Father Kneipp.

There is no newspaper in the world that did not bring the important item of Father Kneipp's death as a bit of interesting news. What interested the world in this simple, unostentatious village priest of Bavaria? Was it merely his water cure? No, although it had proved efficacious in thousands of cases. No, it was the sterling goodness and unselfishness of the man. Everyone who had the good fortune to remain at Woerishofen for a little while came away enchanted with the simple greatness of the good priest.

A Carmelite Convention.

Tha Hospice of Mount Carmel at Falls View is now nearing its completion. It cannot be opened to visitors and retreatants until next year but a certain number of rooms have been made ready to accommodate the superiors and delegates to the various Carmelite houses in America, who are to meet in chapter on July 6th. There is to be an election of the Provincial Superior and the various local superiors. Our readers will not do remiss if they offer up a fervent prayer for the welfare of our young province—the success

and growth of which means so much to all true lovers of our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

Modern Education.

The skeptical world is always throwing out questions. One of the latest is "Does modern education educate?" It does not in the true sense, if we mean the learned and highly endowed institutions which are divorced from the church. Not long ago a learned Jesuit proved that clearly. Some of the college presidents are now answering themselves. They cannot, however, do that without having a slap at the monkish methods of teaching. Nevertheless, the monks were the true teachers. They taught their pupils how to be happy here and, what is better, hereafter. It is hard to improve on the monastic system. Even our up-to-date Catholic bishops who prefer their own ideas to those hallowed by centuries in training seminarians will some day acknowledge this. And, by the way, only the other day a writer remarked that those who would keep abreast of the times must study up scholastic philosophy—in other words they must go to school to the monks. It is said that a truly "great man is one who affects the minds of his generation." And Leo XIII is a great man. He is making the world think.

The Suicidal Craze.

After the great cry of modern civilization and education, the cold fact remains that neither the wise men in the professional chairs, nor the lights of the rostrum, can stem the awful tide of self-destruction. The grim chapter in the daily press never grows shorter. Where is the remedy? It is not in the text books. No wizard has yet found it in his laboratory. But it needs no X-ray to discover a cure-all in the teaching of God's church. She teaches us that this is a vale of tears, a place of suffering and the ante-chamber to a home of bliss. Troubles, crosses, persecutions and privations here below are but stepping stones to heaven. The Christian should glory in the cross. The man of faith can see all this, but the blind infidel or graduate of godless schools sees it not. Individually, too, we can be apostles of mercy to our blind neighbor. If, by our prayer or an encouraging word, we can convince but one wavering soul of the necessity of bearing up under a heavy load, we have done a great work.

Stale Lies.

Lies concerning Catholic teaching are legion. We are all too well aware of this. Calumnies bob up in all directions and at times in unexpected quarters. The other day we met a gentleman, who was passing the hours of travel by doing a little light reading. He held in his hands a late number of "Leslie's Popular Monthly." It looked innocent enough. "It's quite harmless!" remarked the gentleman as he handed us the periodical in question. A "that's so" almost accompanied our "thank you," when in a far-off corner our eyes caught sight of a paragraph which humorously referred to the manner in which the "Romish" church accepted money for the forgiveness of sin! Such ancient lies may in most cases amuse rather than scandalize, but it is nevertheless painful to think that the weak and innocent occupy their idle moments with just such kinds of literature.

A Good Vade-mecum.

Among your baggage put an extra Scapular, and be sure you have one on your person, for this is the season of

drownings and other unexpected and unprepared for accidents. Probably there would be fewer disasters did we not lay aside our Scapular. The Blessed Virgin promised that it would be "a safe-guard in danger" and it has proved itself such in many well-authenticated instances. Therefore prepare for emergencies. A spiritual book will likewise not be out of place in your valise. It may not be as spicy as that sweet little novel, but it will be a good antidote against the great amount of soul-poison so prevalent in public resorts.

Forty Years.

Holy Trinity parish, Pittsburg, had great reason to rejoice last month, when it celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its foundation. The Carmelite fathers have always found it a parish full of zeal, generosity and piety, virtues which will continue to flourish among a people so devoted to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

A Novel Devotion.

"It is novel to see you Carmelites having so much external devotion to an old Testament Prophet." The speaker referred to St. Elias. It is right that we should honor the great Prophet, first because he is our founder and father. Hence, this month, his feast, the 20th, will, as usual, be kept with becoming solemnity. Secondly, it is becoming that we do our part to bring this saint before the world, for it will see just in what it is to-day wanting, namely, zeal for God's glory. We should pray fervently for the spirit of Elias.

Another July Devotion.

Let our thoughts this month be of the most Precious Blood. Let us, too, make some reparation for sin which tramples it under foot. And we should be ever mindful of Mary, who, to again quote Father Faber, "sits upon her throne to magnify the Precious Blood. Her prayers dispense Its graces. Her holiness which enchants all heaven is the monument and trophy of the Precious Blood."

A Timely Suggestion.

The time is at hand for distant visits and excursions abroad. It is, alas! too a time of distraction and temptation. Let us be on our guard. We can only keep our souls untarnished by going forth in the same spirit as our divine mother when she visited her cousin St. Elizabeth. Let Mary be your model when you seek health and enjoyment at those resorts, where satan is bound to erect a grand stand. Take care that where the body finds life and enjoyment, your soul does not find death and misery.

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Bear in mind that the novena in preparation for the great Scapular-feast commences on July 7th.

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Do not forget the poor suffering souls in purgatory when you are piously endeavoring to gather the copious shower of plenary indulgences on July 16.

No sin can be small which is a great offence against a great God—against great majesty, a great authority, a great purity, a great justice, a great truth.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in a storm and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering.

PUBLICATIONS.

The *L. C. B. A. Journal* for May gives our REVIEW the following complimentary notice:

"The CARMELITE REVIEW, published at Falls View, Ont., needs no further recommendation than the name of the illustrious and learned Order, the Carmelite Fathers, under whose management the REVIEW comes out more interesting each month. It is published for the benefit of the Hospice at Falls View, which noble object, as well as its superior literary and mechanical make-up, commends it to general support."

The Carmelite Fathers have long ago recognized the great advantages held out to our Catholic women by the L.C.B.A. We are glad to see this already powerful association gaining ground every day. The number of branches is nearly 400 now, and many new ones are in process of formation. That the Ladies know a good thing when they see it is evident from the notice of our REVIEW quoted above.

Professor Schoenfeld, of the Columbian University, Washington, D.C., contributes a strong paper on "Spain, Cuba and the United States" to the June number of the *Rosary Magazine*. We note with satisfaction that the article is fully endorsed by the editor. When Catholic instinct was unable to warn our Catholic editors against a cause which was so suspiciously popular with freemasons and sectarian preachers, good common sense should have put them on their guard against the crude and palpable misrepresentations of the secular press. But truth and justice will always prevail in the end. Spain has gained moral prestige in the same proportion as the United States are losing it in the estimation of calm spectators.

The June number of the *Globe Review* shows us Mr. Thorne from his most charming side in the lay sermon on "The Reconciler," and some inspiring sonnets on the most sublime theme of all, the love of God. His other articles are in the usual style, so obnoxious to many, and so disturbing even to his friends. Caroline D. Swan gives a short but exhaustive history of the Oxford movement, and Priscilla Alden presents the radical measures proposed by Father Casas of Madrid for the settlement of the Cuban question, without commenting on them.

Our Lady of Good Counsel for June is a good number of this progressive monthly. We encounter among the names of its contributors the familiar ones of Henry Coyle, Mary Angela Spellissy and Matilda Cummings. All lovers of our Lady will enjoy the scholarly articles on "Characteristics of the Blessed Virgin," by Rev. Dr. Zelinger.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for June has an article by Robert N. Reeves on "Suicide and the environment." The writer states all the causes usually leading to suicide, except the main one—despair. He suggests all kinds of preventatives, except the principal one—supernatural hope. He proves by statistics that family life is a check on suicidal tendencies. And yet, how many suicides can he find among the thousands of consecrated celibates in religion? Dr. Max Muller, the professor of comparative religion at Oxford, says that more Protestants than Catholics commit suicide. The fact is, that good Catholics, who frequent the sacraments of the Church, never seek self-destruction. Most of those with suicidal intent would shrink from the awful deed if they could open their troubled hearts to a sincere friend. Catholics have such a friend—the priest—the father. And love of Mary, the daily recitation of a prayer in her honor, infallibly stays the self-assassin's hand. We know how unscientific this is, but science fails so miserably when the heart is starving. There is no scientific remedy against suicide.

NEW BOOKS.

Love Your Enemies by Father Spillmann, S.J. B. Herder, St. Louis. (45 cents.)

This is another one of the fascinating stories so dear to our Catholic youth, which this dear good Jesuit father has embodied in his "Tales of foreign lands." It treats of the Maori insurrections in New Zealand in 1860 and teaches a noble Christian lesson, one of the most difficult to learn, it is true, but one which makes us most Christ-like, when put into practice, the love of enemies.

BLESSED JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

Carmelite Review.

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LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY IN EUROPE AND IN LANGUEDOC. RAYMOND VI. AND RAYMOND VII., COUNTS OF TOULOUSE.

THE thirteenth century was a century of fearful disasters for Toulouse and Languedoc. Triumphant heresy and Judaism spread death, massacres, conflagrations and revolution all around them.

The Counts of Toulouse, aided and abetted by the kings of Arragon, the counts of Foix, and a great number of the nobility of the Provence, tried to shake off the sweet yoke of the gospel. Their gross impiety was only excelled by their revolting immorality. Controlling the estates and the revenues of the church, they used their power to oppress the clergy. Deaf to the remonstrances of the Popes and the Papal legates, they perjured themselves over and over again, whenever they could gain anything by so doing.

Italy and Germany also suffered severely from the bloody contests, caused by the ever renewed quarrels between the clergy and the rulers.

France, under Philip Augustus, Louis VIII. and St. Louis, enjoyed comparative peace and order.

Spain continued her crusades against the Moors.

England was recruiting her forces and gathering fresh strength. The crusades had ceased to excite Europe.

The Popes, solicitous as ever for the welfare of Christendom, not being able to send help to the Christians of the Orient, turned their regards upon the south of France, which, from Marseilles to Agen, was abandoned to political and religious anarchy.

Blessed Peter of Castelnau, the Papal legate; Blessed Foulques, bishop of Toulouse; the bishop of Osma; Saint Dominic and his first disciples; all tried in vain to persuade the misguided people to a return to religion and duty.

It became necessary to appeal to arms. The French nobility, so faithful to the interests of the church, became indignant when they found out the sufferings of the church in the Provence and in Toulouse. Barons, knights and common people rose to fight the Albigenses. Indulgences were granted to those who fought under the standard of the cross. Simon of Montfort was proclaimed chief of the holy expedition. Heresy

and the power of the Counts of Toulouse received a fatal blow at the battle of Muret, in which Peter Arragon lost his life in a deadly hand to hand combat.

Count Raymond VI. did not long survive this disaster. The body of this debauchee, fratricide, traitor, and excommunicated perjurer, for two centuries lay unburied in the deserted cloister of the Knights of St. John at Toulouse.

Blessed Foulques, St. Dominic, Honorius III. and Gregory IX., profiting by the triumph of the Catholic army, made use of its success to restore peace, and to force upon Raymond VII. at the proper time to submit to just political and religious laws. But the young Raymond, seduced by the senseless talk of some neighboring noblemen, and deceived by the perfidious advice of the King of England, did not yield to the pacific desires of the Popes, but on the contrary, openly rebelled against God and the church.

Simon de Montfort had died, and the Count of Toulouse tried to profit by the want of experience of Amaury, son of Montfort, in order to renew the prestige of his house, and to recover the possessions of his family lost by his weak father. Vain endeavors! God is not mocked with impunity. Raymond soon found that he had to face, not a few poorly equipped French noblemen, as it had been in the days of his father, but the King of France himself at the head of a powerful army.

Raymond VII. was ignominiously defeated. Conquered, disarmed and made a prisoner, he was obliged to humble himself before God and man in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, just as it happened to his father at St. Giles, on account of the assassination of Blessed Peter of Castelnau. He was imprisoned in the Louvre, and only succeeded in breaking his chains after the conditions of peace had been accepted by him, under the eyes of Queen Blanche and her august son Louis IX. He had to consent that his daughter Joanna should be united in marriage with Alphonse of Poitiers, second son of the King of France, and that the provinces of Toulouse and the Provence would be ceded to the crown if his daughter, his only heir, would die without offspring.

How much blood, how many foul murders, especially the death of the blessed martyrs of Avignonnet, rest upon the memory of this disgraced prince!

William of Puylaurens, notwithstanding the fact that he was his chaplain, and that he tries to find excuses for his master, imputing his crimes to his weakness of character, is filled with shame and horror on account of them.

And thus it came to pass that this wretched man, bearing upon his forehead the brand of his cruelty and perfidy, died, dishonored and disgraced, at Milhau, not far from Rodez, in Rouergue, whilst his daughter Joanna, and her husband, the Count of Poitiers, accompanying St. Louis, are waging war against the infidels.

Toulouse does not even possess the remains of its last Count, for his body was brought to Fontevrault and buried there.

And who could believe it?

From the old trunk of this accursed race, nearly dead, from the degenerate descendants of these ancient counts established by Charlemagne, springs forth a lily, pure and immaculate, the glory and honor of her country, of her family and of Carmel, St. Joanna of Toulouse. Her memory and the perfume of her holiness survive all the disgraces of her ancestors, and force

us to bless, even in our days, the forgotten name of the sovereigns of Toulouse.

Her remains, preserved for six centuries in silk and gold, relics of miraculous efficacy, offer a wonderful contrast to the abandoned and proscribed bones of her ancestors, repudiated by heaven and earth.

So true is it that the glory of God, which is found in holiness, is imperishable, while human glory, so much sought for by prince and beggar, withers and disappears like the grass of the field, blighted by the tempest of revolutions, or the pernicious breath of human ingratitude and human ignorance.

CHAPTER II.

BALDWIN OF TOULOUSE. HIS MISFORTUNES. BIRTH AND YOUTH OF ST. JOANNA.

Raymond VI., called "Old Raymond," had a brother whose name was Baldwin. Their mother was Constance of France, sister of Louis the Young, King of France.

Baldwin, with the consent of his brother, had married the daughter of Manfred of Rabastens, and received as her dowry the estates of Bruniquel, Montclar et Salvagnac. The deed of this donation is dated December, 1202. At the beginning of the war against the Albigenses, Baldwin sided with his brother, and assisted the latter in his struggles with Simon of Montfort.

Baldwin, while residing at his castle of Montferrand, was besieged by Montfort. Compelled to surrender his stronghold, he could only save his life by promising his conqueror that he would *never again wage war against the latter or move against him*. And although Baldwin frequently went to Toulouse afterwards to see the Count, his brother, he continued to be a follower of Montfort, and aided the Catholic army against the heretics.

Raymond, angered by the conduct of his brother, finally treated him as an enemy and besieged him in the Castle of Olme, in Quercy, near Cahors. Having taken the castle, he made Baldwin his prisoner. He forced his poor prisoner to march chained and manacled to Montauban. In this city, Raymond, to satisfy his bitter feelings of revenge, barbarously ordered his brother to be hanged to a tree in his presence, by Roger, Count of Foix, Bernard his son, and an Arragonese called Raymond of Portellis.

When the Knight Templars heard of the tragic death of Baldwin, they came to Raymond and demanded that the body should be delivered to them in order that they might bury it. Having obtained his consent, they brought the body to the castle of Ville Dieu and there interred it near the church.

This fratricidal murder took place in the year 1213. Profane history makes no mention of the names of Baldwin's children, but everything indicates, according to the church historians, that Baldwin was the father of St. Joanna et St. Ann, both Carmelite virgins, whom historians designate as *Countesses of Toulouse*, *Saints of the house of Toulouse*, or *Virgins descending from the Counts of Toulouse*.

It was during the glorious pontificate of Innocent III. that our saint first saw the light of day.

The well known date of her death, and the equally well known years of her age at the time of death, are sufficient to determine with some degree of certainty the year of her birth as 1212.

This blessed child was baptized under the name of St. John the Baptist, the Precursor of Our Lord. Her very name was a presage of her future love

for poverty, chastity, solitude and penance.

She had hardly learned to smile at her father and to lisp his name, when he was cruelly torn from her, as we have seen. The enemies of the church call him a traitor, but, in our eyes, he was a noble martyr, for he who defends the church defends the cause of God. The real traitor was Raymond VI., that accursed heretic, who did not hesitate to imbrue his hands with the blood of his own brother, stifling at the same time not only the voice of his own blood, but also the voice of religion and of conscience.

No other protection was left to the poor orphan, but the loving arms of her bereft mother, the pious daughter of Manfred of Rabastens.

We can imagine how sad must have been the widowhood of this poor mother.

Living a solitary in her home, never showing herself at any worldly entertainment, repressing in her wounded heart all thoughts of revenge, she, as a true Christian, fully forgave the murderers of her husband.

In the midst of her isolation and sorrow, Heaven showered upon her spiritual graces in abundance. And when she heard the result of the battle of Muret in September, 1213, in which the army of the cross obtained a complete victory, she saw that the Lord was her avenger, as He is the avenger of His church.

Joanna, her daughter, grew up under her eyes, increasing in wisdom and piety day by day. She taught her from her earliest infancy to love God above all things. Joanna was her mother's only hope and joy. Carefully the pious mother formed the child's heart and mind until the result surpassed her fondest expectations.

The young saint, of delicate body, although rather tall of stature, had a strong and heroic soul; in fact, she possessed the noble soul and chivalrous heart of her father.

During the year of her first communion, her progress on the road of perfection was marvellous. How can we describe the fervor with which this heavenly soul prepared herself for the reception of her God, hidden under the eucharistic veil? The angels alone could tell us what passed between her and her Redeemer during these happy days. Her whole countenance shone in seraphic beauty at the moment when the priest, for the first time, placed upon her virginal lips the consecrated Host.

This divine ardor manifested itself on her countenance ever after, whenever she was present at mass, or received Holy communion. Prayer and the divine office were her greatest delight. Strong was her faith, invincible her hope, perfect her charity.

To the Holy Ghost she consecrated her body and her soul, choosing Him as her guardian and master of all her faculties.

The fame of her beauty, of her intellect, and of her extraordinary virtue, enhanced by the supernatural loveliness of her disposition, soon became known in all parts of France.

The most powerful princes sought for her hand. But the saint, from her most tender years, had renounced all that the world can offer, and was filled with contempt for all worldly vanities.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy, everywhere, and leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. Their bright hearts have a great work to do for God.

A MORNING BLESSING.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

OFT as the dewy shine,
Holy and sweet,
Love, in its mystic sign,
Pardon complete.
Gentle, it falleth
On tear-laden eyes;
Daily it calleth,
"Mortal, arise!"

Ever thy future shines
White as the day;
Ever my grace refines
Sin-dross away.
Heav'n, it discloses
Deeps glory-bright!
Wake like the roses!
Wake to the light!

Silent, the silver dew;
Silent, my grace,
Daily distilled anew,
Falling apace.
Sinner, Omnipotence
Aids thee within,
Holy, thy confidence;
Crush out thy sin!

Pardon is over thee,
Calm as the blue;
Trust in my victory
Death-won and true.
Rest in thy meekness!
Bendeth above,
Over thy weakness,
Infinite Love.

Thus in all lowliness
Daily increase;
Growing in holiness,
Following peace.
My love, brimming over
While angels adore,
Hover and cover
Thy heart evermore!

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

I.

An Explosion.

From Ghent we receive the following communication:

REVEREND FATHER,—About thirty years have passed away since a dreadful catastrophe excited a whole quarter of this city. The boiler of a large factory, in which many people were employed, suddenly exploded with a terrible crash, sending into the air a whirlwind of dust, shattering strong walls and burying under them many victims.

I will not depict the heart-rending scenes which followed this catastrophe.

The crowd which had gathered at the first detonation was stupefied at the terrible spectacle. The walls had crumbled to pieces, scattered about were lying fragments of human bodies. Disfigured corpses were drawn out from under smoking ruins. But in midst of this general terror shone forth the maternal love of the blessed Queen of Carmel. Under a great mass of bricks and stones were found, perfectly safe, several laborers. Those present could hardly believe their eyes. They asked how it was possible that those men had such a wonderful escape. How was it possible that they were not hurt at all, having been buried alive under the stones of the fallen walls? But there had been eyes watching them. Those workingmen, living witnesses of the mercy of the blessed Queen of Carmel, belonged to the confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose holy Scapular they wore. This miraculous fact spread like wild-fire. Everywhere people spoke of the efficacy of the holy Scapular.

You will easily understand the deep emotion of the good people and how many hearts beat for the devotion of the holy Scapular. For several days following this catastrophe thousands of people, representing all classes of society, went to the monastery of the barefooted Carmelites, where they were received into the confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel. All wanted to wear the habit of the Virgin to insure their lives against dangers.

(Chroniques du Carmel.)

II.

Never Forget the Scapular!

Under the above heading we receive the following communication from Puisserguier:

Many an unbeliever smiles at the very mention of the word, Scapular! A true Catholic never will sneer at the Scapular, he will love it and consider it as the banner of Mary. A true Catholic respects the Scapular and this fidelity of the child to the emblem of the mother always is rewarded.

Who can tell the moral dangers which were avoided by means of this sacred habit? Who can enumerate the favors granted by its power? Alas! The full extent of it we will know only on the other side of the grave.

But the monuments of the power of the Scapular are not scarce even from a temporal point of view. How often has a bullet been deadened before that little garment! Our Lady of Carmel did not want the widow to be deprived of the last of her children, the prop and the staff of her old days. Many are the instances when by the mere touch of the Scapular dangerously sick people were cured in a miraculous way.

What you are going to read now treats about two young men, saved from a watery grave.

On the 26th of July, 1889, at 5 o'clock p.m., Henry and Ferdinand, eldest sons of Dr. Cadilhac, took a bath in the Mediterranean sea, not far from the rock of St. Peter, near Fleury (Aude). The sea was rough and agitated. Suddenly Henry believed he saw his brother carried away by a huge wave. He called out to his brother and went to his assistance. Useless! Henry is carried away himself. Both brothers shout for help. Mr. Paul Bringer from Nissant (Herault) hears the shouts and notifies his wife, who, at this moment, alone with her three children, is on the beach. Madame Bringer and her children begin to shriek for assistance. Meanwhile Mr. Bringer tries to rescue the two brothers. The waves drive

him back, and since he is no swimmer he rushes to the nearest hotels and cafes, summoning help. All rush to the beach, but precious minutes have already passed. Two men throw themselves into the surging waters. One of them, after unheard of struggles, succeeds in bringing Ferdinand to the shore. The crowd on the beach, which had been watching anxiously, shouted: "He is saved." Meanwhile the second of the brave rescuers strained all his nerves to bring back to the beach the other brother, who was already unconscious. But it was impossible. He could not reach the body, which was tossed up and down by the furious waves. The man, totally exhausted, swam back to the beach, where he almost fainted.

About 1200 feet from the spot, lying on the beach, was a bark. After a great many efforts the people succeeded in launching it. Three fishermen jump into the bark and with their strong arms ply the oars. Up and down swings the bark, now dashing forward, then thrown back. At last! After ten minutes—minutes of awful length —Henry is in the bark. He looks like a corpse. His eyebrows are unnaturally swollen, his glassy eyes show no signs of life, his cheeks are pale, his lips livid and swollen. The fishermen say that they never before saw such a horribly disfigured corpse; the doctor, who had been a navy surgeon for twenty-five years, declares that he never saw anyone come to life again who had drowned under such circumstances. The custom-house officers, whose office building was a quarter of an hour's walk from the spot and who had seen the accident, arrived and declared that the body had been too long dashed and beaten by the billows to attempt to revive it. But the friends of Henry did not give up hope. They rubbed the body and pressed on the stomach and the chest. After futile efforts, which had lasted over fifteen minutes, they began to despair. At this moment a feeble quivering is perceptible—and from the mouth oozes some foam. The bystanders say, "Now he is dying."

But men of strong heart, among them Mr. Louis Decanes from Lespignan (Herault) and Mr. Bringer, do not lose courage. They hope against hope. They continue to rub the body. Another fifteen minutes pass. There—little by little—the body begins to warm—respiration returns. Henry is saved.

Let us render thanks to Mary. It is Mary who has protected her children. To be convinced of this we must consider the wonderful coincidences of this drama. It was the evening of the feast of St. Anne. The bark, which was sent to the rescue of Henry, bore the name "Mary."

Another incident: When the fishermen had dragged from the sea the inanimate body of the young man, they saw the Scapular float above him. The strings, which always remained around his neck, seemed to hold him on the surface and to prevent him from sinking.

The case was such an extraordinary one that the doctor declared it as a phenomenon. He said: "I have never seen any one drowned under similar circumstances, return to life."

One man said: "Henry must be our Lord to resurrect again."

A good merchant, shaking hands with Henry, said, "Never forget the Scapular."

Yes! Never forget the Scapular! Though clouds of unbelief may darken your souls, I beseech you—always wear the Scapular respectfully over your chest. By the feeble strings with

which it is suspended to your body, it will prevent you from foundering into the yawning gulf of death eternal.

III.

Baptism of an Energumen.

MOULONGAMOUDE, February 22, 1888.

Last year I had baptized at Ereurnarday, three miles from here, a remarkable man, whose wife, so it was said, had been possessed by devils for two years. Under the pretense that the house could not be left alone, the woman promised to receive baptism some other day. But she had postponed the baptism so often that almost a year elapsed. The devil had not tormented her for the last six months.

On the third of February last a group of catechumens came to receive baptism. Among them was the woman, accompanied by her husband. They hardly had entered the chapel when I heard cries, singing, an uproar, in short, a noise of all the devils. What was the matter? The woman from Gnanamandken was agitated by the devil as soon as she had entered the church. Well! As long as she does not kill anybody let her jump, dance and enjoy herself. I will go as soon as I shall have transacted my business with these persons. We are so much accustomed to such things that we hardly heed them.

The woman is a little over fifty years old. When I enter the church I am astonished to see a woman who looks no more than thirty. Her fixed eyes glitter like those of a serpent. She was sitting on the floor, and beating the ground and her chest with her hands. She sang in a language which nobody understood, she shrieked, threatened, etc. As soon as she saw me she ran towards me, shaking her fists and exclaiming: "It is you who made me feel so bad. I do not want your baptism." She would have torn my eyes out if her husband and two strong men had not held her. Then she made a dash against the statue of the Virgin before the altar, attempting to throw it down.

I have not the faculties to exorcise, but she gave to my questions the strangest answers. Then, like exhausted, she fell down on the steps of the altar. I sprinkle holy water on her. She said with a sneer: "Do you think this frightens me?" I said: "Liar, depart! If not, I will make thee drink holy water." "I will not depart. Why doest thou make me suffer so much?" While this conversation was going on the three men continued to hold the woman though she showed no more resistance. I took a Scapular, but before I could put it round her neck she took hold of it with her left hand and clenched it so firmly that it was almost impossible to unbend her fingers. Then I tried to put my rosary around her neck, but she took hold also of this. "You must try tongs to tear these away from me," the woman said. In fact she held Scapular and rosary with an iron grasp. She made the strangest remarks about the Scapular and the rosary, complaining that the former caused her terrible sufferings. I touched her breast with the image of the Scapular, but this increased her lamentations. "Why do you torment me? Give my hand free and I will give back these things." "Liar, thou wilt tear the Scapular and break the rosary." "No! Let me go and then you can put on my neck the Scapular and the rosary." "Liar! What is thy name?" "God." "Yes! God of lies." I requested the men to hold her arms as tight as possible and again I apply the new image of the blessed Virgin on her. Then a threatening

and mocking voice, "Wash me now. I shall depart but not before." Since it was not the woman who spoke and since she was unconscious, baptism appeared premature to me. But from this very moment she became more quiet, only complaining that the Scapular and the little chain caused her much pain. After two hours of torment, the evil spirit left her. She was so exhausted that she fell into a deep sleep. Then I put the Scapular round her neck. She slept for about half an hour and then awoke like a person that had been dreaming. She seemed unconscious of what had happened. At once more she looked again like a woman of fifty, retired, quiet and modest. I baptised her the same night.

Yours in Christ,
F. Victor de St. Antoine,
C.D. Miss. An.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Sermon Preached at the Pilgrimage Church at Falls View, Ont., July 16, 1897.

BY REV. THEODORE M'DONALD, O.C.C.

MY dearly beloved brethren, I come before you to-day to speak to you on a subject that is dear to your hearts and to mine. The subject of which I speak is the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Scapular is a gift of heaven, but like all other good gifts, it is variously appreciated by different classes of persons. Some receive it with joy, wear and cherish it with deep veneration and love, others receive it with apparent zeal, but after a time, insensibly grow colder by degrees, and alas! soon cease to wear it altogether. Others, again, I am sorry to say, at least practically, as they do not wear it at all, consider the gift not worth having.

To all these I would wish to prove this morning the value of the gift. First, from the dignity of the donor. Second, from the protection it throws around the recipient, and third, from the approbation of the church.

Who is the donor, or who gave this heavenly gift to men? Oh! who is worthy to pronounce her name? It is the most blessed Virgin Mary, or Our Lady of Mount Carmel. What shall I say of her, weak mortal that I am? For if, like the prophet of old, my lips were purified with a burning coal from the altar of incense, even if I had the tongue of an angel, I would yet feel incapable of worthily pronouncing her praises. In corroboration of what I say, let us go back nearly fifteen centuries to the early ages of the church, and let us behold the great Augustine addressing a congregation of early Christians. "What," said the holy doctor, "shall I say of the blessed Virgin, whose dignity is so great that if all the members of men were converted into tongues, they could not adequately proclaim her praises." This shows beyond doubt what the fathers of the church taught the faithful concerning devotion to the blessed Virgin, even at that very early period of Christianity. But Augustine was not alone in his zeal for the honor of our blessed Mother. Who forgets St. Cyril of

Alexandria, the devoted son of Mary, and his eloquent defence of her prerogative at the council of Ephesus, an event that even at the present day is dear to the heart of every Christian throughout the world? Nor did the zeal of the church grow cold in Mary's defence as the ages of the world rolled by; for when we come back to the middle ages, the ages of faith, what do we find? A galaxy of saints and doctors, like bright jewels shedding a lustre of glory on the crown of the church, all animated with a most fervid devotion to the mother of God. It is enough to mention the name of St. Bernard, who bore such a tender devotion to his blessed Mother, who would have all men, whether saints or sinners, repose an unbounded confidence in her holy protection. But we cannot forget the seraphic doctor, St. Bonaventure. He was a lover of nature like the seraph of Assisi, and looking around him he said: "God could create a more beautiful world than this, an ocean with greater depth and majesty, a sun with more brilliant light, flowers with a brighter hue, but He could not create a creature more perfect than the blessed Virgin." Thus we see through the ages of the church, from the dawn of Christianity even until now, the saints and doctors pouring out their devotion and their love at the feet of their blessed Mother. From all this we draw the necessary conclusion that Mary is exalted above all creatures—that only God in His heavenly throne is above her. This is the legitimate outcome of her relation to the most holy Trinity. God, in the wise decrees of His providence, determined from eternity that she would become the mother of an Incarnate God. This means that such a mother would be blessed with the highest degree of perfection, which a creature is capable of receiving from her creator. We, therefore, should not wonder at this unique and singular prerogative of Mary. All other creatures are the servants of God, even the burning seraph on fire with divine love is but his servant, but Mary is His mother. As our divine Lord was coming forth from the Jordan, John the Baptist proclaimed to the people, "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him that taketh away the sins of the world." There was one and only one, who at that moment could have stood there and proclaimed to the world: "Behold my son," and that only one was the blessed Virgin. The spouse in the canticles calls her "One." One is my dove, my perfect one is but one. She alone is the lily among thorns. As a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters. She is the sealed fountain, the enclosed garden where God alone could enter. Holy David in his prophetic vision was enraptured with her beauty, he called her the city of God: "Glorious things are said of thee, O City of God." He loved her and compared her to a house where God loved to dwell. "I love," said he, "the beauty of thy house, O Lord, and the place where thy glory dwelleth." But let us hear St. John the Evangelist, John who was loved so much by his divine Master, who received his blessed Mother at the foot of the cross from her dying son, and who loved her so tenderly in this life. Amongst the four living creatures that symbolize the evangelists, the eagle represents St. John, for the eagle takes swift flight, soars above the clouds, fastens his gaze on the sun, and is not dazzled by its rays. So John with an eagle eye penetrates the heavens, looks into the holy of holies. He tells us of that glorious city whose streets are paved with gold, as it were, of crystal. He saw an angel before the great

throne with a golden censer, offering up the prayers of the saints, and a river of crystal water on whose banks grew the fruit of the tree of life, but in all he did see he mentions only one wonder, and that was Mary. "Behold," he says, "I saw a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Such was the exalted position of Mary in heaven that the great seer of the apocalypse called her a wonder. I think for the present I have sufficiently proved the dignity of the donor.

And it is no other than this Queen of heaven, clothed with the sun, accompanied by a multitude of angels, that gave to her beloved Carmelite, St. Simon Stock, the Scapular of Mount Carmel. It was a gift of heaven, for it was not woven on the looms of earth. Our blessed Lady, holding in her hands the Scapular of the order, said to St. Simon Stock: "My beloved son! Receive this Scapular of thy order as the distinctive sign of my confraternity, and a mark of privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a special pledge of peace. Whosoever dies wearing this shall be preserved from eternal flames." I know some persons will consider the gift of little value, and some have gone so far as to say that it is merely two pieces of brown cloth with a string connecting them. That is true so far as its material form is concerned, but it is more than that, it is a sign of Mary's confraternity and of her protection. It is a privilege that she has given to all Carmelites, a protection in danger, and according to her promise, a pledge to those who die wearing it, that they shall not suffer the eternal flames of hell. If she brought a crown of jewels set in gold, would it be a more certain guarantee of her protection than the mere Scapular is? How many could be enrolled with the duplicate of such a costly gift as the former? The blessed Virgin gave her gift not to the wealthy and the great alone, but to the poor and to the lowly, whom she loved, and whom she still loves so much. She would have the gift simple, within the reach of all, that no one would be excluded from her love and protection on account of poverty. Her gifts and her love are not withheld; they go out to all that seek them. It was thus our divine Lord acted in establishing the sacraments. They are the channels through which the merits of our divine Lord's suffering and death are conveyed to the individual soul, and some of them as baptism, for instance, absolutely necessary to salvation. He made the outward sign of baptism, water, as simple as possible, that all might conveniently find it. Others will say: "It is an easy way to go to heaven; commit as many sins as you please, but die wearing the Scapular and you are saved?" I answer this objection by saying that the Scapular was not given to encourage sin, but to encourage the humble and the despondent, to lift up those who fear, and to give them more confidence in God's holy love and in Mary's protection. And, besides, the most holy things can be abused. Alas! how often has the most holy sacrament of the altar entered the heart of the sacrilegious sinner.

So far I have shown the value of the gift from the dignity of the donor and the protection it throws around the recipient; it only remains now for us to consider the approbation of the church. There is another factor, however, of great value in this matter that so far we have scarcely mentioned, that is St. Simon Stock, who received the

Scapular. Can he be trusted? Yes, as is evident from his birth and life. He was born of noble parents. While yet in his youth, when life has its greatest charms, he trampled on the glory and the pleasures of the world, he left the halls of his fathers, where he was nurtured in the lap of luxury, and buried himself in the wilderness away from the haunts of men. There he remained communing with God alone for twenty years. His only sustenance were the wild apples, roots and herbs that he found in the woods, except on festival days, when God sent him a loaf of bread by a dog. His whole life was a life of sanctity and self-denial, but the virtue that shone most conspicuously during his whole career was charity to his neighbor. When he received the Scapular, his greatest desire was that the heavenly gift, given by Mary, should be participated in by as many as possible.

I may be asked, probably, how do I know, and what authority have I to show that the blessed Virgin gave the Scapular to St. Simon? In answer to this question, I say that I have the authority and the approbation of the church. The church examined the apparition and approved it. It examined the life and the well authenticated miracles wrought by St. Simon during life and after death, and not only approved them, but put his name into the catalogue of the saints, and exalted him and placed him on her altars for the veneration of the faithful. The number of miracles wrought through the Scapular itself is sufficient to prove its divine origin. Do I say that a short record of each would fill a large book; yes, I say more than that, I say that it would fill a large library, and then I would not have told you of anything like their number.

But the church has not only approved the authenticity of the Scapular, but from her divine treasure has enriched it with numerous indulgences.

Honorius the third, John the twenty-second, who promulgated the Sabbatine indulgence, and, in fact, all the sovereign pontiffs for the last six centuries, have been the protectors of the Carmelite order, and by their approval and encouragement have been the propagators of the Scapular. Our present illustrious pontiff Leo XIII., about ten years ago, in order to distinguish the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel from all other Scapulars in the church, issued a rescript, that for the future it should be given by itself alone, and not in conjunction with any other Scapular. The above mentioned holy pontiff has also within the last few years enriched the Scapular with an extraordinary indulgence. This indulgence is generally called, Toties quoties, from the fact that all those wearing the Scapular, and having confessed and communicated, who enter a Carmelite church and pray for the intention of our holy Father, will gain a plenary indulgence on the sixteenth day of July, the feast of the Scapular, and not only once on that day, but as many times as they enter with the intention of gaining the indulgence, and pray for the intention of our holy Father. I think I have said enough now with regard to the approbation of the church.

But before I conclude I would wish to remind you of your duty to our Blessed Lady and the Scapular. If there are any persons here who have hitherto been so cold in their devotion to the mother of God, that they never thought it worth while to be enrolled in her holy Scapular, I would beg of them to consider the approbation of the church, to consult their own salvation, and to receive the Scapular as

soon as possible. To those, who once wore the Scapular and who, through the suggestion of the evil one, or through mere carelessness or sloth, wear it no longer, I would say, let them consider the insult they offer their dear Mother, and let them immediately resume the habit of wearing it. To all, who through malice or human weakness have sinned and lost Jesus, I would say with all the power of my soul, seek Him through Mary, with her you will ever find Him, without her who has found Him? Who brought the first grace of the redemption to the house of Zachary? It was Mary, because she brought Jesus, and through her instrumentality the infant Baptist was blessed, even before his birth. The heavenly hosts announce to the simple shepherds on the hillside of Judea, that the Saviour of the world was born in Bethlehem. Where did they find Him? With Mary His mother. When the miraculous star led the Magi from the East, the first among the gentiles who were called to the faith, where did they find Him? In Bethlehem, with Mary His mother. Holy Simeon was a holy priest and prophet in Israel. The burden of his prayer during his life had been that God would not take him out of this world till he would see the light of the gentiles, the Redeemer of the nations. And when a life's sanctity was about to be crowned, and the burden of a life's prayer to be realized, from whom did Simeon receive Jesus? From Mary His mother. And you, my dear Carmelites, who wear the livery of your Mother, the day will come when you shall lie on the bed of death, when your eyes are about to be closed to the world forever, when the dawn of eternity is beginning to open upon you. Oh! then seek Jesus through Mary, and as you always found Him with her though life, you will find Him with her in death, which is another way of saying, that your salvation will be secure. Amen.

TO OUR LADY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

My soul, O Queen, on thee relies,
When all is dark and drear;
To thee my weary spirit flies,
To thee I lift my yearning eyes,
O be thou ever near!

II.

Be thou a guide to light the way
To my eternal home;
Look down on me by night and day,
In all my trials, be a stay
While I this earth must roam.

III.

Though sorrow all my days attend,
Awake, or when asleep;
I know on thee I can depend,
And to thy heart my prayers ascend—
Thy vigils o'er me keep!

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XI.

"*For dear to gods and men is sacred song.*"—POPE.

OLD Mrs. Werker was the sole occupant of the Fenton cottage one bright Sunday afternoon. The rest of the family — a happy trio—Fenton, Faith and Charity, had gone to church. This was their second trip there, for you can be sure that the morning mass was not neglected. The afternoon service was new to Fenton, and he went along partly through a pardonable curiosity. On other Sunday afternoons, he passed the time wading through the mammoth Sunday newspapers. On the way Fenton was talking of how well he had behaved at the morning services, and getting points as to the time of kneeling and standing at the afternoon ceremonies.

"You do very well," said Charity, "and would put to shame many of our so-called instructed Catholics, who at times act very stupidly. Why, I have seen some sitting down during the creed, some kneeling, and others more sensible, standing. Look at them during the elevation, and at benediction! Some gaping around, others burying their heads in their hands. A profound prostration seems proper, but it seems to me our eyes should look towards our Lord, for surely that is the reason the priest elevates the sacred Host, namely that it may be seen by the people. And watch the postures. It is neither sitting or kneeling. I mean the way some let their bodies fall back and as it were sitting on their heels. It seems so irreverent and reminds me of some pet animal earning a crust by sitting on his haunches. And what an indecent haste to sit down during the interval of Mass, such as at the offertory and Post-Communion. Strange, isn't it, that we can't kneel down quietly and devotedly for only half an hour? Why, mamma says that in her old home there was no such luxury as pews in the churches, which were houses of prayer, not of rest. Again, just watch those people genuflect. One would think they were afraid of fracturing their knees. And one of the most ridiculous things is the way the congregation mumble the prayers after mass. Everyone seems afraid of being heard by those kneeling near him."

"You would make a good preacher," remarked Fenton.

"Plenty chances to practice in Boomfield," said Charity, with a laugh. "Why, I heard that Mrs. Bygvoise, who lives just below us, is going to occupy the pulpit at St. Dive's church to-day."

"Something like what Amiel speaks," said Fenton, "the woman preaching love in the ears of justice and the man justice in the ears of love."

The Boomfield contingent found Father Angelo's church already filled.

Faith was placed among the little flower girls, who were to take part in the procession, and Charity herself went to the organ loft to arrange her notes, while Fenton was taking mental notes in a pew in the front row. He was quite conspicuous and people were wondering who was the strange Signore.

The altar was soon a blaze of light, and Charity slowly played a processional march, while two by two the altar boys, with measured steps, eyes modestly cast down and hands together, solemnly filed out of the sacristy. First came the cross-bearer; then the torch-bearers who were followed by two acolytes, carrying thuribles. Lastly came the venerable priest himself. His face attracted Fenton at once. There was a something there which fascinated him. Father Angelo had handsome, classic features which in themselves were pleasingly noticeable —and those lips, now moving in silent prayer, how they spoke of benevolence, love and piety. How often had they opened to welcome a penitent, to console the dying or give praise to God. Those lips which at the daily sacrifice reverently touch the immaculate linen which held the spouse of virgins. Truly

"His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face."

Yes, there was a something in those features which even Fenton could not fathom. That face seemed to him a composite of angelic purity, self-denial, faith, love, grace and learning, and close intimacy with things holy and heavenly.

All this was now enhanced as the venerable minister of God stood in his gorgeous and dazzling vestments amidst the glorious lights of the crystal candelabra.

The remonstrance containing the most Holy One was placed on the rich throne, and the priest descended the altar steps. He knelt a moment in prayer during which an indefinable silence prevailed. Fenton could hear his own heart beating. Then, as if coming from some angelic trumpet, soft and musical arose gradually some celestial chant. It was the priest intoning the old familiar, but ever new words of *O Salutaris Hostia.* And then Fenton beheld the words wafted on clouds of sweet smelling incense returning heavenwards. It was a picture on which he loved to dwell. He felt moved to tears of devotion, which was not exactly in accord with his nature. He himself admitted that it was the second time only that he felt so moved. The first occasion was years ago when as a mere stripling, he beheld a great semi-religious pageant pass by as he stood high above the crowds in the Friedenhouse.

A pretty sight, too, was the procession around the church. Immediately preceding the priest were several beautifully attired little maidens scattering flowers in the path of the King of Kings. It looked so lovely—sweet little dears—they seemed like a band of cherubim sent down from heaven for the occasion. How acceptable such service from innocent hands to Him who of old said "Suffer little children to come unto me!" And Fenton thought Faith never looked so pure and lovely as she did in that band of innocent young virgins walking before the blessed sacrament. In his heart Fenton secretly prayed that Faith would some day be God's own. She was too good for the polluted paths of this wicked world. Such fragrant flowers should be closed off from the world's pestilential air. So ran Fenton's thoughts and little he dreamt that his prayer would be heard.

And here a digression might be pardoned if I may anticipate the closing scene of this whole panorama which a feeble pen endeavors to recall—pardoned, I say, if I let the reader for the moment behind the scenes. There he will behold Faith in the sombre robes of the sisterhood passing her days, praying, working and living under the shadow of the sanctuary lamp—which, as the light of faith, ever glows when other lights have given away to darkness.

To return to Harry Fenton. The sacred hymns and litany penetrated his heart. They were so sweet and soul stirring. More than once afterwards when at home did he beg Charity to sing and play for him the beautiful *Ave Maris Stella* and *Flos Carmeli.* Parts of the litany too, struck a tender chord of devotion in him. All the way home he could hear humming in his ears the invocations!

Regina Angelorum
Regina Virginum
Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii
Ora—pro—nobis."

Fenton likewise found himself repeating the prayers after Father Angelo. Some parts of the salutation were very touching, for instance such snatches of the sentences as:

"I praise and bless Thee (O Jesus) as many times as there are stars in heaven and grains of sands in the sea.——I unite my praise with all the praise in honor of thy Father either pronounced or thought of by Thee."——and the salutation to Mary as the "Temple of the holy Trinity and Joy of the angels." And then all so sweetly terminated by the tender hymn of *Adoro te devote*, dying off with the devout soul's cry and parting salute.

"Ave Jesus, Pastor fidelium aduage fidem omnium in te credentium."

[Hail O Jesus! Shepherd of the faithful, increase the faith of those believing in Thee!]

Fenton was very much impressed. And why would he not be amidst all this splendor of flowers, incense, light and dulcet sound? Miserable we who allow the magic poetry of religion to fall flat on the desert of our prosaic hearts dried up with choking world-dust.

Charity saw the good effects of the afternoon service on Fenton. He was much more light-hearted. "It's the first step," thought Charity, "perhaps he will next go to confession." Although Fenton did seem changed for the better, nevertheless Charity's sharp eyes could yet discern a little discontent lurking in his face. With all her shrewdness, however, she was not quite sure on looking at Fenton, whether she saw

"Merry eyes that make us glad,"
or
"Mournful eyes that make us sad."

"Well, how did you like our Scapular Devotions this afternoon?" asked Charity of Fenton.

"Exquisitely, Charity! but how come you to name it *Scapular* devotion? I do not quite understand it," said Fenton.

"It would perhaps require a long explanation," replied Charity, "still I will try to make a long story short. When I was a flower-girl like Faith to-day—at the procession in New France—"

"Leave New France alone," said Fenton. "I care to hear no more of that place than I care to recall some of the women who in times past loved to pose in tableaux as the three Graces."

Fenton spoke somewhat testily.

"That's a nice compliment to me or my poor sister Faith," said Charity.

"Not at all, Miss Werker."

"Well then, there is only one left—and I would like to know how you could be acquainted with her—I mean the third of your so-called Graces—my sister——"

But Fenton changed the subject very curtly. He saw what was coming. He made things worse, however, by saying, "You better attend to your work. Don't think I am willing to be bored always. There now——" and he slammed the door behind Charity.

Poor boy! he did not mean all he said, nevertheless, he had been reminded of unpleasant days. This was the first falling out, and Charity went and cried to her heart's content.

An hour, or so, later, she picked up courage and walked straight towards Fenton's room. By now he was in a rather repentant mood and felt ashamed of himself.

"Mr. Fenton," commenced Charity, "for some time I have been thinking of seeking employment elsewhere. My resolution had not been fully determined on until this last misunderstanding, so I hope it will be satisfactory to you if my mother and I leave this week."

Fenton could not formulate an answer. This was a blow altogether unexpected. He was mentally calling himself the worst names he could think of. Finally he got courage to speak.

"What, you leave me?" he said. "Why, my heart will break—and what will Faith do? You are the only friend in the world to whom I can look for consolation. Make any other conditions and I am willing to abide by them."

"You misunderstand me," said Charity. "I always feel I cannot do what is right, although I try to. This afternoon I hurt your feelings, I know, but I never intended it. Since I do act so wrongly, I thought perhaps it would be better if I were out of the way. Now, if I did speak amiss, forgive and forget."

With this, humble soul as she was, she stretched out her hand for forgiveness, and had not Fenton prevented it, she would have fallen upon her knees. No words were spoken, but looks showed, as they both stood beneath our Lady's picture, that if this was the first it was also the last falling out between Charity and Fenton. The thoughts which passed between them that beautiful summer evening seemed to mutually say:

"Many such eves of gently whispering noise
May we together pass, and calmly try
What are this world's true joys, ere the great voice
From earth's fair face shall bid our spirits fly."

* * * *

This last little scene almost made Charity forget the explanation she had started to make about the Scapular. She did so the next evening.

"No person," she said, "is under any obligation to enter into this devotion. Still, the one who has no desire to participate in it is acting very foolishly in not taking advantage of so easy a means of salvation. Two classes of persons err in regard to the Scapular—the two little pieces of brown stuff which we wear on our shoulders in honor of the holy mother of God. First, there are persons who *believe too little*. We should remember the giving of this holy garb to a Carmelite, Saint Simon Stock is no myth. It was a reality. It took place on July 16, 1251. Several popes have confirmed the truth of this indisputable tradition. For 600 years have millions of devout people, poor and rich, learned and unlearned, been wearing

this Scapular. The obligations are easy, namely, simply wear it in honor of the holy Virgin. And see also the advantages: A promise of deliverance from hell-fire in the next world, and protection here on earth. That, in short, is what we mean by the Scapular, and those devotions you witnessed at church are in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Such beautiful practices cannot but help to arouse our love for Mary."

"You believe all this, Charity?" said Fenton.

"Most certainly," said Charity.

"Well, then I am going to wear one," said Fenton.

Charity then took from her pocket a beautifully embroidered Scapular and handed it to Fenton.

"Now," she said, "take that to Father Angelo, and ask him to invest you. Tell him also to be sure to send in your name for registration to some monastery, so that you can also participate in all the indulgences. And promise me that you will wear this little religious souvenir from me. Of course you will not let me mention names, and why I know not, however, let me tell you that I have kept but one relic given me by a dear one, and may Mary bless her if she lives, and that little book-mark deprived of its anchor will perhaps tell you whose hand worked this Scapular, which you now promise me to wear."

Fenton kept his promise, and never laid the Scapular aside after Father Angelo invested him. He said the wearing of it ever reminded him of the blessed Virgin's protection, and, he confessed, at times it recalled things he vainly strove to forget. Yes, it reminded him of vows made and broken, of duty neglected, and of the necessity of following the dictates of his troubled conscience. Furthermore, it reminded him that it is never too late to mend.

Business called Fenton away for several days. In a way he was glad of it. It would help to drive unwelcome thoughts from his mind. However there still lived in him the resolve to see Father Angelo some day—to tell the priest all his troubles. Yes, he was going to make a clean breast of the whole thing *some* day.

Fenton's absence gave Charity more time to attend to her mother, who was becoming very feeble.

"Charity," said Mrs. Werker one day, "we might have to leave here if my health declines. It might be a sacrifice for you to leave. Oh, how often have I prayed and felt sure you would be with me until my end. Will you leave me, too?"

With tearful eyes Charity answered, "Never, mother, never will I forsake you."

CHAPTER XII.

"I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain."

Business took Fenton beyond the city limits. He jumped on a crowded trolley-car, in which, although well packed with human freight, our traveller felt as lonesome as a hermit. He was in a thinking mood, and was studying the faces of those who crowded around him. To look at Fenton one would imagine that he was oblivious to everything. Not so, however, and let it be known that the best observer is he who is not himself observed. As Fenton glanced through the dark, stuffy car and beheld

"So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes"

He seemed to say,

"Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with

dreams and guesses.
What threads of life, what hidden histories;
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses;
What unknown thoughts; what various agonies!"

And Fenton fell into a dream—and not altogether a happy one. He went over all his past steps—what hopes, ideas and ambitions he had had. Friendships formed only to be broken, union and separation, a "glad to meet you" and a "good-bye." Was it not true what he heard Charity once read from a golden book—written by one Thomas a Kempis—yes, true indeed those memorable words:

"Rest and undisturbed content have no place on earth,"
or again
"Have a good conscience and thou shalt find peace."

The faces in the car were all strange to Fenton. Some he may have seen before. If so, age had wrought great changes. And such voices; some shrill, harsh and coarse, others soft and sweet. Fenton did not judge rashly either when he looked in the direction of the owner of the treble voice or the two hundred or more of avoirdupois with the basso profundo. He judged rightly, methinks, for, as a well-observant statesman, Disraeli, tersely put it, "No index of character is so sure as the voice."

The talk of his fellow-passengers was not the most interesting. In front of him a couple of women were carrying on an animated discourse about "imported wraps," "flannelettes," "fur neck fixings," "ostrich and paradise trimmings," and a lot of other unintelligible things. Two old men with silk hats were discussing "preferred stock," and a couple of young men, apparently rivals, were summing up all the fun they had on some roof garden. One of these "gents" who sported a "biled shirt" had just wound up his picturesque profanity with the remark, "Aw, wot 't 'ell, if de gang *is* on ter me!"

Fenton will probably agree with us, that like letter-writing, the art of conversation is lost in these busy days. You hear only small talk. It's a meaningless exclamation, or a stereotyped remark about the weather. Another noticeable thing is that you will often find a painful silence hovering over a crowd of presumably intelligent persons. I mean those of the masculine persuasion, for 'tis said that most of the fair sex can talk, and it would not be malapropos to say in a whisper (what Le Sage has before said) that "the pleasure of talking is the inextinguishable passion of woman coeval with the act of breathing."

What is the cause of such silence prevailing at times in the home or abroad, where you will sometimes see the whole company turned into what some one ironically calls "Our Social Club," whose members, with the exception of the nether limbs, are buried in the all-absorbing newspaper? Perhaps you will find the answer in the fact that we have nothing new to communicate. We have all read the identical daily paper, and there is nothing to speak of, if we do not wish to be called bores. And woe betide us if we resuscitate what in vulgar parlance is christened a "chestnut." And, finally, we can often start or sustain an entertaining conversation if we would, but we often are victims of what is known as intellectual laziness.

A gentleman now got aboard and squeezed himself in next to Fenton.

"That's a familiar face, I wonder where I met him?" thought Fenton to himself, as he took a mental measure

of the new passenger. The latter turned and also seemed to recognize one whom he had met before. He took out his card and handed it to Fenton with the remark, "I think we have met somewhere before."

The card read: "P. M. Cutting, M.D."

"The name I cannot remember, but I think I know your voice," said Fenton. "Didn't you and I once play a game of chess at the old Friedenhouse."

"Exactly. Did you lose any more queens since then?" said Cutting with a laugh.

"No, nor gain any. My horoscope is an unfortunate one," said Fenton.

"Yes," said Cutting, "it is queer how things do turn around, still it strikes me that things are often providential which to us seem purely accidental."

"Do you practice here in the city?" asked Fenton.

"No," replied Cutting, "I have up to now had my work in the country. It is rather rough, but then a man has an appetite and can sleep at nights. Besides, I love the country with its exhilarating elixir of the bouyant atmosphere. The meadows, the trees and the people whom I like—they are so natural. Country folk are not put to the necessity of assuming a false or artificial smile, nor are they the creatures of environment. Unlike the city folks, they are their own masters. And then again in the country I have time to study, and have around me plenty material to dive into—the mysteries and beauties of nature."

"You are right, doctor," said Fenton. "I had my share of living in a dark damp flat in deep canons of the city. I had enough of it. I have no desire to be stowed away in a long monotonous row of sombre brown faced houses. Where did you start out, doctor?"

"Oh! I went first to a little one-horse town," said Cutting. "It was too exclusive for me. I became tired of being penned up in a small office next door to a Chinese laundry. I was disgusted, and as they say, 'suddenly flew de coop.'"

"Back now to stay in the city?" asked Fenton.

"By no means," said Cutting. "I just came in to get a few months' practice at the hospital here. I intend to settle down when I return to the country. I have some ideas of getting married, provided I come across the right kind of a girl."

"I hope you do get the right kind of a woman, and woe to you if you don't, doctor," said Fenton.

"Been through the mill?" said Cutting, smiling.

"Yes," said Fenton, "I have taken my medicine. I suppose you medical men see much of the weak side of human nature?"

"Yes, we see the good and bad," said Cutting.

"It seems," said Fenton, "that you physicians are tracing everything to heredity, nowadays. Why, according to the doctrine you preach a man is responsible for nothing in the moral order. Why, to read the papers one would think that free will didn't exist any more except in the catechism. Why, it seems new fashioned diseases are cropping up which were formerly unknown. It is generally *la maladie sans maladie*, as the Frenchmen say. What people called laziness when I was a boy is now more politely called nervous prostration. How times have changed!"

"There's a heap of wisdom in what you say, Mr. Fenton," said Cutting. "The conclusions of the medical fraternity are very much warped, but

how could it be otherwise with the immense batch of unbelievers annually turned loose on the country. What do they know or care for an immortal soul? Their probing knife never reaches it (they say) and hence they make no allowance for the spiritual part of a man. They pose as philanthropists, try to lessen human suffering somewhat, and send their patients into eternity by the morphine route without a chance, perhaps, to make any preparation for that awful leap. Why, I have seen them ridicule the idea of calling a clergyman to a sick-bed, for fear of disturbing the patient, and go so far as to throw aside anything savoring of religion."

"Oh, well, we must have the doctor, he is a better judge than we are in dangerous cases," said Fenton.

"True," said Cutting, "but after all, what do we know about that wonderful bit of mechanism, the human body? Whole libraries of medical works have been written to show what we do *not* know. The physician comes to your house, looks wise, tries the patient's temperature, finds the pulsation, looks at the tongue and all that. Even then the bit of paper with those mysterious hieroglyphics and high-sounding names, which he tells you to take to the favorite druggist who knows the doctor's favorite beverage, what is it after all but an experiment? I often, indeed, regretted having followed the profession. Still, after all, one can do plenty good and I guess we cannot be our own surgeons even if we do know the limits of a dose of Rochelle salts."

"Plenty of new remedies turning up, I suppose?" said Fenton.

"Yes," said Cutting, "but they amount to little. I believe in sticking to the old reliable ones. Your question reminds me of what Dr. Holmes once said—you have of course enjoyed his writings—well, he once remarked that as soon as he received his diploma every young doctor had twenty remedies for one disease, but after a few years' practice he had one remedy for twenty diseases."

"Did you ever meet any lady-physicians?" asked Fenton.

"Yes," said Cutting, "but I think their vocation is sewing on buttons rather than stitching up lacerated limbs, and preparing our meals rather than compounding powders. The truth is that our cooks are responsible for most of our ills, and my experience has taught me that wretched tables have driven thousands to the saloon around the corner. If I ever get a wife she is welcome to call herself Mrs. Doctor Cutting, but she will regret the day on which she opens my medicine chest."

"It is a treasure to have a woman who knows how to prepare a meal," said Fenton. "I have such a one. You ought to come up and try her home-made bread and butter, doctor. It will be a sad day when I lose my housekeeper. When a man has his meals as he deserves after a hard day's work, and otherwise takes good care of himself, I don't think he ought to run up any high doctor's bills."

"A great deal of truth in that," said Cutting. "A person can build or ruin his health. If he wants to ruin it, let him worry and become irregular in his habits. To ensure good health he requires but four physicians, Doctor Diet and Doctor Quiet, Doctor Conscience and Doctor Merryman—and they do not send in any exorbitant bills. A very necessary thing, however, is that a man must practice self-denial if he wants to enjoy good health. This is essential, and with plenty of fresh air and sunshine he

will live to a ripe old age. Look at the abstemious old monks—working, praying, preaching, teaching, writing books, and for all that fasting hard—and look at the long lives and good health. In my opinion the church is very wise in prescribing her annual fasts. She shows that she also cares for our bodies as well as for our souls."

And thus they discussed medicine, religion, and a thousand other topics. When they alighted, both walked a square or two, talking as they went.

"Don't forget to come up and see us at Boomfield, doctor," said Fenton. "I will give you a chance to see what my house-keeper can do. Don't come when I am away, or you might take advantage of my absence and steal her from me. It would not be the first time you captured my queen," said Fenton, laughing.

"No fear," said Cutting. "When I want a good house-keeper I know where to find one, and it won't be in Boomfield."

If Fenton was a mind reader, he would find that Cutting was picturing to himself a happy family hidden away in poor little New France. As the two stood on the corner of a street intersecting the main thoroughfare, nearby where stood the Friedenhouse, Fenton remarked:

"This spot recalls very many recollections to me. 'Twas here, years ago as a mere youth, I stood with eyes of ecstatic joy as I witnessed a great religious demonstration, and the picture is to-day as fresh as ever in my memory. And so it is with life, doctor; life's gay moments pass us by and only a bitter memory remains."

"And do you know that I also went along this street one day as a mourner in a sad procession. It was the funeral cortege of a dear friend of mine, one Faith Werker, whose mother I have often attended since. I hear the family has since left the country, and I often wondered what became of them. There were three sisters of them, "my three graces" the widow used to call them. One of them, Faith, is gone over to the "great majority;" another, Charity is doubtless with her mother."

"Most probably," said Fenton, with a rather knowing look.

"And the third sister, Hope, I only know of by hearsay," continued Cutting. "Heaven only knows what became of her. Perhaps she lived to break her own and many other hearts."

"Not unlikely," said Fenton, who showed impatience to get away.

Right then a hospital ambulance quickly wheeled around the curve.

"I must be going now, Mr. Fenton," said the doctor. "That might be a job for me."

"I hope you will succeed in relieving the poor creature, who ever it may be, and send him, or her, again on his way rejoicing. Miserable world this, doctor; little we know of all the human misery of which life seems so full.

"Yes," said Cutting, as he dashed towards the hospital. "I'll soon be up to Boomfield to see what mysteries there await unravelling."

"What does the fellow mean," thought Fenton. "I probably know something of these Werkers. Strange acquaintances meet at times. After all 'tis good he never knew Hope. If he comes up he will be able to get no information from Charity. It will be a surprise for him, though, to meet her and her mother. I am afraid he will not excuse me for not mentioning their names."

And Fenton went on his way, thinking of future possible surprises and unravelled mysteries, of his own sufferings of mind and dark days. Bear in mind, gentle reader, that

"Faith's abode, is mystery for evermore,
Its life to worship and adore
And meekly bow beneath the rod
When the day is dark and the burden sore."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

One month of the happy vacation time has passed away, and I wonder how many of you are tired of the days of sweet doing nothing.

It does not take very long to teach every one, even the young, that the hardest kind of work is *no* work. A vacation is a necessity for all; but very often it is a very unhappy time. If I were asked what I considered the greatest blessing in life, I think I should say a contented disposition. When we hear people talking about resignation to the will of God we only think of sorrow, and suffering and sacrifice. No; good common sense which makes the best of everything which says only one word to God's holy will, and that one word, "Amen!" that is resignation.

A contented nature is able to do that. It is something worth praying for; because the want of it turns thousands into that great army of most undesirable people, commonly called "cranks." Now, since we *must* bear with things, whether we will or not, it is very wise to begin early to learn the lesson. It is worth while trying to be reasonable in all things, and above all things earthly to be "livable beings," as the darky said. How much discomfort is caused by unreasonable people, unhappy themselves they make every one else miserable, and even an unreasonable virtue is detestable. There is no such thing as unreasonable virtue; but many people deceive themselves in that direction. The test of true virtue is forgetfulness of self. "He loved not himself" is the testimony given to our Blessed Lord, and again, "He went about doing good." That is the whole secret in a nutshell. Sometimes we hear people say of a girl, "Oh! she is so self conscious," and at once she loses in their estimation. Dear children, long ago when the Secretary went to a convent school, the good sisters were constantly saying to the girls, "Be simple, be natural, and so you will always be amiable and admirable."

It is an excellent lesson; let me add one to it: DON'T be singular. To walk the common way as we go through life, not leaning too much in any one direction; and to avoid anything that savors of eccentricity, particularly in the line of piety, is very high wisdom. Good taste suggests that we avoid being remarkable in any wise; in dress, or manners, or conversation.

Affectation is always vulgar, always disgusting, in man or woman.

There are different ways of giving bad example, and one of them is to be singular in religion. A gracious manner, a winning word, a smile, a willingness to oblige, and a total absence of a carping or fault-finding spirit, *those* are the things that edify and that give good example. The French have an untranslatable proverb about a saint sad being a sad saint, which means that good humor is the half of sanctity.

Let things pass, don't see everything; don't hear everything, and don't take offense quickly.

The summer vacation tells many tales about character.

People whom one knows at home in the city, and who seem quite affable and agreeable, betray themselves sadly when thrown into every day close relations in a summer resort.

Then one finds out very quickly who the selfish ones are. Dear children, watch the people whom you meet, and see if the really *lovable* people are not the unselfish ones. Those who forget their own aches and ills, and try to make people laugh. St. Teresa once said she would bless anyone who would give her daughters a hearty laugh. There is *so* much misery in the world, so much sin and suffering, that to go about trying to make others forget their sorrows, even for a short quarter of an hour, is the work of a saint. To go to *Mass* on *week* days, not to *talk* piety, but to act it by being sweet tempered and good natured—*for the love of God*— don't forget that part of it—that is true missionary work at all times. The morning mass, for one's self and God, the rest of the day for God and one's neighbor. The saints worked pretty much on that principle.

The fifteenth of August brings us the sweet feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption. Lady Day in harvest. We all know what it is to be home sick in summer. No matter how delightful the country may be, we all long for home, even in a big crowded city. For fifteen years our dear blessed Lady had that longing multiplied indefinitely for home, for heaven, for the sight of the holy face of her Son.

Even we in our own poor way long for it too—the holy face of our Lord, whom we will one day meet in judgment. Ask our blessed Lady to obtain for you a strong desire to see that Holy Face. Maybe you own a counterpart of it every day you live. Be gracious and kindly in your looks, and make people happy merely to look at you.

I began by talking "contentment" and I end with it. Be satisfied with your lot in life. It is genuine piety. I think it is not unseemly to ask your prayers for our very dear and good friend, the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW. Perhaps you do not all know that he has been elected Provincial of the Carmelite Order in North America, and so is like Atlas, carrying a little world on his back. Pray for health and strength for him, and a continuance of that sunny nature which helps one to carry burdens gracefully and well.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JULY.

1. Because she has the keys.
2. Flowery ones.
3. Because it is a "dear little time."
4. Because they are two tonics (Teutonics.)
5. The calf, parchment; the goose, quills; the bee, wax.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JULY.

1. Elihu Yale, founder of Yale University.
2. Cathedral of Milan, Italy.
3. Napoleon.
4. To lead the mind upward to God.
5. Murillo.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who said:

"Not till a man is prepared to say, 'I don't know,' is he ready to learn anything?"

2. What was the greatest state prison of France?
3. Who was called "Lovely Georgius" by the English soldiery?
4. Who were the three successful physicians of the olden time?
5. Who are considered the most graceful women in the world?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Of what profession was Adam?

2. When is it dangerous to enter a church?

3. What river in Bavaria answers "Who is there?"

4. What becomes of all the pins?

5. Where do we read of the first use of currency?

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1.

August sinking, flush'd and fair,
In the harvest fields to rest;
"Welcome!" (cries) "L'Assunta, blest,
Queen of Heaven! hear our prayer!"
—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

2.

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense,
Of service which thou renderest.
—Eliz. B. Browning.

3.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
—Shakespeare.

4. Dark the way and dreary,
Our feet have trod,
Sad are we and weary,
Mother of God!

So at thy mercy seat,
Bow we the knee;
Safe are they, Mary sweet,
Who trust in thee.

MARIAN'S TEMPTATION.

BY S. X. BLAKELY.

THE blue waters of the Atlantic sparkled in the rays of a brilliant sun, and the charming appearance of the ocean gave hopes of a prosperous voyage to the passengers of a stately vessel which slowly unfurled her sails, and bade farewell to the shores of the old world. We wish to introduce to your notice two families who, though very different in position and education, were yet on their way to America with the same intention, that of improving their fallen fortunes. The first consisted of Mr. Hamilton, his wife and one child, the little Marian just entering her fifth year. Mr. Hamilton was an English gentleman who had been destined by his father for the church. However, he incurred the lasting displeasure of that prejudiced parent, first by marrying a Catholic, and afterwards by embracing the true faith himself. His father disinherited him, and he thought best to leave his native land forever.

The other family numbered six members, Dennis Maloney, his wife Kate, and four children, Nora, aged thirteen; Maggie and Murty, twins of nine, and Patrick, a boy of six. Before embarking, Mrs. Hamilton had been pleased with Nora's neat appearance and engaged her services in Marian's behalf during the passage. Everything went well for a week and then a malignant fever broke out. The heart-broken Kate was called upon for the sacrifice of her husband and the two bright-eyed twins.

Mrs. Hamilton with true charity went below and assisted her in caring for them during their illness, and it was a charity which Kate but too soon found occasion to reciprocate. Within a few brief days the little Marian lost her beloved and devoted parents. Sad indeed was the thought that they would have to leave their darling child an orphan, in a land where they knew not one to whom they could appeal in her behalf. But with their latest breath they recommended her to Our Lady of

Mount Carmel, and then, the sorrowing Kate assured them that whilst she lived the child should never want a friend. So, trusting in the mercy of God, for whom they had given up wealth and position, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton closed their eyes in death almost within sight of their new home. One of Kate's fellow passengers gave her the address of a boarding house where she would find accommodations within the limit of her purse, and as others were going to the same place, she had no difficulty in finding it. Here she decided to remain for a few days.

The "landlady" advised her to rent a room, and when she had heard the sad story of the bereaved widow, she took time, even in the midst of her multifarious duties, to find a suitable place. Through the exertions of the same kind woman, Kate soon had as much fine laundry work as she could attend to. Her first care, however, was to attach herself to the nearest church, and there, many a morning before beginning her daily task, she, with one or other of the children, devoutly assisted at mass. So her life went on for three years. Despite his mother's care, Patrick fell into bad company and, child as he was, became so careless, untruthful, and insubordinate, that her heart was well nigh broken. She determined to leave New York. In this she was encouraged by her first friend, Mrs. Murta, who told her that the village of Elmwood, at no great distance, would be a suitable place. Thither she accordingly went, and by her industry and skill in her special department, before long she was the favorite assistant of the ladies in that pretty little place.

And now, do you not feel anxious to hear something about Marian? Her grief for the death of her parents was at first, and indeed for a long time, so excessive that her kind friend feared for the result. But change of scene proved beneficial, and her loving nature attached itself to Kate and her children.

Kate had told Father Morris, the pastor, the little girl's story and given him the address found amongst Mr. Hamilton's papers of her grandparents in England. But no answer came to the letter written to them by the priest.

Marian attended the school taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Surrounded by care and affection, as she was, she still often evinced a dislike to her humble home, and the trifling tasks allotted to her after her return from school. Then, as she grew older, it seemed dreadful to have her pretty name "Marian Hamilton" unknown, and to hear the village children calling after her "Mary Anne Maloney." She evidently lost sight of the fact that those two were the names of the blessed Virgin and her venerated mother, but our heroine was by no means perfect, as my little readers will eventually discover. She and Patrick were preparing to make their first holy Communion. There were twelve girls and the Sisters would sometimes say to them, "Children, you are just the number of the apostles. Pray fervently that no Judas may be found amid your ranks." The day appointed for the happy event was the feast of the Assumption; to the children it seemed a long time, for a year's careful attendance in the first communion class was necessary.

It was a lovely evening in Indian summer, and some of the village children were playing on the green. Marian stood at a little distance from the merry group, watching the splendor of the setting sun as it disappeared amid an "after glow" that might well elicit admiration. A party of visitors who were spending a few days with Mrs. Sanford, a wealthy resident of the place, passed by and were attracted by the scene. One of them, Mrs. Clifton, was so charmed with Marian's beauty that she could talk of nothing else on her homeward way. "How lovely she would look if she were properly dressed," she reiterated. "I must find out who she is." So she asked Mrs. Sanford. "That is Mary Ann Maloney. Her mother is a good, honest creature. The one who was here yesterday." "Well," rejoined Mrs. Clifton, "I never can believe that she is the daughter of that woman, but I will go and see if she will give me the child. I will take no refusal." And the very next day a carriage stopped at the door of the cottage with Mrs. Sanford and her guest. "Well, Mrs. Maloney,"

said the former, "I am sure you do not know what we have come for to-day." Then she told her that Mrs. Clifton, who had no children, wished to adopt "Mary Ann." They had heard she was an orphan, and considering the advantages she would enjoy, there should be no objection. Kate was amazed at the proposition. She thought that perhaps it would be wrong to deprive the child of the advantages which would have been hers had her parents lived, and which were so unexpectedly offered to her now. It never occurred to her that Mrs. Clifton was not a Catholic. Marian was called in and with tears—for she loved her kind foster mother and the children—decided to go with Mrs. Clifton. "But there's one thing, ma'am," said Kate, "she hasn't made her first communion, and I don't think Father Morris would allow her to leave before she does. To be sure, if the priest didn't object you could send her to the sisters in New York to go on with her preparation and have her come *here* in August to receive with the rest." Mrs. Clifton stared during this speech, and when it was ended she told Kate of her mistake in very decided tones. "But what possible difference can it make? I have none of the vulgar prejudices against your religion, but I could not and would not promise that Marian should practice it. In fact I would pity the child too much to burden her young life with all that your pastors require."

"Well, then you *can't* have her, ma'am, and that's the end of it. Her dying mother gave her to me, and poor as I am with God's help she has never been in actual want. Never, never would I let her go where she would lose her faith."

There was nothing for the visitors to do but take their leave. Mrs. Clifton told Kate "she was a good, faithful creature, but mistaken." She kissed Marian and told her she would not give her up yet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

August Saints.

Speaking of the August saints, does it not warm our hearts towards the holy Mother of God, when we read the homilies of the gentle St. Bernard? We are drawn closer towards him and love him because he has written so sweetly of Mary. Well do we know how he tells us when in trouble, tossed about in earthly storms or in any distress, to invoke the "star of the sea." And who, praying the beautiful *memorare*, can forget the mellifluous monk who composed it. And then St. Alphonse Maria with his grand "Glories of Mary." What a mine of pious thought and consoling doctrine, even for the most abandoned! Nor must we overlook another monk—the great St. Dominic. How grateful we feel towards him when we fondle our precious beads! Who shall count the wonders wrought by the holy Rosary? Yes, dear readers, these saints point out to us a sure and easy way to Jesus, namely, through Mary—but while we thank these favored saints let us not pain them by refusing to follow the counsels which they have given us.

Founders of Religious Orders.

Amongst the world's greatest benefactors none excel the founders of religious orders. To them the human family owes a great debt of gratitude. How much do we not owe to an Augustine, an Alphonse, a Bernard or a Dominic. We can never measure their work—it is yet unfinished, and will see its consummation when the world itself shall cease to revolve. Well then does holy church this month call upon her children to render homage to some

of these great sons of hers. They were made of the same flesh and blood as we are—they were men of courage—weak as they were, they were giants in thought—they feared nothing when God's honor was at stake—they became willing instruments in the hands of the Holy Spirit, and conceived noble plans, which like the mustard seed have spread to gigantic proportions. How it must rejoice the hearts of these saints to see thousands walking in their holy footsteps, and the great things being done for God under the same banner which they themselves threw to the breeze. Centuries have rolled by, but the memory of these saintly heroes is ever fresh, and with gladness do we, year after year, chant their praises.

The Most Pure Heart of Mary.

Love grows cold. Time changes it—our best friends cease to love us—everything is changeable, so much so that we lose faith in all earthly affection. How many a poor deluded soul pined away with grief on account of unrequited love! and love is so selfish. Too true indeed is it of all human love. But is there nowhere to be found a heart true and loving—a heart that will embrace us and never forsake us—a heart that will love us when all the world forsakes us—when the darkest clouds envelope us—when all seems lost? Yes, there is one such heart—the most pure heart of Mary. Holy church wishes to advise us of this when, on the 29th of this month, she honors the immaculate heart of Mary. Mary's loving heart is true, constant and merciful. Go to it! There you will find rest, peace and consolation.

Without Decay.

What worry, expense and anxiety to keep intact this human casket of ours! What sacrifices are not made and actual suffering undergone in order to preserve our bodily life and beauty? How we fear the approach of decay, and how we try to fight against it. But all in vain. Human flesh withers as the grass. Everything ends in the grave. The heart will some day cease to beat and fall to dust. But is no one spared this cruel fate? Ah, yes; but only one, she, the fairest among earth's daughters—Mary—the spotless one. She lives. Her body is intact. No decay approaches her. Her heart is still young, and day and night never ceases to beat and yearn with love for us in this land of exile. Our Queen is immortal; she has passed the gates of death and is waiting to receive us into the city of endless life. Let us redouble our fervor and spend heaven—in spirit—with Mary on the day of her glorious Assumption.

The Patroness of the American Carmel.

It was a happy thought to dedicate all our Carmelite houses in America to the "Most Pure Heart of Mary," and make it the official and hallowed title of our young and vigorous province, which, we are sure, has ever been near to our mother's immaculate heart. We feel grateful to that same pure heart for untold blessings. May it shower new blessings on all those who, by prayer or labor, help us to spread the reign of the Queen of Carmel.

The Heart of a Carmelite.

In this "month of hearts" we have a special festival in honor of a Carmelite saint—namely, the *Transfixing of the Heart of St. Teresa*. The whole life of St. Teresa could be summed up in one word—love. How her heart must have burned with devotion to the mother of God! Teresa's heart was ever in harmony with the heart of

Mary. They beat together. May the saint obtain for us a spark of divine love to burn up in us all that is not Mary.

The American Flower.

We hear much of a national flower. There is much indecision as to choice. Tastes differ. But be it as it may, the fairest flower grown on this continent is, according to our way of looking, a hallowed flower—symbol of the heart's best gift—love- and it is impersonated in the fair virgin of Lima, Saint Rose. She is America's flower par excellence. She now blooms in heaven, but the odor of her loveliness still remains. St. Rose's heart ever beats in unison with that of the divine mother, and still retains a love for her fellow pilgrims in the western hemisphere. Let us pray to St. Rose that she may obtain for us a greater love for Mary—for in proportion to the honor shown to our Queen will be the blessing decending on our beloved country.

St. Albert, the Carmelite.

On the 7th of August, the Carmelite order celebrates the feast of St. Albert of Sicily. To many of our readers this saint is well known as a powerful intercessor at the throne of God. The pages of this REVIEW would be completely taken up with the records of favors received through the use of the water, blessed with the relics of the saint. The Fathers of the Monastery at Niagara Falls were unable to supply the demand for St. Albert's water on the occasion of the pilgrimage, on the 16th of July.

The Pilgrimage.

Greater than ever before was the number of pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ont., this year. The great *Toties Quoties* indulgence of the Scapular was the chief object of the pilgrimage. From early morn until sunset there was a continuous stream of visitors to the privileged church. The English sermon, delivered at High Mass by the new prior of the Monastery, the Rev. Theodore McDonald, induced all those who had not yet been invested with the livery of the Blessed Virgin, to ask for this blessed gift. Our readers will be glad to find this sermon on another page. The open-air sermon in German was preached in the afternoon, from the porch of the new Hospice building, by the Rev. Pius R. Mayer, the late Father Provincial of the Carmelites. The Papal Blessing was then given, followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Te Deum.

The Third Provincial Chapter.

The triennial chapter of the Carmelite Fathers of the United States and Canada was held this year at the new Hospice building attached to the Monastery of Niagara Falls, Ont. It was the third chapter in the history of this young province. The most Reverend Aloysius Galli, general superior of the order, who resides in Rome, was prevented from attending the chapter, although he had been expected. The elections held at the chapter resulted in the following changes: Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, formerly prior of the Monastery at Niagara Falls, Ont., was elected provincial. V. Rev. Pius R. Mayer, the former provincial, was elected prior of the Novitiate and House of Studies at New Baltimore, Pa. Rev. Ambrose Bruder was elected prior of the Monastery at Pittsburg. Rev. Dominic T. O'Malley, formerly pastor of Niagara Falls, Ont., was elected prior of the Monastery at Englewood, N. J. Rev. Theodore McDonald, formerly pastor of Englewood, was elected prior of the Monastery and Hospice at Falls View, Ont.

Rev. Louis Guenther was elected prior of the Monastery at Leavenworth, and Rev. Alphonse Brandstaetter, prior of the Monastery at Scipio, Kas. Rev. A. J. Smits, formerly prior of Englewood, was appointed director of missions. Through the kindness of benefactors, who contributed $50 each, for the furnishing of a room, a sufficient number of rooms had been prepared for the members of the chapter. Although the Hospice will not be officially opened for retreats until next spring, persons wishing to spend a few days at the Falls, have been admitted as guests. The Fathers are willing to allow the use of the Hospice for this purpose during the present season, as far as the number of rooms permits.

Mgr. Merry Del Val.

The Papale Ablegate, Mgr. Merry Del Val, who had been sent to Canada by the Holy Father, to examine the school question of Manitoba, before departing for Rome paid a visit to Niagara Falls. The guest of the ladies of Loretto, he spent several days at this beautiful spot. While here, his first visit was to the Carmelite Monastery and the new Hospice of Mount Carmel. He greatly admired the Hospice building, and highly praised its object. Being told that the Holy Father had manifested unusual interest in the undertaking, he promised to give a full description to His Holiness on his return to Rome. Mgr. Merry Del Val is, in many respects, a most remarkable man. Only 34 years of age, he has shown the greatest possible wisdom and discretion in fulfilling his delicate mission. A most distinguished appearance, joined to the possession of all the accomplishments of a modern gentleman, won for him the hearts even of those who would never have been able to appreciate his superior qualities as priest and prelate. In his farewell address to the Catholics of Canada he prudently advises a truce, until the Holy Father, after receiving the report of his ablegate, shall have given a decision on the school question.

Carmel in Spain.

In a recent letter from our correspondent in Spain he communicates to us the result of the elections held at the last chapter of the Carmelite Province of Spain. The former provincial, Rev. Anastasius Borras, through whose zeal the order was restored in Spain, is now prior of the beautiful Monastery of Xerez. Rev. Eliseo Duran, who had joined the order in Rome, at a time when it was still proscribed in Spain, and who has been the most helpful companion to F. Anastasius Borras in his effort to restore the order, has been elected provincial of Spain. This flourishing province, since the restoration of the order in 1879, has founded eight monasteries and counts more than a hundred professed monks.

PUBLICATIONS.

The *Pittsburg Catholic*, the venerable old veteran of the Catholic press, like the Phœnix of old, seems to regain a new youth every now and then. It has lately put on a most becoming dress, cut to the latest style, making it look more spry and youthful than many of its younger contemporaries.

The July number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* should be on the desk of every priest, ready for reference. We invite all reverend pastors to read the article on page 98, entitled, "The Essentials Regarding the Brown Scapular." Everything there is plain and comprehensive—but in few words. If that article is carefully noted, we shall be spared a large amount of correspondence. Moreover, devout clients of our Blessed Lady will not be debarred from reaping the full benefit of the favors dispensed through our Order. The reverend editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review* gives information as to obtaining all the desired faculties. To this we add, in order to facilitate matters, that the reverend clergy may write direct to the CARMELITE REVIEW, Falls View, Ontario.

OUR LADY OF MERCY.

Carmelite Review.

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A SIMPLE STORY.

(Why I Love the "Memorare.")

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

IT is only a simple story
Of happy childhood years,
But often it has soothed my anguish
And calmed my trembling fears.

I loved a little song-bird,
And cared it day by day;
But alas! my yellow favorite
Got free, and flew away.

Away through the streets of the city
The crowded haunts of men;
What hope was left that the truant
Would ever come back again?

My heart was full of sadness,
But dear ones implanted there
A trust in the "Memorare"
St. Bernard's touching prayer.

So I knelt near Our Lady's image
And prayed with trustful love;
Did she smile at my childish pleading
In her blissful home above?

But see! through the open window,
As if to a mossy nest,
Flies back my tired rambler
To its olden place of rest.

How I thanked our Blessed Mother
Who heard me though far away,
And her beautiful "Memorare"
Was dearer from that bright day.

Years passed—and the darksome shadows
O'ercast life's early dreams;
But oft in the night of sorrow
A starry radiance gleams,

And I see through memory's vista,
An image white and fair,
And the tones of a "Memorare"
Are echoed in mystic air.

And I think, "Is her heart less tender
When like to the wave's white foam,
My soul is engulfed in sadness
Afar from her glorious home?"

All "ye who pass by the wayside,"
With many an anxious care,
Look up to the bright blue heavens,
And breathe St. Bernard's prayer.

It will soothe each pain and sorrow
That is passing to and fro,
As it soothed my childish grieving
In days so long ago!

LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF THE CARMELITES AT TOULOUSE. THEIR ESTABLISHMENT AT FERETRA. LATER IN THE JEWISH QUARTER. BULL OF CONFIRMATION OF THIS LATTER ESTABLISHMENT. APPROBATION OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES. GREAT AND NUMEROUS MIRACLES WROUGHT BY THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN BROUGHT FROM MOUNT CARMEL.

SAINT JOANNA had now entered on her twenty-fourth year. This was in 1238. In the archives of the monastery of Grands Carmes of Toulouse we find an old manuscript, composed in Latin in the year 1320 by Rev. Father Trenqua. From this we quote :

"In the year 1237 the Reverend Father Alanus called together a general Chapter of our holy Order on Mount Carmel. At this Chapter permission was given to the Carmelite monks to pass over to Europe from Asia in order to escape the persecutions by the Saracenes of the Orient."

"In the year 1238, Brother William Anesias, a born Toulousian, together with six brothers, embarked for France. They took with them the image of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, which, during their voyage, delivered them from a multitude of dangers. In the same year, at the beginning of the month of July, these monks arrived at Toulouse, where Brother Raymond, of the order of the Preaching brethren, received them with great kindness and gave them for their establishment, in the neighborhood of the city a place in the quarter which was called Le Feretra and which to-day is known as the Faubourg St. Michel. There they built a little church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and blessed by the same bishop. There the image of the Blessed Virgin became famous by its numerous miracles.

"In the year 1241, the walls of the belfry, of the cloister and of the cells collapsed. The same catastrophe was repeated in the following year 1242. In the year 1242 a newly converted Jew of Toulouse gave his house to our brethren, on account of the frequent apparitions of the Virgin, by which he had been favored in his garden. Having heard of this miracle some citizens of Toulouse wished to erect at their own expense a church and a monastery at the same place where the Blessed Virgin had appeared to the Jew."

"In the year 1246, four years after the work had begun, the councilmen of the city opposed the completion of the church. This opposition lasted to the year 1247. In the year 1263 the construction of the church was completed. In the year 1264 the brethren were installed in the new monastery by the people, the councilmen and by the Bishop of Toulouse, Raymond, of the

Order of the Preaching Brethren. They abandoned their old monastery in the neighborhood of the city."

Another manuscript chronicled in French language, as it was written and spoken in the year 1676, narrates the same facts, but with some variations. The anonymous chronicler says:

"In the year 1248, King Louis, after having summoned some of our Fathers from Mount Carmel, in Palestine, a land over the sea, and after having brought them into his own kingdom of France, by request of the Count of Toulouse, sent some of the monks to this city of Toulouse, in order that they should establish themselves there in one of the suburbs of Toulouse, namely that of Faubourg St. Michel, commonly called Feretra. At that place there still stands a chapel, erected in honor of the glorious St. Roche. But in the course of time the brethren, seeing that they were too far removed from the city, and consequently being unable to satisfy their ardent zeal for the conversion of infidels and especially Jews—they besought most earnestly the bishop and the magistrates, to grant them a site within the city. Their desire was complied with, though the place given to them was very unhealthy, on account of malaria and bad odors. Nevertheless the brethren without any objections most willingly accepted the place offered to them. They did not mind this pestilential spot, because their highest interest was the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The brethren had hardly established themselves there when by the good example of their sanctified lives, by their teaching and by their learned sermons, the infidels were converted and left that place entirely to them. After this the brethren moved their oratory, or chapel, which they had at the foresaid Faubourg, on account of the great atrocities and blasphemies which the above mentioned Jews incessantly committed against the honor of God and His holy Mother. It now became a place of benediction and sanctification of souls by the great wonders which God worked there, and by means of the wonderful miracles which happened there during a very long time afterwards. These wonderful beginnings were nothing but a result of the zeal which the glorious Saint Louis had shown by bringing the above mentioned monks into his kingdom and there placing them in different regions, principally here in this place. He was recognized as the real founder, and in the same way did his successors act by bestowing favors and privileges upon us which can be seen in the documents of Kings Charles, Louis and Francis, and in their royal letters, given in the chancellory of this city, dated in the year 1313, the sixteenth year of the rule of King Louis of France."

The Bull confirming the establishment of the Carmelites in the interior of the city of Toulouse, was issued in the year 1261 by Pope Clements IV: of sacred memory.

This is the translation of the Bull:

"Clement Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well beloved sons the Prior and the brethren of the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Toulouse, of the order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, greeting and Apostolic blessing.

"Every time when a just and honest thing is asked for, equity and good order demand, on account of the solicitude incumbent on our office, that this supplication obtain its necessary effect. Therefore, your petition which has been

presented to Us, states that Our well-beloved sons, Arnold, called the Gascognard; Frenayre of Poutz-Clautz; Arnold, called Germier; Peter, called Vaditeur; Arnold, Calvet and Pelhe, citizens of Toulouse, desirous of exchanging their earthly goods for heavenly ones, as joint proprietors of some houses in the city of Toulouse, in a place commonly called Judaygues (Judaic) have piously and generously ceded them for all times to come, to you, Prior and to the brethren of the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Toulouse of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to your Order. Since you assure Us that this is plainly contained in a public deed, in good and due form, therefore, acceding to your wishes, We confirm and approve by Our apostolic authority the pious and wise action of these citizens, and grant to it the protection of this present document.

"It shall not be allowed to any mortal to infringe on, or to contradict by audacious temerity anything which this page of Our confirmation expresses.

"And if anyone should have the presumption to render himself guilty of such an attempt, may he know that he incurs the indignation of the all-powerful God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul."

"Given at Perouse (Perugia) the tenth day of Our Pontificate."

In the year 1264 the councilmen, the representatives of the Bishop of Toulouse, the Bishop of Aire, the Abbot of the Praemonstratinses by the grace of God, the Grand-Master of the military order of the Templars, and the Grand-Master of the military order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, equally approved the establishment of the Carmelites in the interior of the city of Toulouse.

This is the translation of the solemn act of this approbation:

"Be it known to all those who will read this writing that the Carmelite monks, recently established outside of the walls, and in one of the suburbs of the city of Toulouse, on account of the frequent inundations from which they had to suffer in that place, on account of the too great distance from the city, and mainly because they could not so fruitfully work for the salvation of the souls—have transferred their habitation and their oratory within the enclosure of the city, into a house, situated in the the Jewish district with the particular intention and firm resolution, that through them the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of the Savior, our Lord Jesus-Christ, to which Virgin they profess to be particularly consecrated—would be greatly exalted, honored and devoutly praised in this place, in which during so long a time the same most Blessed Virgin, mother of the most glorious and most illustrious fruit of her womb had been blasphemed by the perfidious Jews; hoping, that through her, they would teach all men devotion to her very sweet name, to exalt those who profess the Christian faith, to repel the enemies of faithful Christians, to refute Jewish error by erecting in our city and in this place by the privilege of a special grace, an impugnable fortress, the oratory of which we have spoken, where she has wrought and still is working almost continually, openly and visibly, by day and by night, very great miracles, giving back the sight to the blind, healing the lame and cripples, giving hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb, and by working many other miracles, the divine and good fame of which has been

spread in the diocese of Toulouse and the neighboring provinces—and has caused numberless Christians to do works of piety, and has inspired pious souls to come in pilgrimage to this fountain of sweetness—all of which should fill with joy the hearts of the truly faithful and cause us to bless the Blessed Virgin and her most merciful Son, conceived in her womb by the operation of the Holy Ghost.

"In praise, honor and testimony of all these things which we just have mentioned—we, the councilmen of the above named city, we De Gritens, archdeacon of Villemur, and representing the venerable Father, the Lord, Bishop of Toulouse, and we, Raymond of St. Martin, by the grace of God Bishop of Aire, and Abbot of St. Quitterie, and we, Brother A., by divine mercy humble Abbot of the monastery of Grace-Dieu of the Order of Praemonstratenses, situated in this diocese, and we, Brother William, master of the military house of the Temple of Toulouse, chaplain to our holy father the Pope, and we, Brother B., master of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, at Toulouse—have signed and sealed with our seals this present document, in order to bestow on it greater value."

"Given at Toulouse, Saturday after the feast of St. Michael, in the year of Our Lord 1264."

The anonymous chronicler of 1676, after having abridged all these pieces which we have translated, adds.

"The Latin memorial below and the authentic act of the transfer of the oratory, in which was the miraculous image of the very Holy Virgin, evidently show that this image had been brought from Mount Carmel. These acts attest that this holy image wrought and does work miracles. To-day it was placed in the centre of the high-altar of the choir, in an niche, embellished by beautiful mirrors from Venice. In troublesome times the people most earnestly beseech us to take it down. This we have granted them after having received the permission of the Ordinaries. Then we erected an altar below the lamp, on which the image was placed during eight days. There the divine Office was celebrated with great solemnity. Every day after vespers or after complines, the litanies of the Holy Virgin or the prayers are sung. The devotion to this holy image is so great that from morning till evening great crowds of people are coming there to offer their prayers, and every time, after leaving the church, they obtained by the intercession of this divine Virgin, whatever had been asked of God.

CHAPTER IV.

SAINT JOANNA PROTECTS THE CARMELITES—APPARITION OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN TO A CONVERTED JEW—THE CARMELITES HITHERTO ESTABLISHED IN THE QUARTER OF FERETRA MOVE INTO THE CITY TO A PLACE CALLED TO-DAY *Place des Carmes* AND *Foutx-aigues*—OPPOSITION OF THE COUNCIL—THEY FINALLY YIELD.

In the midst of the wars and massacres of the thirteenth century many religious events, which had taken place at Toulouse during that period, passed by unobserved by profane historians. Thus, at the time of Cæsar Augustus, no writer speaks of Christ and His mission.

Josephus himself, though a Jewish historian, in his famous work on Judæa and Jerusalem, mentions Jesus and His work only in a few words. The same is the case with our local historians, regarding religious events which are not connected with political events.

None, excepting Catel, in his *Notes on the History of Languedoc*; either mentions the arrival of the Carmelites in Toulouse or the miracles wrought by the miraculous statue brought by the monks from the Orient.

This community of pious monks, especially consecrated to honor Mary and to spread the devotion to the Mother of the divine Savior, became the beacon light of salvation and hope to the Catholics of Toulouse, who hitherto had been very much oppressed. It became the signal of salvation and conversion for the perfidious Jews and the misled heretics.

Saint Joanna, raised in the midst of so much sorrow, removed from the world, breathing only for God and souls, understood better than anybody else the importance of this grace which heaven had bestowed on her family and on her fellow-citizens.

The piety, the fervor and the modesty of the members of this new Order of the servants of Mary made a deep impression on her.

She often went to the quarter of Feretra, where she prayed and sought spiritual strength at the Carmelite hermitage, situated on the bank of the majestic Garonne whose waters are as clean and pure as crystal.

Contemporaneous writings of incontestable veracity, affirm that in this place unheard of miracles were wrought: The blind received sight, the lame walked, the deaf heard, the dumb spoke; innumerable conversions followed the preaching of the Carmelites which was supported by the authority of the miracles wrought in their oratory.

But in two consecutive years inundations of the river, the waters of which wash the adjacent land, undermined the cloister, the oratory, the cells of the hermits. The statue of the most Holy Virgin alone remained intact.

Then suddenly the report spread that a recently converted Jew, who had a house in the interior of the city, was favored in his garden by frequent apparitions of the Queen of Heaven.

This converted Jew offered his house as a resting place for the image of the Virgin Mother of Carmel.

Animated by holy emulation, five citizens, whose names are preserved in the Bull confirming the establishment of the Carmelites in the city of Toulouse, likewise offered several houses they possessed in the same quarter, in order that the monastery of the Oriental monks should be transferred from the quarter of Feretra into the Jewish quarter.

The Bishop of Toulouse, Raymond of Falgar, successor of the blessed Foulquis, protector of the new institute, approved of this transfer.

Saint Joanna, on account of her position among Catholics and prompted by her desire to see the devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel increased, since to her she had vowed her heart, used all her influence to hasten the realization of this project. The wishes of Our Lord Jesus-Christ and of His most holy mother appeared manifest to her.

On one side, the repeated destruction of the monastery of Feretra, which had been inundated so often; on the other side, the necessity to convert the Jews and the heretics, were for her and all her faithful fellow-citizens a proof of the desire of God, that the Mother of His Son should be honored in the city of Toulouse and in the Jewish quarter where she had appeared.

Work was begun at once, notwithstanding the opposition of the sons of Israel and, chiefly, of Raymond VII.,

who had succeeded his father in the year 1233.

In the year 1246 the councilmen forbade the continuation of the work.

Who knows but that this order was aimed at Saint Joanna, the daughter of Baldwin, whom the young count derisively called the daughter of the traitor,—Saint Joanna, the zealous propagator of the devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel?

Who knows whether she did not also visit Raymond of Falgar, the Dominican, whose troubles with Raymond VII. were known to everybody?

In the year 1247 the orders, which forbade the continuation of the work on the church and monastery were providentially recalled.

The old chroniclers tell us that St. Joanna was always found there watching the work so dear to God.

Chaste dove, escaping from the deluge of general corruption, sheltered in the holy ark of Carmel under the protection of the Queen of heaven, she often went to the hermitage at the extreme end of the Faubourg of St. Michel, as a peaceful messenger, carrying the branch from the garden of Olives and of Calvary. She implored the good fathers to accede to the wishes of the Catholics and for the good of souls to give up this solitude with its verdant foliage and flowers, this poetical dwelling, situated at the feet of the hills of Pech-David, whose declivities are covered with rich vineyards that slope down gracefully to the grassy shores of our beautiful river. She implored them to take away from there their cherished trust, the miraculous statue of Our Lady, and to place it into the oratory which the piety of the faithful and of the holy Bishop Raymond prepared for them in the interior of the city, that they may work there more efficaciously for the conversion of the Jews and heretics.

The venerable fathers yielded to the fervent wishes of St. Joanna and of the Toulousians. They tore themselves away from the charms of this beautiful quarter of Feretra, and brought their monastery and the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel into the interior of the city, to the place still known in our days under the name Place des Carmes.

Heaven had heard and granted the prayers of St. Joanna.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DURING THE ECLIPSE.

IN company with four astronomers, Messrs. Pritchett, Nipher, Engler and Valler, Father Charoppin, S.J., of St. Louis, Mo., left for the Pacific coast in December, 1888, in order to make observations of the eclipse of the sun on January 1st, 1889.

The good Jesuit's experience whilst at the Golden Gate may be of interest to the clients of Mary. Let us follow the priest's own account, which he has been pleased to make public.

"I was the only Catholic in the party," says Father Charoppin. "My four companions were Protestants. After we had worked hard for five days and five nights in order to get our instruments into position, it looked as if our labor would be all in vain. On

December 31 it was very cloudy. My astronomical friends were disheartened. I tried to cheer them, and told them they would have a clear sky for at least two minutes.

"'Are you a prophet, father?' asked Professor Pritchett.

"'No, nor the son of a prophet,' I replied.

"'Why, then, are you so emphatic in your assurance of clear weather?'

"'I am certain of it,' I answered. 'It is no use to tell you my reasons. You would not understand them.'

"'Tell us what they are,' every one asked.

"'All right, gentlemen, as you will. We Catholics have a good mother in heaven, whom you Protestants know not. This mother can obtain of God any favor we ask. When I want some special favor I ask a lot of innocent children to pray for my intention. My petition is always granted. Now, gentlemen, to-day there are hundreds of children in St. Louis who have prayed 'Holy Mother, give Father Charoppin two minutes of clear sky,' and I am sure that the prayers will be heard.'

"The astronomers laughed heartily.

"'Father,' said Prof. Engler, 'will you promise that, in case the whole eclipse is continually hidden by the clouds, you will go on foot to the Oregon state line?' (About 500 miles.)

"'Certainly,' I replied. 'I have served the Blessed Virgin all my life and she is not going to have me walk that great distance. No, let me ask you to promise to kneel down and acknowledge Mary's power in case my prediction comes true.'

"They all agreed to this.

"In the morning things did not look very encouraging. The blackest clouds filled the heavens, and my scientific friends lost all hope. About ten o'clock all hope departed. I took out my beads and prayed earnestly. I told the Blessed Virgin her glory was in the balance. I felt that my prayers would bear fruit. The time for the first part of the eclipse had gone by. The others commenced to take their instruments apart, when just ten minutes before the total eclipse the clouds parted. There were shouts of joy. There stood Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Mercury in the glorious sunlight. The outer circle of the sun shone in all its glory. A total eclipse is indeed one of the greatest natural wonders. Our observations were most valuable. We saw the eclipse for *exactly two minutes!*

"The eclipse had scarcely passed from view, when all the learned gentlemen approached to shake hands with me. In the meantime the clouds had covered the sun.

"At dinner I was invited to say grace. After the meal every one of those astronomers knelt down as they promised, and thanked the Blessed Virgin for the wonderful favor granted.

"Professor Nipher frankly said to me, 'That is the first time that I ever prayed.'"—P. A. B.

"Life is too short!" exclaimed a *man of science* lately. This is nothing new to the *man of religion*. In truth, people are too apt to forget that they are mortal. They want to live long but not to become old. But there is no chance to keep clear of the grim reaper, Death, who shatters all plans with one stroke. In fact none of the great human problems can be solved without the proper key which shuts out time and opens the gates of eternity. Ripeness, maturity and perfection are terms misapplied to things on this planet of ours. Spring and autumn we have, but we shall only find an eternal summer in the future world. The man who strives after virtue, or knowledge, should convince himself of this truth. Yes, dear reader! life here below *is* too short.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand."
—Old Proverb.

CUTTING hurried on, and overtook the ambulance at the door. He helped the surgeon to gently carry the patient to the ward. The sick person was a woman who had not as yet reached middle age. The face was worn with care and pain. She had evidently seen better days. The case looked critical.

"There's hope yet," said the surgeon to Cutting. "You better take charge of this poor crushed flower. It will be something new for you."

It was too early to diagnose the case. It seemed rather hard to know how to define it. That was what Cutting thought, as he glanced over the list of cases in the hospital register. There was variety enough to choose from. All kinds of patients were there. Absynthe fiends, sewing girls with sore fingers, pugilists with broken jaws, sexagenarians with gout, love sick maidens and the thousand and one ills to which poor humanity is heir.

"A little different from a hay-fork stab, Cutting," said one smart young physician.

Cutting thought so too. After his patient, who was yet in a comatose condition, was put to bed, he commenced to fill out the blank for the direction of the nurses. But he had very few items to put into the blank spaces. He picked up a dainty little silk handkerchief on the corner of which was embroidered what appeared to be the new patient's name. So when Cutting left, at the head of the bed and beneath the picture of Saint Mary Magdalene, was seen this chart, which all could read:

Name of Patient—Rose Withers.

Residence—Unknown.

Complaint—Doubtful.

Treatment—For the present rest and sleep.

N.B.—If pulse shows abnormal decrease do not delay calling chaplain.

P. M. CUTTING.

In the morning bright and early Cutting was around to see his patient, who was yet in an unconscious state. The young doctor took very much interest in Rose Withers' case, particularly since his reputation was somewhat at stake, and again why would he not be attentive, since the woman appeared to be friendless.

Among the other physicians Cutting was popular, and the patients liked him for his quiet and kind way of treating them. When he called to see his patient on the morning spoken of, he found the chaplain, Father Vincent, ahead of him.

Cutting had great respect for the chaplain, in fact for all those of the cloth. But every physician is not a Cutting.

The chaplains in many cases are looked upon by hospital attendants and physicians as necessary evils. Too often it happens that many an unfortunate is often put on the operating table without a thought of the patient's spiritual interests, and this has occurred when it was a question of life or death. And again, sad to say, how many are prevented from preparing for eternity by being left in an unconscious state? They must be made to rest easy, and not to disturb their surrounding fellow-sufferers, and the doctor is always at hand with his too-handy hypodermic needle.

The chaplain of a hospital has a large field in which to do good. No matter how infectious or loathsome the disease may be, the man of God is at the bedside to absolve from sin, to administer the Bread of Life and console the dying, and others less dangerously ill are consoled by the priest's kind words and cheering countenance. And many there are who would not think of making their peace with God had they not been thrown on sick beds. To these too is the chaplain a god-send.

"Beg pardon, father," said Cutting to the priest, "I hope I am not intruding. I guess I am a stranger to you. My name is Cutting—Doctor Cutting in these wards, and at home the boys, who sing so merry as they plough, call me plain 'Doc.'"

"What do you think of this case, doctor?" asked Father Vincent.

"A mild case of fever, father," answered Cutting. "She will pull through all right. Temperature is down to 99½ now.—it was 102° last night. Poor soul! I guess it was brought on by trouble or worry. Another case of trying to fly too high. We'll probably have a large flock of injured doves here this winter."

"She is a Catholic," said the priest.

"No question of that," said Cutting. "See that Scapular there! It does me good to see something which shows that there is faith left. It's my opinion that the Blessed Virgin often does more for a person's cure than we do, father. It may seem strange to hear a doctor preaching piety, but I am not ashamed to say it, that I have unbounded confidence in prayer. More than once I have asked people to pray for my patients. I think the prayer of an innocent child, for instance, works wonders."

"Too true, my dear friend, said Father Vincent, "and faith has much to do in curing the sick. The only obstacle is a want of faith on the part of the patient. A very beautiful custom used to be in vogue when people yet lived the simple life of faith—the custom I speak of was to take the medicine to the priest in order that he might bless it. The only remnant left of this practice is the prayer which yet stands in the ritual."

Cutting's patient showed signs of consciousness when he made his next round. She commenced to feebly question the doctor. She was anxious to know where she was, and how she got into the place.

"Don't worry, my dear friend," said Cutting softly. "You are in good hands, don't fear. Perhaps it is fortunate that you got here. You might, indeed, have been much worse off, Miss—or Mrs. Withers. I suppose I have your name correctly."

"Yes—no—oh, well, call me as you please," said the patient.

Cutting smiled, saying "makes little difference, I suppose, as 'tis said

'What's in a name? That which we
call a rose
By any other name would smell as
sweet.'"

"I am trying to recall the dream I had last night," said the woman. "I remember being carried along the main street of a city. I was mounted on a gorgeous chariot. On all sides was I surrounded by myriads of brilliant lights, and there was wafted on the air the sweetest strains of music. I noticed that all eyes were directed towards myself, and my two companions. Well do I remember how I stood as a queen receiving the homage of thousands. Suddenly I was seized by a strange giddiness. My whole weight fell on the large anchor of hope which my hands tightly grasped. My grasp became weaker and weaker. Suddenly the anchor and its flowers left me, leaving in my hands but a few twigs of withered forget-me-nots, and I heard the voice of a sister grace—she who held on her bosom a golden heart symbol of love—her I heard, as she vanished, singing

'One faded flower I keep for aye;
In memory's book 'tis laid away.
Far backward to the burial day
I plucked it from the grave where lay
My fondest hope.'

"And then deeper and deeper I fell. All was quiet. Then I heard a voice saying, 'take the body to the house set apart for the unknown dead,' and another voice said 'no, the pulse still beats—take her quickly to the Hospital of Mercy—for while there is life there is hope.'

"Then I was borne along again,—but when I awoke the lights and music were no more. I clutched what surrounded me, and methinks I felt bandages, linen and such things as one uses when attending the wounded. And I heard another gentle voice saying, 'Lie quiet—it will soon be passed—don't fear, I am a doctor,' and his hand pressed to my lips an exhilarating cordial. This man seemed to accompany me on a long passage. Again I heard him say 'Drive gently there! We are approaching a curve.' By that time the cordial had given me a moment's strength. I raised my head and caught one glance of two persons standing in conversation as I passed. One of the faces was yours, doctor, or it seemed so, and the other countenance was not strange to me. It seemed to be the face of one whom I had wronged in some far-off day, and I was about to throw myself at his feet and ask forgiveness—but I then swooned away again into my old dream.

"Then I thought was put to rest—all was peace around me. 'What place is this?' I asked of some one and he answered the Friedenhouse; and I looked around I saw two men sitting at a table—they appeared to be very intent on something. Some one said it was a game of chess. Few words were spoken except about exchanging pieces and a captured queen. 'That is the queen,' said some one as one of the players carelessly threw a playing figure among the useless pieces. And then those men spoke of being even with one another. They spoke of what sounded I think like—well do I remember the word—but its meaning I know not—that word was "*Stalemate*," and do you know, doctor, the face of one of those players resembled yours—and the other—Oh, my head. A little more of that camphor, please. That's it, thanks."

"Now take a rest and don't mind any more of that dream, it's a little delirium," said Cutting, who himself looked as if he had been in a trance. When Rose Withers commenced to speak of her dream he had started to try her pulse and he had forgotten that his hand was on her wrist until she finished her story.

Rose Withers, ill as she was, commenced to smile at something. Cutting was alternately shaking and looking hard at his thermometer. He must have been awfully distracted.' He laughed out loud when his patient said "Why, doctor, take the cover off the thermometer."

"I must be going," said Cutting, who was red in the face.

"Wait until I finish with my dream, doctor," said Rose Withers. "After all what occurred I felt again at ease. Everything became dark and quiet. I seemed to become lighter than the air. All that heaviness which one at times feels in the body left me—I seemed on the threshold of a brighter and warmer atmosphere. The vast universe was quitting me or I quitting it. I was standing at the entrance of a new land; but there was a barrier to my entrance. Then I beheld a sister spirit—like her who stood with me on that car of gold and crystal—she who bore aloft the Symbol of Redemption. She approached me saying 'sweetest sister, you cannot follow me as yet.' And then high above us appeared a scene most glorious—indeed beyond compare—my tongue cannot describe it. Image the gorgeous tints of an autumn sunset with all its enchanting crimson, gold and purple, as if some artist saint had spilled all his paint adown the western sky—imagine this a thousand times more glorious, and then you have a feeble idea of the light which burst from heaven earthwards. And all this brightness was obscured—yes overshadowed by one who stood in the midst. She was some great queen unlike anything dreamed of here below. We have no words by which I could give you any idea of that transcendentally beautiful apparition—no, doctor, 'her person beggared all description. No painter could stand the light of that vision.'

"Then, the beautiful maiden, Faith, knelt before the vision, and opened her lips in a beautiful prayer, which ran

Hail holy Queen, Mother of Mercy!
Our life, our sweetness and our hope.

Faith paused while the winged spirits surrounding the vision took up the words, the echo of which seemed to die off into endless space. And then, she who held the cross of lilies, roses and forget-me-nots continued her petition. 'O! Mother,' she prayed, 'show thyself a mother to her who approaches our gates.' Then Faith took from my shoulders a Scapular which rested there. Raising it aloft she prayed: 'Behold, O mother! Thou ornament and Flower of Carmel—behold, O! august Queen! this sign of thy love—this pledge of thy eternal friendship. Let it not be said that one who ever wore this sacred sign should be deprived of thy sight,' and then with a loud voice the angel choir sang,

Regina et decor Carmeli
Ora pro nobis!

After this, one clad richly in brown and shining white received a sweet approving smile from the queen, took the Scapular from Faith, and once more returned it to my shoulders. Then the vision vanished, and Faith came to bid a long farewell. I begged her to stay. I even struggled with her—but she vanished leaving the cross with me. I clung to it, and as I held it to embrace and kiss, the face of a priest stood before me. I could see and hear, but was unable to move lip or limb. To my lips was held a cross—a real one in the hands of good Father Vincent, who came to visit me that night when I entered the hospital. The priest evidently saw my dangerous condition, and hurriedly administered the last rites of holy Church.

Well do I remember the last words he whispered in my ears—they were so soothing: 'Be of good cheer, daughter. God is good. Tell Him you are sorry for having offended Him, and say, 'O my Savior, I believe all Thou hast revealed. I hope in Thee with all my heart, and love Thee above all.' Say to Mary, 'O, Mother! stay and help thy unworthy child!'

"The priest looked consoled and pleased when he saw my Scapular. When he was leaving he whispered, 'Before I go to rest I am going to say my beads for you, and in the morning I shall remember you during the holy Sacrifice.' "

And thus ended Rose Withers' story.

Cutting was much interested. He simply said:

"You have to thank God and His holy Mother for many things. When you are well you will perhaps be renewed in body and soul, and live many years in which to enjoy much happiness and make others happy too. But as to those dreams, don't bother about them. Such hallucinations come to everybody in your condition."

Do what he would, though, the dream of Rose Withers haunted Cutting. He tried to philosophize and explain it all away, but back it came to him. Ah, doctor,

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

CHAPTER XIV.

"How bitter a thing is it to look into happiness through another man's eyes?"
—As You Like It.

When he entered his room, Cutting found a note awaiting him from Fenton. It was brief. It read:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—We anxiously await you. What's up? Too much absorbed in your patients? Take care! We are to have a real old-fashioned country supper this evening—buckwheat cakes galore! Charity would like to show you what she can do. She is made of the right stuff, old boy!

'She can bake, she can broil, she can fry:
Ne'er a cake does she spoil, nor a pie.
She's perfectly neat,
Her temper is sweet,' so
Don't disappoint your old chess-partner

FENTON."

"He is in good humor, but he is unhappy," said Cutting to himself. The doctor could judge one's character by the handwriting.

* * * * *

Cutting went in to see Rose Withers.

"I am going to take a little trip, and will see you in the morning early. Try to rest well in the meantime. I am going to inspect a little treasure-house which a friend of mine is blowing about so much" he said as he left.

"Safe journey, doctor! Don't let your eyes run away with any of the treasures," said Rose.

* * * *

The train soon landed Cutting in Boomfield. Fenton met him at the station, and no time was lost in getting to the house.

It was indeed a happy surprise to meet Charity and her mother. Cutting reminded Mrs. Werker of all the big bowls of butter milk he drank at her house in New France, and a great laugh did they have over old times. Cutting wanted to know if Charity was as bashful as ever.

"Why," he said, "she used to be afraid that the young doctor was going to run away with her in those days."

"Yes, there was a little danger of

that, but there's no fear of your getting her now," said the old lady.

"By Jove! fine child," said Cutting, as he shook hands with Faith. "I am sure she had a lovely mother," continued the doctor, who would have gone on quoting all his favorite poets on beauty and what not, had he not been cut short by Fenton who quickly shouted "Supper is ready!"

"You are living in great style, Mrs. Werker," said Cutting, as he escorted the widow into the dining room. "Why," he said, "we poor hayseeds are not up to date with the big suburbanites. But, after all, I honestly think you enjoyed better health in the country."

After the meal everybody came together in the dining room, and a real happy time they had of it. It was a glorious evening—twilight, an hour when men seem to grow full of pathos and sympathy.

The old lady sat in her rocking chair knitting and preparing questions for Charity to put to Cutting.

"Do you like hospital work, doctor?"

"Isn't it time you were married, doctor?" came the questions simultaneously from mother and daughter. Cutting was somewhat surprised, but was equal to the emergency. He had learned how to act quickly many a night when called out of bed at the hospital.

"I suppose it is age before beauty in this case," he said, "so I'll answer Mrs. Werker first. Yes, I do like my work. It is such a pleasure to help the afflicted. O, yes, I am happy—in fact, I am getting quite attached to my patients. Of course at times I feel a strong desire of running back to New France. No place like home, you know.

"Now, as to *your* question—it's a rather delicate one, Miss Werker. No, I no more think of getting married, than running for the presidency of these United States. I believe a physician is better off when single, besides his attention between wife and patients is not divided."

"*Sometimes* undivided, doctor," said Charity.

"Joking aside, Miss Werker, I mean what I say," said Cutting. "I am going to hunt up a good boarding house, and fix up a nice little room for my books. And if you are still here, I shall come out now and then and bring Grandma Werker some good recipes for her rheumatism—something better than the goose oil she used to send around to her neighbors at New France."

"Well," said Charity, "I think a person ought to follow the vocation which brings the most happiness to themselves and to others. For my part I have long since concluded that single blessedness was the better portion. What think you, doctor?"

Just then Fenton jumped up, knocked over his chair and nearly upset the table. The noise he made completely drowned the doctor's reply to Charity.

"Beg pardon," said Fenton, returning from the kitchen, where he had made a mad rush—"beg pardon, I thought I heard the cat at that meat again."

"Why, Fenton, you seem to be in clover here. I really envy your happiness," said the doctor, who was merely drawing Fenton out.

"Oh, yes," said Fenton in a tone which could also be interpreted "Oh, no."

"Every man has his own definition of happiness," said the doctor.

"What is yours?" asked Fenton.

"Let's see," said Cutting. "Well, I'll illustrate it by a little incident in

my own life. I must tell you first that I worked for a short time in a printing office—that was before I dabbled in medicine. I was doing a little reporting for a small paper called *Fairplay*. Well, the editor wanted to boom the subscription list. To do this he offered fifty dollars in gold to the boy or girl who would write the best Christmas story. Every youngster in town competed—and we had waste paper to burn for a year. And those academy girls did perpetrate an awful amount of stuff. Big words? Well, yes, and I think Noah Webster, had he seen it would have stood aghast. Of course, I saw none of the manuscript. I learned all this from the big mogul himself—the editor. The time drew near to a close, and no one knew who would be the lucky one. That was the editor's secret. In the meantime, a young fellow was taken in the office as our 'devil.' He was kept busy washing rollers, sweeping up 'pi' and dusting the cases. The other boys treated the new comer very unkindly. For this reason I took his part—in fact, I liked him since he was so refined and polite—one of those rare products—a boy brought under the refining influence of a good sister. I noticed that clearly. One day I saw the boy crying. 'What's the matter, Johnny?' 'Oh, it ain't much. One of the boys stole my dinner,' he replied. I gave him the price of a meal. He told me it had happened before, but when he went home he pretended he had had his dinner in order not to make his mother feel bad.

"Never mind, Johnny, I said to him, I'll get you a little present at Christmas, —little knowing what it would be, since I had not a spare cent myself. But a thought struck me. 'Look here,' I said to the boy, 'why don't you try to write a Christmas story. I'll help you; or more than that, I'll write it, and you can sign your name to it. You may come out the winner.'

"Johnny thought this was too good, and nervously said, 'the editor would know your hand-writing.'

"'Well,' I said, 'sit down and write and I'll dictate to you. Now begin—make the heading: '*Charity Well Rewarded*"—put a capital 'W' in 'well.' That's it. Now let it go. 'Christmas cheer does not enter every door'—got that? All right, put a period there,'—and so I went on to dictate my thoughts as Johnny wrote. I went on to speak of a poor family. The only support, a seamstress, was badly hurt in the hand and thus became unable to do her sewing. Things became desperate. The mother commenced to speak of a miserable Christmas. Then a little boy spoke up and said he could work, and work he did. He earned enough to make himself, mother and sister happy. When I stopped dictating, there were tears in the boy's eyes. 'What is the matter, Johnny?' I asked. 'Oh! nothing, except that it looks as if this story was about my mother, sister and me.' It was a strange co-incidence and I told the boy to let it go. He did so. He won the prize and what is more got promoted by the editor at New Year's.

"That was a dull Christmas for me. In the morning I just had time to go to Mass, and at noon take a hurried lunch. The rest of the day I passed in the office. I had been detailed to write up a murder case. I had forgotten Johnny's story which had appeared in the paper of the preceding night. Outside was a cold drizzling rain and I felt miserable. I was slinging ink in all directions. Before me lay a stack of copy. I was just winding up my murder case with the words: 'It is awful to

think that such blood-curdling deeds can occur on the day when we hear 'Peace to all men.' Speedy justice will be meted out to the brute, mis-named *father*. May God console the poor motherless little ones. Verily, this world is degenerating. Where can we look for happiness and——'

Just then I heard a gentle rap. I looked up and thought I saw a vision. 'Twas if one of Murillo's madonnas had stepped out of the frame, as I beheld a young woman standing in the sanctum.

"'Excuse me, sir,' said my visitor. 'A thousand pardons for intruding. My name is Miss X——. I am the sister of John who works for you. You are Mr. Cutting, I presume? I am so glad to meet you. I come to thank you for your kindness to my brother and ourselves. God reward you! Remember that my mother and I will fall on our knees to-night and beg God to bless and reward you. Thanks, Mr. Cutting, a thousand thanks!'

"With this she vanished. It was not so much what she said, as the way in which she said it. I can hear that sweet voice yet. There was music in it, and the smile on that face—well, it was divine!

"'That was the happiest day of my life,' said Cutting, as he ended his story. 'Why, I actually danced around the office for sheer joy. The part I played was nothing. However, I made others happy, and was rewarded a hundred-fold. So, Mr. Fenton, you have *my* definition of happiness.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

I.

An Example From the Daily Press.

The New York Herald of the 4th of April, 1894, contained the following:

"One of the most remarkable examples of preservation from imminent death happened in our city (New York) yesterday. A young man fell from the fifth story of a house without any evil consequences. Frank Smith, 17 years old, is employed at the printing office of Davis & Christie, 66 Pine street. Frank is a bright and lively boy. He had just taken his dinner when he raced with another lad belonging to the establishment through the great room in which the printers' desks are. This room is situated on the fifth story, the top floor of the building. In one corner of the room is a trap-door which is no more used. In order to prevent accidents, a few planks were placed over the opening. Frank jumped on these planks, which gave way under the weight of his body, and he was precipitated into the depth. People saw how he turned several times while falling, and then he fell motionless on the floor of the basement. A physician was summoned at once. Two minutes after this awful fall Frank opened his eyes and seemed fully conscious. The astonished physician declared that not one bone in the body was broken. Two or three bruises were all that could be discovered. All who had seen when and how the boy fell could not believe that Frank was alive and not hurt at all. The boy was brought to his parents, who live at Brooklyn, Atlantic

avenue 1077. A reporter of the New York Herald went to that house and there he found the boy moving about as if nothing had happened. He says that he remembers nothing from the moment when he fell till he opened his eyes on the ground-floor of the building. The parents of the boy declare that he owes his miraculous escape to the Scapular he wore.

II.

A Boy Saved.

In the year 1854 a little boy of Ypres, Belgium, took a walk with his parents. Arrived at a spot where the road is very high above the surrounding plane the boy stopped to watch an itinerant musician who was collecting small coins from the people who had listened to his music. Meanwhile the parents had gone ahead, leaving the boy behind. Suddenly they heard a shriek and turning around they saw that the child was missing. The boy—while watching the itinerant musician—inadvertently had stepped over the brink of the declivity and rolled down the abyss. The poor mother fainted and when she recovered asked her husband "Where is my boy?" The father had not the courage to say what he thought. He was morally sure to find his darling dead. The descent took a long time. When the excited parents arrived at the plane they saw their boy alive and hearty. The Scapular of the child was ripped and a medal of the Blessed Virgin, which the boy wore around his neck, was broken.

III.

An Escape From Drowning.

At Pitgam, a little village in Flanders, an event took place which is a new illustration of the protection the Blessed Virgin bestows on her devotees. The report is written by a woman, the mother of the child, who was so visibly protected by the Queen of Carmel.

"My daughter Mary, ten years old, coming from school, crossed a pasture at one end of which is a pit filled with water. My daughter seeing a flower on the water wished to take it and bent over the little balustrade which is there to prevent cattle from falling into the pit. The railing, which was rotten, broke, and my little girl fell into the pit, in which the water is about nine feet deep. A ten year old boy, coming from school, was about 150 feet away from the spot when he saw Mary fall into the pit. He at once ran to the girl's rescue. She had still her head and one arm above the water. The boy took hold of the arm, dragged the girl out and brought her home. Undressing the child I was astonished that all her apparel was dripping wet with exception of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, which was entirely dry. My husband and I are convinced that the Blessed Virgin saved the life of our dear child."

IV.

Saved by the Scapular.

N——D., ONT., July 22, 1897.

It is with deep gratitude to God and His holy mother that I write, for publication in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, a short account of a great blessing, a miraculous escape from drowning. I and a few of my friends availed ourselves of the opportunity of bathing during the intense heat of this month (July). We were very anxious to learn to swim, and after being about an hour in the water three of us came ashore. We were soon terror-stricken at seeing the remaining two get beyond their depth. We at once rushed to the rescue, but, alas! we too thought for a

time that our fatal moment had arrived. We, however, were all enrolled in the Scapular and remembered the promise of our Blessed Lady to all who wear this emblem of her protection. In this our hour of need we had recourse to her and her divine Son and soon three of us reached the shore—we know not how. Still our two companions were in their perilous position, one of them having gone down twice. We called to them to place their trust in the Blessed Virgin, and they succeeded in keeping their heads above water until a little boy came to their assistance. He seemed a messenger from God, for had he not arrived just at that moment they would have sunk forever.

Dear readers, I beg of you to place confidence in the Scapular, and I hope that this little incident may be an encouragement to all to invoke the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

A. O'R.

DEVOTION OF THE ORDER OF CARMEL TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE devotion of the Order of Carmel to mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is traditional. The children of this Order, which is dear to Mary, always have been zealous in defending this glorious privilege of their sublime Sovereign.

In the Third Book of Kings we read: "Elias went up to the top of Carmel, and casting himself down upon the earth put his face between his knees. And he said to his servant: Go up and look towards the sea. And he went up and looked and said: There is nothing. And again he said to him: Return seven times. And at the seventh time: Behold a little cloud arose of the sea like a man's foot which rose from the sea." (III Kings.)

What is this cloud, rising from the sea, up to Mount Carmel? The interpreters say, that it is the image of Mary, the image of the Immaculate Conception. As the cloud rises from the midst of the waters without retaining the water's weight and bitterness, so Mary came forth from the human race, which was crushed down and corrupted by sin, while she remained unsullied.

This is the mystery into which the prophet Elias was initiated. Elias communicates this to his disciple Eliseus, who in his turn founds on Mount Carmel the Prophetic Order, which continuing in the Old Testament, in anticipation salutes her, who is blessed among women and whose inimitable purity had been heralded by a glorious sign.

In this way was Mount Carmel predestined and blessed. This Carmel, from the very first days of the New Covenant, became a retreat dear to Mary. There even was indicated the position of the first temple dedicated to the Virgin, and there was preserved the prophetic tradition of her Immaculate Conception.

At all times the feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with extraordinary pomp by the Order of

Carmel, and even before the establishment of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, it was considered as the principal feast. At the General Chapter at Toulouse, in the year 1306, it was ordered, that the Carmelites should celebrate most solemnly the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Father John Bacon, a Carmelite, who died in the year 1346, reports, that according an old custom, which existed already before the time when he wrote this, the Roman court with the College of Cardinals, on the feast of the Conception, went to the Carmelite Church at Rome, and there were present at a solemn high Mass and listened to a sermon referring to the celebration. Father John Hildesheim, who died in the year 1375, says the same. Father Lezana, speaking of this feast in his Annales (Tom. IV.) says: "Regarding the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, we know that among us the devotion to this mystery is not only very old but also very famous, as we can see by the decree of this Chapter,—and, mainly, from an ordinance by which several general Chapters imposed a certain duty on the different Provinces of the Order to celebrate solemnly this feast as the principal one of the Carmelites.

Several Popes granted to the churches of the Order numerous Indulgences which could be gained on the day of this feast. Pope Leo X. confirmed, in the year 1520, a confraternity established in the Carmelite Church at St. Omer in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The devotion of the Carmelites to the Immaculate Conception is further proved by the ancient breviaries of the Order. In the office of the feast we find at the first vespers the following anthems: "As the lily among the thorns, thus, my most beloved, has appeared among the children of Adam, Alleluja. Thou art all beautiful, Mary, and in Thee is nothing of original sin, Alleluja." At the matins the following invitatory was sung: "Let us celebrate the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary—come—let us adore Christ, who has preserved her from every stain." The prayer was the same which the Church recites at the present time.

But the Carmelites were not satisfied with exalting the Immaculate Virgin in prayer. They always distinguished themselves by their zeal in sustaining and defending, by words and writings, the belief in the Immaculate Conception of the sublime Mother of God. She herself had said to St. Cyril on Mount Carmel: "It is the wish of my Son, as well as my own desire, that the religion of Carmel should be a beacon-light, not only for Palestine and Syria, but for the whole universe." Thus Mary spoke to her faithful servant; thus she stirred the fervor of the apostles and defenders of her Immaculate Conception. Father Mary Anthony Alegre de Casanate, a Spanish Carmelite, reports that in the Province of Aragon, at the Provincial Chapter held at Valencia in the year 1624, with Anastasius Garcia as its head, it was solemnly resolved that all the Monks of the Province, without exception, should swear to defend everywhere the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and that they should continue doing this until forbidden by the Apostolic See. The rules for the scholastics of the discalced Carmelites insisted that they should be taught the belief in the Immaculate Conception.

A great number of Carmelite writers have published excellent works in

defence of the Immaculate Conception. We only mention : Osbert, of Pickemgam, died in the year 1330 ; Hugues, of St. Meots, died 1340 ; John Bacon, of England ; St. Peter Thomas, Patriarch of Constantinople ; William, of St. Foi, died 1372 ; Bernard Oleri, died 1390 ; Michael Agriani, died 1400 ; Philip Kersbert, of Ghent ; Francis Martini, from Catalonia ; Philip Albert de Nussia, of Cologne ; Godefrey Candelarius : John Polsenoydore, from Holland ; Daniel, of the Virgin Mary, author of the Speculum Carmelitarum ; Gregory Candel, a Spaniard, who wrote a treatise on "The Antiquity of the Feast of the Conception in the Carmelite Order ;" Francis de Bonne-Esperance, Provincial of the Flemish-Belgian Province, wrote a book, "Vision of the great Prophet Elias, Founder of the Order of Carmel," in which he gives one hundred reasons in favor of the Immaculate Conception; John-Baptiste, called "The Mantuan," in his poem on the Assumption, also praises the Immaculate Virgin.

By all this we see that Mary had in her Order many defenders of the privivege which is so dear to her. Who can tell the many favors she has showered on the children of Carmel thus honoring her? The Venerable Father Dominic, of Jesus-Maria, who lived in the seventeenth century, one day asked the Blessed Virgin why the truth of her Immaculate Conception had not yet been declared a dogma? Mary answered that the promulgation of this dogma would take place *at the saddest time of the Church.* And in our century, after this dogma had been promulgated, Mary gave to the children of Carmel a new mark of her good will by appearing to Bernadette on the very day of the feast of Our Lady of Carmel ! It was, in fact, on the 16th of July, 1858, that she, who had appeared to the pious child during five months, said to Bernadette, "*I am the Immaculate Conception.*" May the children of our Order, walking in the footsteps of their predecessors and inspired by their sentiments, honor and invoke the Immaculate Virgin, and be convinced that by venerating her under this glorious title, they will obtain the most precious favors for the body as well as the soul. In proof of this it is sufficient to remember the example reported by our holy mother Teresa in the fifth chapter of her autobiography. She says : "In a transport of confidence somebody disclosed to me the state of her soul. Alas ! It was most dangerous ! For the last seven years this person had neglected her duties. I endeavored my best to speak to her of God. It seemed as if she awakened from a deep sleep. The picture of her soul during those last years was unrolled before her eyes. She was afraid of her own self. She bemoaned her guilty life and was seized with horror. Then Our Lady, I do not doubt the least, made her feel her powerful help. This person always had been devoted to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception and used to celebrate that feast in great solemnity. Mary, as a reward, broke those sad chains of the penitent, who who did not cease to thank God for having enlightened her with His light."

Let us turn with confidence to the Blessed Virgin, especially in the moment of temptation. Then will she surely help us, and crush the serpent's head beneath her virgin-feet.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1792, was literally a "red" letter day in the history of Carmel. On that day the livery of brown became one of scarlet and the Prophet's mantle of white was dyed in deepest crimson. The monastery of Carmel in Paris could well be compared to the Roman amphitheatre whose walls of old resounded with the cry, "The Christians to the lions!" But now the diabolical shout was "Death to the Carmelite!"

For two weeks two hundred valiant priests of God, who refused to deny the true faith, had been heaped together as so many sheep prepared for slaughter. Undaunted and long suffering, these monks were forbidden to speak to each other. Their sole diet was bread and water. The hard floor was their bed. Chief among them was the saintly Archbishop of Arles.

For several days the blood-thirsty guards, who hovered around the sacred convent walls, filled the air with cries that the sacrifice was about to take place. On the festival of St. Brocard (Sept. 2)—first General of the Carmelites, there appeared no doubt of the approaching end. The fathers gathered together, made their confessions, blessed each other, and then partook of the same holy Bread. The jailors entered and commenced to call the roll just as the priests were singing the hymns of Benediction. How true in a few moments would be to them those words which now fell from their lips:

Nobis donet in patria.

Bishop, priest and friar now fell upon their knees and chanted the prayers for the dying. The sight of the praying priests for a moment—and only a moment—arrested the fury of the executioners. The first victim was Father Gerault, who was at the moment reciting the divine Office. His breviary, pierced with a bullet and stained with blood, was afterwards found when the Carmelites regained possession of their monastery.

A general massacre followed. The executioners delighted themselves by shooting at the poor victims as they ran here and there at random. When a friar fell, the guards rushed upon him and gloated over his prolonged agony.

To each Religious life was offered on condition of his selling faith and conscience. Not one accepted the conditions. Whilst the assassins, adding blasphemous shouts to their murderous strokes, were demolishing crosses and tabernacles, the monks forgave their murderers and prayed for them to the Queen of Carmel—in whose name they suffered. It was eight o'clock in the evening when the holocaust was ended.

That you and I, dear reader, may draw a lesson from the foregoing sketch let me quote the words of a saintly monk—Thomas a Kempis. He tells us, you remember, in the first book of the *Imitation* to

"Look upon the lively example of the holy fathers, in whom true perfection and religion were a shining light," and that "Thou wilt see how little and almost nothing that is which we do. Alas, what is our life if compared to theirs?"—P. A. B.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The holidays are over and once more we find ourselves in the work-aday world.

The rest was delicious while it lasted, but I think we are all glad to be busy again, because, after all, doing nothing is a very tiresome pastime.

Perhaps some of you will take exception to my saying that you are glad to be busy. I sincerely hope that none of you, dear children, belong to the great army of grumblers, who make everything in life a burden, and who force even the most charitably disposed people to vote them a bore.

Many times you have been told that true piety is common sense put into practice; and it seems to me that making the *best* of everything in life is something very near to sanctity.

Piety need not be a stiff, straight-laced sort of business. It does not depend on a long face and serious air, which is always leaving the sunny side of the street to walk in the shade—playing the Dead March from Saul. No, no.

Now, one and all of us have work to do this year. September calls the roll for the school children, and their elders to turn again to the great business of life—*Work!* In the garden of Eden thousands of years ago the edict of God went forth:

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread."

The penalty of sin must be paid; and much reason have we to bless God for the gracious permission to pay it so easily.

Some of us do not like our daily work and it is a great misfortune.

Now suppose we begin one and all to be Christian philosophers.

Doubtless it is the will of God that we do just what we are doing.

Circumstances speak most plainly in indicating the good pleasure of God in each one's particular case. Now, if the work is pleasing, well and good. Suppose it is not; will it help matters to be constantly grumbling about it? Far from it. People make a huge mistake in thinking that fault finding helps the trouble. It does not, but adds to it a hundred-fold.

In the morning offering of the League of the Sacred Heart we say, "I offer the prayers, works and *sufferings* of this day for all the intentions of the Divine Heart." I wonder how many of us consider the real meaning of those words? The Sacred Heart *has* an intention for every individual soul in the world, and we know that Its will is, that *that* intention be accomplished.

Now, think of God permitting us to *help* carry out His intentions in the world. Could any vocation be higher or holier? He Himself, while on earth, said. "I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me." There is matter enough in that sentence to furnish food for thought for the world.

Very often it is very much *against* our will that we do our daily work. It

is hateful and disagreeable to us in the highest degree. Well, if the morning offering means anything at all to us, it will help us turn the *sufferings* of our work into genuine merit.

How foolish we are to lose our time as we do. Vain regrets and silly complaints and eternal fault finding make up the sum total of many of our lives.

"If you can not have what you like, like what you have," may seem a senseless bit of advice, but there is very high wisdom in it. We unlearn many things as we grow older. It would be very wise to begin early to learn the lesson which is the drop of honey in our daily dish of bitter herbs. Make the best of everything. That one axion joined to the morning offering will make saints of the worst of us.

On the third Sunday of September we celebrate the touching feast of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady.

Dear children, a tender heart is a gift from God.

To be able to show sympathy; to make others feel that we care for them when they are in sorrow; not to be thoughtless, or worse yet, selfish when others are suffering is a quality which will gain much love for us as we go through life. We never heard of a cold hearted saint; no, because every saint is fashioned, in his own peculiar way, after the warm loving tender heart of our Blessed Lord.

Cultivate a devotion to our dear Lady of Sorrows. You and I, dear children, were the cause of them; so it is only just to share them by sweet and loving sympathy.

Go simply to the feet of the dear Mater Dolorosa. Don't try to say much to her. Very often the look in our eyes says more than many words. Seven Hail Marys every day in honor of the Seven Dolors would do much to prove that we feel for and with the Queen of martyrs. Dear children, sorrow comes to us all sooner or later. No friend, after the compassionate Heart of Jesus, will be as much to you when sorrow comes as the dear Mater Dolorosa.

Go to her then daily and prove it to yourself. She will prove it when you most need her comfort.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the first white man that ever trod on the soil of North America?
2. What is the most northerly city in the world?
3. What name is given to Norway?
4. Which city is called "the Weeping City?"
5. Who is buried on one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. A carpenter cut a door and he cut it too large. He cut it again and cut it too little. The third time he cut it he made it just right. How did he do it?
2. When was paper money first mentioned in the Bible?
3. How high should a lady's skirt be held in wet weather?
4. What is the difference between a shooting star and dew?
5. What is the difference between an eagle with one wing and an eagle with two?

MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Anxiety is the worst evil except sin.—St. Francis de Sales.
2. In heaven we shall be no longer believers; we shall be only thinkers. Let us then cultivate intellect, because it is a divine and eternal gift.—Joubert.
3. Hurry is detestable.—St. Francis de Sales.

4. The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

5.

Holy Mother pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew,
Of my Savior crucified.

—(Stabat Mater.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN AUGUST.

1. A planter.

2. When there is a canon in the pulpit.

3. Isar.

4. They fall to earth and become *terrapins.*

5. When the dove brought the greenback to the ark.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN AUGUST.

1. Herbert Spencer.

2. The Bastile.

3. George Washington.

4. Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

5. Corsican women who carry water-jars on their heads.

To a Little Friend.

Little girl blue, just raise your eyes
And watch the sunlight flood the skies.
Those clouds up there, do they remain
Or vanish in the summer rain?
And so, the blues beneath God's eyes.

The grave not always are the wise.
The sweetest soul is she who tries
To smile and chat whate'er her pain,
Little girl blue.

Look outward suave; within there lies
Idle and dull and sad surmise.
Count every trifling deed a gain
That lends to others heart and brain.
Forget; forgive; don't criticize,—
Little girl blue!

—M. L. Sandrock Redmond.

MARIAN'S TEMPTATION.

by Sue X. Blakely.

WINTER set in early that year, and the snow as it fell in feathery flakes filled the children with delight. Marian was sent to take home some fine laces. She felt unusually sad that day, and as she went to her little room something impelled her, before putting on her hat and faded cloth jacket, to look at a picture found in her mother's trunk, and which she had ever considered her greatest treasure. It was a small painting representing an angel leading a child away from a rose bush from which she was about to cull a flower, and showing the little one that around the stem was twined a serpent. With one hand the bright being pointed to the spot, where stood Our Lady of Mount Carmel holding the Scapular, to the child. A card had been placed in the reverse of the frame with the lines: "Finished for my little Marian's third birthday, May 1st. Our Lady and her guardian angel protect her!" It was a good likeness of Marian as she was at that age. The earnest angel eyes seemed to pierce her soul as she turned away. Had she at that moment uttered a response to the prayer penned by a loving mother, how differently might she have acted! But no! On the contrary, her heart rebelled at the "fate" which had cast her lot with the humble family of the Maloneys. She left the laces with Mrs. Sanford's maid, who

bade her warm herself before she left. Suddenly she heard her name called, and Mrs. Clifton appeared dressed for a sleigh ride.

"Why, darling, what a pleasant meeting! I came from the city in my sleigh. Now you shall have a sleigh ride," and in a few minutes they seemed to be flying over the road, the spirited horses appearing scarcely to touch the ground. Marian enjoyed it greatly, but after awhile she asked to be taken home, as they would be uneasy at her absence. Then did Mrs. Clifton unfold her plan. "Marian," said she, "if you say the word I *will* take you home, not to that wretched cottage, but to a beautiful house, where your every wish will be gratified, where a mother's love will be yours. Decide for yourself. Will you come with me?" And as Marian, her brain in a whirl, her fancy captivated by the picture, spoke the fatal "yes." Mrs. Clifton urged her ponies on to so great a speed that it looked as though she were afraid of pursuit.

Marian's temptation had come! Was there no memory of the kind hearts at her humble home, of the heroic parents whose dirge was chanted by "the sad sea waves," *above all* of the great happiness to be hers in a few months? Yes! but she resolutely put it aside and tried to believe herself happy.

And now, let us return to Elmwood. Wild with anxiety as the hours passed, Kate went "to meet the child"—but, of course, search was futile. A sleepless night was passed. Nora, now a well grown girl and a great help to her mother, had recently gone to her first place as a servant. Her mother had called at the house to enquire if Marian might have stopped there on her way home, and Patrick (who, by the way, seemed to have left all his failings in New York) also entered into the search with his whole heart.

With the dawn Kate was on her way to Mass, after which she told Father Morris the whole affair. He suspected the truth and bade Kate go to Mrs. Sanford to enquire. And when she did so later on, that lady had received a telegram from her friend which, while it relieved the anxiety as to Marian's safety, was in another way a source of inexpressible grief. Mrs. Sanford sympathized with Kate and expressed her disapproval. Father Morris wrote to Mrs. Clifton, but received no answer to his letter. A month later, the first moment that he found time, he went to the city and called at the residence of Mrs. Clifton but was told that both she and "Miss Marian" were out of town.

Meanwhile how fared it with Marian? True enough, every wish was gratified. Her beauty was set off by the daintiest dresses, the loveliest hats. She was to learn music and whatever else she wished, Mrs. Clifton, who had taken a violent fancy to the pretty child, assured her. She went every Sunday to a fashionable church, not a decidedly Ritualistic establishment, but inclining that way, and she tried to persuade herself that she was happy. Happy? She was the most miserable child in the world, as she acknowledged every night when, in her beautiful little room, she knelt and uttered some incoherent prayers to the Blessed Virgin and her "good angel," for what she scarcely could tell. But all the time fervent prayers went up for her from those she had left, and her angel never wearied in his efforts to lead her back.

And so the months flew by. Mrs. Clifton had not visited Elmwood since that memorable time, but one day she decided to go, and bade Marian accompany her. It was with conflicting feelings that she obeyed. Remorse—shame—and a little wish to "show off" her improved appearance—agitated her as she stepped into the carriage, which formerly had been the object of her admiration. Mrs. Sanford welcomed her friend, and after a slight hesitation greeted the little girl. Next morning Mrs. Clifton took out her fancy work and was soon engrossed in its mysteries. But suddenly, discovering that she had forgotten some not-to-be-dispensed-with essential, she bade Marian go to the village and see if it could be procured at a fancy store lately opened therein. Successful in her quest she lingered, affecting to be looking at the pretty things, but in reality enjoying the approving glances of the children loitering near. The attention of the

latter being attracted to something in the street, she turned to see what was in progress. Oh! faithless child of the church! Why do you tremble and turn pale?

It was a procession of happy girls and boys, under the guidance of two Sisters of St. Joseph, on their way to church, and at that moment the first bell for Mass sounded sweetly upon the summer air. Like the pain of a knife thrust, the thought, "this is the feast of the Assumption" pierced her heart. The day upon which those faithful ones would receive their Savior in the blessed Sacrament and be enrolled as children of His dear mother, by admission into the confraternity of the Brown Scapular. Ah! Marian, grace has at last touched your heart. She followed at some distance and singled out each child in the ranks. There was Patrick. O! What if he would see her and call out "turn-coat" as he had once, to a man who had fallen from grace. But no! She saw by his earnest face and devout mien that his whole thoughts were on the great work of the day. But Marian observed that the first girl had no partner, and she reflected: "*I* then am the Judas the sisters warned us against!"

Marian went into the church. Her tears fell fast as she selected a place, somewhat screened from view by a pillar, and when the happy moment arrived—when the "Holy of Holies" rested within the hearts of those favored ones, she wept so violently that wondering looks were directed to her. When Mass was over, thanksgiving made and the last echo of the hymn of praise had died away, Father Morris was surprised to see a little form rush in and, under some great stress of feeling, kneel down before him. At first he did not recognize Marian in her gay attire, and long bright hair flowing over her shoulders. But great was his joy the next instant and he gladly welcomed the wanderer.

He took her to his house and sent for Kate, who willingly forgave her. Marian could not sleep that night, she said, until she made a penitent confession. She could not sufficiently express her sorrow for the scandal she had given, even though the real facts of her absence were known to the fewest number.

It was thought best for her not to see Mrs. Clifton again, so Father Morris called upon Mrs. Sanford and explained matters to her. Her guest drove away very much chagrined, no doubt.

So our little Marian went back to her place in the parochial school, again wore the ill-fitting or ordinary attire as of yore, and took home the fine ironing and laces for Mrs. Maloney.

It was hard for her, children, was it not? But her humble friedds were so truly kind and considerate and the loving angel eyes looked such earnest approval upon her efforts "to be good."

She resumed her preparation for first Communion with such great fervor that she attracted the notice of Miss Alice Herbert, a young Englishwoman of ample means and foremost in every good work, who with her aunt had lately moved to Elmwood.

She begged Kate (who referred her to the pastor) to give up Marian to her, promising that every advantage should be hers. But Father Morris said: "Not yet. She must be tried longer before anything so very satisfactory could be awarded her. After she has made her first Holy Communion I will most heartily consent. Do not say anything, however, to our little penitent about your desire."

One thing must not be forgotten. Before leaving for America, Mrs. Hamilton had her little girl invested with the SCAPULAR, which all the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW are aware can be given to *children*. And during all her waywardness she never laid it aside. Even when Mrs. Clifton bade her do so she positively refused, so that lady thought better not to insist. This with a medal of Our Lady of Victory she always wore, so the Blessed Virgin did not desert her erring child. Meanwhile she evinces such tender piety and ardent love for her religion that her friends often bless the day on which our Lord thought fit to weaken her trust in *herself* alone, by sending "Marian's Temptation."

THE END.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR

A Day of Joy.

As a rule we poor mortals have little reason to rejoice on our birthdays. Such an anniversary is but another mile-stone passed on our road to eternity, and the grave approaches nearer. When our friends are pouring in their congratulations we perhaps are unhappily reminded of an unpleasant past. In truth our birth was but

"our death begun
As tapers waste the instant they take fire."

But there is one birthday—our divine Mother's, on which we can all rejoice. Her birth is our life, for her Son's birth was contingent on her Nativity. The Blessed Virgin's Nativity, too, is appropriately the titular feast of our Mother-convent in Rome. In Carmel Mary was born to her clients, so to speak, for there did devotion to her first take root. There too is Mary born in the hearts of her million clients.

What the Friars Did.

A few days since the writer had occasion to hear a passing remark about Cuba and other South American countries being in "darkness" as to the civilized manners of the North. Of course the friars are again to blame. Would to heaven these people did remain unenlightened as to some dark methods which play havoc in our beloved country. There are cases where ignorance is bliss. "Plant the press there!" was the climax to the remark mentioned above. But we all know that we got our books from the monks long before Caxton set up his press. We know too that in this age of invention a poor Dominican friar has given to the world the most marvellous of type-setting machines. Now let us listen to a few plain facts as to "darkest" South America. The truth is that the first printing press was set up in America by Don Fray Juan Zumarraga, Archbishop of Mexico, in 1540, less than fifty years after the discovery of America. John Pablos was the name of the first printer to cross the Atlantic, and the first book issued by the press in the New World was an abridgement of Christian doctrine, in both the Spanish and Aztec languages. "When you see those enormous sheets on which the *Herald* is printed," says the present Bishop of Linarez, Mexico, "when you admire the beautiful engravings which adorn the splendidly printed books issued daily in New York and Philadelphia, please *do not forget the poor friar* who brought to the New World this wonderful art; and you may well feel proud of belonging to the Catholic church, which has ever been, and ever will be at the head of civilization."

Books and Books.

Lovers of books are commencing to make a rather startling discovery. They find that none of the books now being printed will be in existence by the middle of the next century. The truth is that books made in the monasteries that have survived for two or three centuries were not made of shoddy. The paper was hand-made and the material used was honest rags. The ink was made from nut galls. The books were in early days more substantially bound than now. In our own and other monastic libraries will be found many treasured volumes made by the monks of the 15th and 16th centuries, which, although frequently

handled, are in excellent condition and will be so for many years to come. Does it not seem but a just survival of the fittest? Nowadays, most of the paper is of wood pulp treated with acids, and the ink is composed of substances that are foreign to paper and eat into it. Such books threaten to rot away. And a small loss it will be in many cases. It will be a blessing to posterity if it is spared all the drivel now exposed on the book-stands and the filthy literature scattered broadcast by the "yellow" journalists. Perhaps the people of the next century will have cause to be grateful to the paper-makers and ink-compounders of our day. It will be sad to see the good books fall into decay, but on the other hand the bad ones will also meet a well deserved fate. It is an ill wind that blows no good.

A Word of Explanation.

Nothing is left undone at this office to send out our magazine in the best of condition and to insure its prompt delivery to our subscribers. In spite of this we are in receipt of complaints. One subscriber in the east tells us that some mail-carriers fail to deliver THE REVIEW to persons living within their district, and in some cases leave bundles of the magazines at corner stores to be called for by subscribers. We do not suffer alone in this respect. An esteemed contemporary in our neighborhood can show proof that carriers have even dissuaded persons from taking certain Catholic publications. We beg our friends to promptly send in their complaints, and we shall immediately communicate with the authorities who can remedy the evil. There is room here for concerted action on the part of all our Catholic contemporaries.

A Domestic Boon.

We never fully appreciate a thing until we are absent from it. A traveller has said that he never so loved his country's flag as when he saw it waving over a foreign port. Leaving sentiment aside, we think that we can justly apply this truism to the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. Visitors to our Hospice invariably exclaim "What a healthy place!" Now, be it remembered that this exclamation mostly comes from persons who have followed all points of the compass in search of health. They have enjoyed the ocean's bracing breeze and climbed the rugged mountain side, and, nevertheless, Niagara loses nothing in comparison. Thousands come here and depart in a day. The hurry of catching trains and studying guide-books occupies most of their time during this flying visit. Such persons are hardly aware of Nature's beauties hereabouts. But those who remain for a week or more, soon discover that there is a physical gain. There is a buoyancy in the air. It is bracing and vivifying. Experienced medical men say it is caused by the great quantity of ozone released by the rushing waters. Nature could not be more generous to us. If, notwithstanding, ill-health finds its victims, we must blame it to human carelessness. If the health authorities in the towns hereabout do their duty—and we believe they do, and people take ordinary precautions—in a word live natural, then if we wish to drink at Nature's fountain we can do so, and it will cost us nothing. We all know the influence of locality—we know too, that climates strengthen or weaken the vitality of the people. Volumes have been written on this subject. Everything has not yet been said of the scenic beauty of Niagara. Books cannot do justice to it.

Niagara is its own book and we must come here to read it. But too little attention has been paid to it as a health resort which in truth it is. Our only regret is that we are not yet been able to accommodate *all* our guests at the Hospice. But the day will come. We know, too, that our readers will help to hasten the day. Yes, Niagara is beautiful and it is peaceful. It is also healthful. We know of what we speak, and are determined that American and Canadian Catholics shall reap the full benefit of it. But of this, more anon.

September the "Seventh."

September, strictly speaking the "seventh" month, is a misnomer for the ninth month of the year. Nevertheless, it is a happy reminder of the month of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin. A special devotion to Mary's sorrows necessarily fills our souls with consolation. The experience of thousands proves this. In these days we hear and read of many poor souls being on the brink of despair. What a great work of Christian charity on our part if for such we did some small act of devotion in honor of our dear *Mater Dolorosa!* Her Nativity reminds us that she was born to make us happy—but she was to earn it for us along the way of the cross. And does not the very name of Mary, which we honor this month, remind us of a grief and bitterness far transcending our own? Again, pray to the sorrowful Mother for the dying and those about to render an account of their stewardship. We are here forcibly reminded of a non-Catholic petition to Mary Sorrowful—from Rudyard Kipling, whose writings command so much attention. He thus addresses the divine Mother:

"O Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that goes to-morrow
Before the God that gave."

The New Carmelite Convent in Boston.

The following description of the new convent of the Carmelite nuns in Boston, which is now nearing completion, appeared in the "Sacred Heart Review" of July 17.

The dedication of the new Carmelite convent in Roxbury will take place in September. The building is rapidly approaching completion. The architecture is of Italian renaissance style and is somewhat similar to Carmelite convents in Spain and Belgium. The material is dark red brick, oramental terra cotta and brownstone. The convent proper is treated with monastic simplicity in accordance with the life of the Carmelites. The chapel from Mt. Pleasant avenue is lighted with five large stained-glass windows, while a large window set in a tower floods the sanctuary. The tower is low with a belfry enclosed by colonnades, square in design, and surmounted by a plain gold cross. An ornamental wrought iron gate marks the entrance to chapel. The chapel will be for the use of the public. It will accommodate 225 persons. The nave is arched and the sanctuary is directly under the tower, and is crowned with a dome, behind which the main altar will stand. For the nuns' devotion is a smaller altar on the gospel side of the sanctuary. Beyond the chapel are the reception rooms for visitors. Beside the aforesaid there is a common refectory and recreation hall, small separate cells, which will be meagrely furnished, and a substantial laundry and kitchen. The interior work is nearly complete. A brick wall capped with terra cotta will be built to encase the entire structure and will have two gateways, one of which will be for the public. The building will be opened for the inspection of the public the latter part of August or the first of September.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., OCTOBER, 1897. NO. 10.

*TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother!
Let thine eyes with their radiant might
Smiling down in their mystical splendor,
Give me courage to stand here and fight!
For life's battle fierce rages around me,
For I fear to be wounded, to fall;
Yet I feel so safe, knowing, Sweet Mother,
Thou wilt hear me—and help, if I call.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother!
Keep me close to thee—whisper to me
How that heart that is bravest for Jesus
Is the dearest to Him and to thee;
Surely, thou art with me now, and always;
Well I know, when the struggle is past,
In thine own tender arms thou wilt lift me
To be crowned by my Jesus—at last.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother!
With thy comforting presence so near,
Where the Star of life's hope beams so brightly,
There 'tis easy to fight and not fear;
Then, thou Blessed Star-Herald of morning,
Lead me on up to where I shall shine
On thy breast, in the brightness of Jesus—
One more ray in His glory divine!

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother!
When as conqueror, upward I'll soar
In thy smile, to be crowned by my Jesus
In His glorious joys evermore,
I will sing to my Star that hath cheered me
With her hope's light to struggle through this,
To my triumph in God's endless glory,
Shining through her ineffable bliss!

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother!
Show me ever, then, what I must do
To be filled with the Spirit of Jesus,
To His Standard, keep loyal and true;
Guide me on swiftly, then, Sweetest Mother,
Till through chorus of angelic lays,
I may hymn to my Star—to my Lady—
One more life-song of love in her praise!

*[These verses were composed and type-written by a Carmelite nun in St. Louis, Mo. The good Sister, who is totally blind, has contributed to these pages on former occasions.—ED.]

LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

CHAPTER V.

S. Simon Stock at Toulouse. He Admits S. Joanna into the Order of Mount Carmel. S. Angela of Palestine had been Admitted One Hundred Years Before.

S soon as the Carmelites had abandoned Mount Carmel, it fell into the hands of the Infidels.

But they flourished and multiplied in Europe. A venerable old man, an Englishman by birth, already more than eighty years of age, a worthy rival of the Anchorites of Thebais, favored with heavenly apparitions, whose devotion also to the Blessed Virgin was very great, was chosen General of the Order of Mount Carmel, in the year 1245. He was called S. Simon Stock.

The beloved Order of Mary had reached the highest eminence of its glory. In spite of the trials excited against it by the satellites of satan, Heaven had taken it visibly under its protection.

The holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, given to men by the hands of the Elias of the New Testament, became at once the most popular devotion of the Catholic universe.

There is no doubt that this happy event closely tied the bonds of mind and heart which already united S. Joanna, to this admirable Institute.

She was at that time thirty-five years old—the age of fortitude and of heroic determination. This virgin, with a manlike soul, desired to enter this Order, so edifying to her native town, and had long before earnestly begged the holy livery of the Mother of God. She wished to become a Carmelite.

The Constitutions of the Order seemed not to have provided for this case. Could women be admitted, and the austere and severe Rule of St. Albert be imposed upon them?

The piety of Joanna, her virtues, her birth, her zeal, her love for Mount Carmel. and the services which she had rendered in the foundation of the convent at Toulouse all militated in her favor. She received, apparently, a positive refusal. St. Simon Stock, passing through the city, visited the new house of his Order, which was already near completion. The Saint, in pursuance of her idea of becoming a Carmelite, profited by the passage of the great wonder-worker, and prostrated at his feet repeated the petition which she had so frequently made to the Prior of Toulouse. Saint Simon Stock, inspired by God, at the sight of this seraphic soul, did not hesitate to grant her the favor which she solicited. He besides knew that she was not the first one to whom such a grace had been granted. A century before his time Saint Angela of Palestine, the virgin daughter of the King of Bohemia, who died in the year 1166, had been admitted in the East to the holy habit of Mount Carmel, and had fol-

lowed its Rule. Why then refuse the daughter of the Count of Toulouse, that which had not been denied to the daughter of the King of Bohemia?

At the news of the decision made by the holy General, Joanna could not restrain her joy. She saw the fulfilment of her dearest wishes. She went immediately to the altar to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and the image of Our Lady, and poured forth her heart in the sight of God in a sweet canticle of love and thanksgiving.

She promised her Divine Master to redouble her fervor for her own sanctification, and that of her neighbor. She hastened to assume the brown habit of Carmel, and to make her profession with solemn vows before the Bishop, and the Superior General of the Order.

While her cousin Jane reigned over the domains of her ancestors, with the Count of Poitiers, her august husband, she took the veil of the humble servants of Mary. Thus she made known to the world her firm resolution to renounce all that belonged to it, and all human alliances. She wished alone to have Jesus Christ for her Lord and Master. Poverty and self-renunciation, and the absence of all the pleasure of the senses, were to be her only inheritance.

Not having a material cloister, the veil with which she covered her face, served as a mystical cloister, behind which she might shelter herself, without leaving her family, to protect the virtue of holy purity, so frail and delicate. It would be for her the "Garden enclosed," in which, hidden from the eyes of men, the most pure and fragrant lily of virginity might be cultivated.

Now she avoided frivolous companies more than ever and despised the vain adornment and the pomp with which persons of her rank and sex were pleased to ornament their miserable bodies.

CHAPTER VI.

BLESSING OF THE MONASTERY, AND CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE CARMELITES IN THE CITY OF TOULOUSE. LIFE OF ST. JOANNA AFTER HER ADMISSION INTO THE CARMELITE ORDER. SHE FOUNDS THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY SCAPULAR.

The blessing of the monastery, and the consecration of the Church of the Carmelites, in Toulouse, took place in the year 1264, Saint Simon Stock being present at this splendid ceremony. The foundation of this house had been miraculously revealed to him.

Raymond of Falgar was the consecrating prelate. The chronicle tells us that, during the rite, he was surrounded by the council-men of the city and by an immense concourse of the people.

After the death of Raymond, the Catholics were no more molested or oppressed. The heretics and the Jews were content to remain inactive.

These happy results likewise made Joanna happy; for the religious and political pacification of her beloved country was dear to her heart. But, let us not forget that she was a Carmelite nun. Let us glance at her interior life, and her relations with her neighbors. To assist at the divine Office; to hear the eloquent sermons delivered; to help her friends, the poor; to work, unceasingly, by her prayers, by her exhortations, and by her charities for the conversion of Jews and heretics was the daily occupation of this pious recluse. She was continually occupied.

To visit the Church of the good

Carmelite Fathers, near which she had chosen her dwelling-place ; to pray, for hours, in holy contemplation and ecstacies, prostrated before the most Holy Sacrament, or the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, constituted her only and sweetest recreation. Her mortifications were extraordinary.

In her profound humility, she regarded herself as the basest of sinners and the greatest of criminals ; desirous to walk in the footsteps of the Savior, who died for us on Calvary to redeem the sins of mankind, she mortified her flesh with a severe discipline. Always disposed to self-immolation, after the example of her Divine Master, she would have been willing to give up her life, and to suffer a thousand tortures for the salvation of souls, and for the return of misled sheep into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Incessantly she meditated on the mysteries of the Passion, and shed copious tears while remembering and pondering over the ingratitude of mankind, and the infinite mercy of God.

The Cross was the book on which her eyes were always fixed. Thus, the painters all represent her, clad as a Carmelite, bearing in her hands a lily and a crucifix.

To these continual mortifications and meditations, she joined works of the most ardent zeal. We know, from the manuscripts of the Carmelite archives at Toulouse, and from the church-historian, that to her is attributed the foundation in that city of the Third Order of Carmelites. It is said that there were enrolled more than five thousand persons of both sexes into this confraternity, which should rather be called the confraternity of the Holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, than the Third Order. St. Simon Stock, her spiritual father and protector, had inspired Joanna with this devotion. But, of a sudden, this pious association of Toulousians was threatened in its very existence. Its dissolution was demanded. Saint Simon Stock had passed to a better world ; and who was there to sustain this work ?

The noble daughter of Baldwin of Toulouse was not frightened by these threats. She lived in those supernatural regions which neither the malice of man, nor the rage of devils is able to reach. Her valiant soul was ready to face every storm. God was her support and in Him she hoped. The work of Jesus and Mary was to triumph over the powers of darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

ALPHONSUS, OF POITIERS, INCITED BY THE JEWS AND THE ALBIGENSES, FORBIDS THE MEETINGS OF THE CONFRATERNITIES OF THE HOLY SCAPULAR. THE JEWS ATTEMPT TO KILL THE CARMELITES, AND TO BURN DOWN THEIR MONASTERY. GREAT MIRACLES WROUGHT BY THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The meetings of the confraternity of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel excited the anger of the Jews and heretics of Toulouse. They represented to Alphonsus, of Poitiers, that those fervent Catholics were, in reality, no brotherhood, whose occupation was religious practices, but that they were turbulent disturbers of order, and ring-leaders who, under pretense of religion, attacked his authority.

A historian assures us that this prince, who generally resided at Vincennes, wrote to his magistrate, ordering him to forbid those meetings, since they were of a nature to disturb the public peace.

This act, emanating from the brother of King Louis, in the century of St. Thomas Aquinas and of St. Bonaventura, will astonish many. Unhappily, it is too true. At all times governments have, foolishly, protected the revolutionists, whom they feared, to the detriment of the clergy and the religious, who are men of peace, sustaining order, the right and true liberty. However, Christ said to His Apostles, that, as He was persecuted, so they, too, would be persecuted.

The following fact, as found recorded among the manuscripts of the Carmelite archives, is recorded by Catel, and happened at the same period. It was attested by eye-witnesses, and proves, like the preceding fact, though reported by only one historian of that century, who, perhaps had read it in the lost biography of St. Joanna, or in another document not now to be found, how great was the power, enjoyed at that epoch, by the Jews and the miscreants of Toulouse. The Latin manuscript of Father Trenqua says :

"In the year 1265, the brethren were preserved from incendiarism, and delivered from the hands of their enemies ; for the Jews, being angry because the Carmelites honored the Mother of God in the very stronghold of the *juiverie*, (the Jews' quarter) spoke strongly against them, and sought the son of the judge of the Court of Toulouse, one Vignes, and demanded his help to suppress them. This Vignes acquiesed, and, with great chains, closed the church doors, intending to burn down the church. Our brethren placed themselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and chanted the anthem, "*Salut et oile du matin.*" While they were singing Vespers, and had arrived at the words of the Psalm, "*Sa race sera puissante sur la terre,*" all the doors of the church were thrown open. Then the soldiers tried to enter, with the intention of killing all the brethren ; but they fearlessly continued to sing the divine Office. Meanwhile, it was seen, that the head of Vignes was twisted in such a way that the face was over his back. His assistants, frightened by this miracle, dared not attempt anything so pre-meditated. The monks, moved by compassion, begin to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and chanted the anthem, "*Salve Regina,*" and, at the words, "Turn your merciful eyes towards us," the head of the youth, Vignes, comes again to the right position. Vignes, in order to show his gratitude to the Virgin, adorned her altar, and donated the great church-portal, part of which can still be seen in our time. This has been told to me by Father Laurens, of Figeac, an eye-witness."

In the Inventory of 1676, we find the same incidents reported, though in other terms, under the heading, "Insults of A. B. Vignes towards the reverend Carmelite Fathers." Thus : During the time when the Carmelite Fathers endeavored to get permission from Rome for the enlargement of their Monastery, and to use the place which had been given to them by the flour-merchants, whose names are mentioned in the Bull of Clemens IV., the inhabitants of the city, and mainly the Jews, furious and enraged at seeing the great honor paid to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, tried to aim a furious and final blow ; and one Vignes, whom they had besought, early in the month of August, after having tried every means of driving away the Carmelite Fathers, not only from the Monastery, but out of the city, and having failed in all his attempts,

planned a new assault, and secured the doors of the monastery and church with big chains. While this was being done, some of the more timid monks fled through one door which had not yet been secured. The calculations of the judge was, that the monks would leave the place for some other shelter, or would starve to death. The doors, therefore, remained closed for three days. Meanwhile, the monks, inside, incessantly sang, "*Luanges a Dieu*," as if they enjoyed the greatest prosperity in the world.

During these three days, those monks who had fled used all means available to procure liberty for their brethren. They obtained from the judge permission to open the doors of the monastery and of the church. This was on the 6th day of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, Vignes, son of the judge, having arrived, with soldiers, at the door of the church, to open it, and not finding the keys, and while looking for hammers, etc., wherewith to break open the doors, the monks in the choir sang vespers, and had just begun the Psalm, "*Beatus Vir*," when, at the words, "*Potens in terra erit semen ejus, generatio rectorum benedicetur*," the doors were forced in with such a terrific noise as to frighten all present; but chiefly because they beheld Vignes, son of the judge, and known to be main instigator of this enterprise, with his face turned backward, causing him pains so great that he cried aloud and howled.

The good monks, having been called to his spiritual assistance, exhorted him most powerfully to give up his Jewish error, and to receive the Catholic faith, promising him that, by the prayers of the Virgin, Mother of God, whose enemy he had been, he would recover his health and former condition. The miserable man promised to become a Christian, abjured his errors, begged to be instructed, and vowed to God and to the Virgin, that, if he obtained his former health, he would donate the most beautiful church-portal that could be seen anywhere.

He had hardly completed this vow, when the Blessed Virgin obtained for him the promised health from her Son, Jesus Christ. After this, he took all pains to show his gratitude for the great benefit received, and tried, to the utmost, to undo as much as possible, the evil he had done to these poor monks, and to love them, and fulfilled his pledge of donating to them the most beautiful church-portal.

This portal, in remembrance of the aforesaid events, is never opened entirely, excepting on the day of the Transfiguration; and, also, in remembrance of this favor from heaven, the monks there have, annually, a procession around the monastery on the 6th day of August."

"This is taken, partly, from the picture which is in the sacristy, and partly from tradition. This miracle, it will be seen took place on the feast day of Saint Sixtus."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

CHARITY stole quietly into the parlor and seated herself at the piano. To her own andante accompaniment she sang softly to herself

"Out in this vast world somewhere
A heart is beating for me,
In tones that blend concordant
In love's sweet harmony."

Doctor Cutting and Fenton sat together in the studio enjoying a smoke. Charity's playing seemed to hypnotise both of them.

"Ever read Kipling?" asked Fenton, who was anxious to break the painful silence.

"Yes, and don't you think he went rather too far in his apostrophe to the fair sex?"

"In what way?"

"Why," said Cutting, "don't you remember that memorable line of his wherein he addresses lovely woman as '*a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair?*'"

"Yes, and another line," said Fenton. "This modern genius also says somewhere that

'A woman is always a woman
But a cigar is a smoke'

or something to that effect."

"I think, Fenton, that your eagerness to get off such quotations is but a safety valve for your own troubled thoughts. You are soured, old boy! Own up now," said Cutting, as his eyes followed the rings of smoke.

"Oh, I am happy enough, doctor," replied Fenton. "Luck always came my way. Just now I have a home and *nearly* all that makes it a home. The chain needs but one link."

"There's the rub, eh?"

"Exactly. 'One link broken—the whole chain broken,' as the proverb runs."

"In other words, everything is not yet safely anchored. However, don't abandon hope."

"You will help me out in this matter, won't you doctor?"

"Yes, Harry Fenton can always count on my aid."

"Shake hands, doctor. You are what I would define a friend, no matter how you may define happiness. Let's go in and take something for old acquaintance's sake."

Cutting had had no intention of unveiling to Fenton the affairs of his own heart, however, before train time arrived he grew very confidential.

"Remember the ambulance which passed us that day as we stood chatting on the corner?" he asked. "Well, sir, that brought me my star patient. She and I are already great friends."

"Nothing more?" said Fenton, with a sly look.

"Well, old fellow, between you and me, I really do believe that I would marry her, only that I had already made up my mind to remain a bachelor. After all, I am thinking that it might

be better for me if I did get into the matrimonial harness. She can talk—"

"Wouldn't be a woman if she couldn't," broke in Fenton.

"Excuse me," went on the doctor. "What I was going to say was that she was a brilliant conversationalist, and, also, I should say, somewhat of a dreamer. By Jove! these women have a wonderful faculty of hypnotising a fellow."

"I guess I understand the rest, doctor," said Fenton. "Just let me know the date and I will be there as your best man."

"Good-bye! I am off," said Cutting. "There's my train whistling. Take care of yourself; use your queen well, and don't make any false moves if you wish to avoid a stalemate."

The doctor met Charity standing at the gate and she accepted his invitation to walk to the station.

"Fenton's a fine fellow, isn't he?" he asked as a feeler. He seldom had had such a chance to see Charity alone, so he was determined to plunge into deep water at once. His remark brought the color to Charity's face, but nevertheless he was at once determined to find the direction of the wind.

"I have a delicate question to ask, Miss Werker," went on Cutting, unmindful of Charity's blushes.

"You know that my mind is already settled, doctor, but nevertheless let me hear what you have to say," replied Charity.

"Just five words—why do you not marry?" he asked her very bluntly.

Charity did not swoon. She was made of better stuff. She simply exclaimed, "Well, doctor! such a question! Didn't you already hear me say that I would *never* marry?"

"Yes, but you never gave your reasons."

"Why, because, doctor!"

"A woman's reason exactly!" said Cutting.

"Well, doctor, I can speak to you as a friend," continued Charity. "I know well that you are playing Mr. Fenton's part, and you play it well. This is a matter which needs much prayer and consideration. Perhaps under certain conditions I *would* marry Harry Fenton, but remember, this is said in strict confidence."

"May I ask the conditions, Miss Werker?"

"Certainly. In the first place Harry must prove to a certainty that his wife is dead. Secondly, he must live up to his duties as a Catholic."

"Good-bye!" said Cutting, as he jumped on the platform. "If you don't anticipate me, I shall tell Harry that he still has hope.

CHAPTER XV.

"*And what is friendship but a name,*
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

—GOLDSMITH.

Rose Withers was the first to hear Doctor Cutting's genial "Good morning" on the first day after his visit to Boomfield.

"Glad to see you back, doctor," she said. "I was dreaming of you last night. Have a good time?"

"Splendid. Met some old acquaintances. Fine people. But what use is there of telling you of people with whom you are not acquainted? Take your medicine?"

"Oh, yes, the good Sister reminded me of that. The Sisters and I are becoming fast friends."

"Friends, as a rule, are easier to find than to keep."

"That's true, doctor, and I shall lose

a good friend in you when I leave here."

"O nonsense! Surely, Miss Withers, Doctor Cutting hasn't done half what he ought to have done for you."

Rose, at this point, diplomatically changed the subject, when a nurse passed through with a tray dexterously poised in mid-air. Resuming her chat with the doctor, she said:

"By the way, speaking of Sisters, doctor, do you know that I prefer these active nuns to those other walled up religious who give more time to their own souls than to those of others."

"In other words, Miss Withers, the contemplative orders, in your opinion, have no business on this hustling planet of ours. Is that what you mean?"

"Exactly, and you can not convince me to the contrary. There's no use arguing with a man."

"That's what most of women say when they get the worst of an argument. By the way, I have again forgotten to take your temperature. Put this thermometer in your mouth and keep it there long enough to give me a chance to bring a few truths home to you."

"You men are just awful. There's no use talking."

"Of course there isn't. Keep your mouth closed now, or you will drop that thermometer. Now, my dear," continued Cutting, "I want you to know that the old contemplative orders are a necessary part of the Church. They are the complement of the beautiful whole. This is a fast age. We all live at high pressure. It's a grand rush after the almighty dollar. Everything else is forgotten. Little we think of the great soul problems—of heaven or hell. No one reads. We merely scan the stock reports or the baseball score. We never stop to think or form our own opinion. We buy it ready-made at the editor's bargain counter. Well may we repeat with the Prophet of old: *With desolation is the land made desolate because no man thinks in his heart.*"

Cutting had soared above the realm of small talk. He was serious enough when he continued more calmly:

"God has surely a right to have a few chosen souls exclusively devoted to Him. Pure souls, who away from the noisy crowd, walk and talk familiarly with God. How many of us may He not have spared for their sakes? Don't imagine that the cloistered monks, or nuns, waste their time. Long before the sun has arisen, have these good religious knelt for hours in silent prayer, praising God and interceding for saint and sinner. Little does the world know of their vigils, labors, prayers and many acts of self-denial. Many a soul has been snatched from hell, many a hardened sinner has turned to God on his death-bed, many a saint has become holier, many a family has been reconciled, many a school or hospital has flourished—yea, even purgatory itself is daily emptied in answer to the prayers offered up in the cell of the humble Brother or Sister. Pull back the veil of the cloister, and there you'll see living pictures of purity, poverty, charity and obedience. Mary —the model of Christian virtue—still lives in the monastic abode where you will find faithful copies of her in the persons of those devoted to her."

"What do you think of Father Vincent, doctor?" asked Rose.

"All that is good," replied Cutting.

"He is very friendly to me."

"So he is to everyone. He could not be otherwise," continued the doctor. "Yes, I love and venerate the

priesthood. The priest is our best friend. He is always ready to sacrifice himself, to give up his life if necessary, and he wants no earthly recompense. And how great is his power and authority! I fear we never sufficiently thank God for sending us these good ministers of His. Strange! isn't it, how wicked men will laugh at the piety and learning of the clergy? Ah! they are the apple of God's eyes, and woe to them who scoff at His anointed ones. God alone knows how His priests are hated, persecuted and tempted by the friends of Satan. He will not forget the words written and spoken with intent to lessen respect towards this sacred office. God's mill grinds slow but sure. What a howl of derision goes up from the pharasaical mob if the poor priest, human as he is, should step aside from the path of holiness. Let us, who are so eager to find a blemish in the sacerdotal character remember that it is not our business to pass judgment on those placed over our souls. Our duty is to pray for them."

"Father Vincent told me he was poor, and besides I notice that he does not dress like other priests. I cannot understand this. Can you enlighten me, doctor," asked Rose.

"Why, Miss Withers," replied Cutting, "don't you know that Father Vincent is what we call a religious or regular priest—a monk or friar if you will. He has vowed to practice the strictest poverty, preserve angelic chastity and live in obedience (in all things not sinful) to a lawful superior for God's sake. It is a heroic life. Monastic life approaches the nearest to perfection in this imperfect world of ours. The monk enjoys the greatest liberty, and should be the happiest of men. The highest virtue naturally flourishes in the monastery. The monastic rules and constitutions are wisdom itself, and cover every detail of daily life. The friar carries a yoke both light and sweet. He lives happy and dies happy. Again, see all the good which has come from the monasteries! How many saints and scholars have not the cloisters given to God's Church. The monks were the first to teach civilization. Witness the millions of souls benefited by the example, prayer and preaching of the friars! Count the many monastic poets, painters and preachers. The monk's life is an object lesson of virtue. He is in consequence an eye-sore to wicked worldlings. No wonder the world hates him like the devil does holy water."

"But the monk's life is a hard one, is it not, doctor?"

"Not for those called to such a life. Love for God makes everything sweet, even crosses. Regular life and plain diet makes the friar healthy and long-lived. Even his picturesque habit is a more rational dress from a sanitary view-point than our carefully creased trousers and open coats, which are made to catch the eye of our neighbors and pneumonia in the bargain. The monk, moreover, is living in a quiet and peaceful atmosphere which necessarily make him happy and healthy in soul and body. He has his own innocent amusements. He can pass his spare time with brush or canvas. Or he can bury himself in his books, and revel in the domains of theology, history, botany, astronomy, philosophy and the rest. In leisure moments he can pour out his jubilant soul with his violin or at the organ. The monk above all is a child of nature, and finds much to enjoy in the flora and fauna surrounding him. He lives in a polite and genial atmosphere—everything

about him is bound to make him a Christian gentleman. The monk loves his country. He elevates patriotism—but, after all though, it matters not whether his fellow-man is Turk or Jap. He is all to all. Unselfish, sacrificing, altruistic, with rich or poor, learned or unlearned, the monk is a philanthropist and cosmopolitan."

"I remember, doctor," said Rose, "a mother who at one time absolutely forbade her son to enter a monastery, although the boy was determined to do so. She was willing that her son be ordained a priest, but she would not hear of him being shut up among a lot of begging friars. Was she right?"

"She was not. Silly woman! She simply ruined that boy's vocation. That is what I call trampling under foot the designs of Providence and putting oneself and others on the road to perdition. On the contrary, it is the bounden duty of parents to encourage religious vocations if they recognize signs of it in their children."

"That may be all true, doctor, but I do not approve of priest or parent bundling a boy off to the monastery, or a hysterical girl to the convent, when there is no sign of a religious calling—nor do I admire those zealous nuns who go scouring around the country skimming the cream of the parish and persuading girls they were sent into this world to be sisters, when everyone else knows that they have no more calling for religious life than the members of the Sultan's household."

"You are partly right, Miss Withers," said Cutting, "but don't labor under a delusion. Remember that no one is forced inside convent walls—all 'ex-nuns' and fake 'priests' to the contrary notwithstanding. Religious vows made against any person's will are *ipso facto* invalid, and are not binding. More than this, good Father Vincent told me (and parenthetically I must not likewise forget that he said I must say my beads with great fervor during this month of October)—he told me that the great Council of Trent has fulminated anathemas against those who force—or help to force—unwilling subjects into a convent or monastery. Now, dear Miss Withers, we have made a very long and pious digression. I am afraid I have tried your patience long enough."

"I never in my whole life before talked so much on such grave subjects. It has done me no harm, doctor."

"When we meet again, I'll take the thermometer out of your mouth in time enough to give *you* a chance to talk."

"Thank you, doctor!" said Rose, with a laugh. "Next time I'll tell you the story of my own life—the story of a naughty girl."

CHAPTER XVI.

"*I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word*
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres."

—"HAMLET."

Doctor Cutting was discontented. Indoor work did not agree with him. Rose Withers alone kept him at the hospital, but as soon as she was convalescent, off he would fly to the country.

"Nonsense!" he would say to himself, "why do I stay here? This person is but a patient of mine whom, like other patients, one meets—parts with and then forgets. Besides, what time I trifle away! Pshaw! Cutting cut yourself loose. Don't be such a slave—be a man for once in your life—for,

'There are things we must throw from us, when the heart would gather strength to fulfil its purpose.' "

Such were the thoughts buzzing in his busy brain as he came towards Rose Withers with his usual matutinal punctuality. He was going to be very brave all at once. He would be short and business-like—just say a word and then be off. Little had he fathomed the ways of womankind. He was trying to look as grave as an undertaker as he came into the room, but the moment Rose spoke all his feigned gravity vanished as quickly as the rose tint on some ladies' faces when they are caught in the rain.

"Good morning, Miss Withers," he said, in a vain endeavor to be stiff and formal. There was no starch left in his make-up after his patient made sure of her game by saying in her softest tones

"Why, doctor dear, sit down, I have so much to say. Really, one night's absence seems a life-time."

Cutting made one supreme effort to be indifferent by saying,

"Excuse me, Miss Withers, I have no time. I must be off."

And then Rose Withers played her last trump. She seized woman's never-failing weapon and had a good cry. That settled it. Her victim was now as docile as a lamb. No patient on his own operating table was as ever unresisting as he.

"Listen to me," said Rose, as if prescribing for the doctor: "You are not going to slip away as easily as you imagine. I have something to say about that. I am going to remain here as a nurse. Why, my dress is already made. You ought to see it. It is too cute for anything. Oh! no! I am not going to give up old friends so easily. I have experienced enough sad partings and know too well the truth of the saying that

'To know, to esteem, to love and then to part
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.' "

"You women are cruel," said Cutting, with a laugh, "however go on with your own story since you now have me at your mercy."

"Well, I'll commence at the end—as the girls do when reading novels," said Rose, "and tell you at once that the epilogue to my story will be the history of a wiser and better girl—if I may call myself such—for we women, you know, all expect to remain girls."

"But there are *old* girls, are there not?" broke in the doctor.

"Try your own temperature this time, doctor, and I'll proceed. Let me finish, or rather commence. I was, please understand, not what you would call real bad, but I was both silly and giddy like those moths which flutter around the lamp and get burnt up. I had a lovely mother. I was her pet and always had my own way. (Cutting mumbled something here which was indistinct, since he had the thermometer buried in his moustache—however, it seemed to be an insinuation that Rose was still bent on having her own way.) Nature had given me all that makes attractive the human face divine. I knew it. I felt my superiority and counted adorers by the score. I missed no chance to put my vanity on parade. I thought I knew everything. But I didn't. I could murder Beethoven and at the same time spoil a batch of bread. My sister—I need not mention the darling's name—she often told me that I was a doll—an over-dressed one at that—only fit to be played with, and as for managing children, why, she said, I would

as easily manage a herd of buffaloes. 'Twas all too true. I had received an excellent education, with plenty of religion worked into every corner of it. But my piety soon evaporated. For awhile my conscience troubled me, but by and by it became very elastic. I could soon get over a scruple about eating a juicy cutlet on Fridays, and so on with the rest. The next thing to go overboard was my Beads. But, thank God! I never gave in to the temptation to lay aside my Scapular. If I had, I would not be here to relate all this. Well, doctor, as I was saying, my moral instinct became very blunt. I should add, too, the fact that spicy(?) novels helped me downward. Of course, for a long time I assumed a veneer of respectability—in fact I patronized religion, and even went so far as to take a class at the Muddy Hill Sunday-school. More than this, I even read papers at the Blue Blood Ladies' Reform Club. But, alas! when I was down in the mire my former sky-kissing friends elevated their noses and passed me by. They pretended to pity me, but in their hearts they despised me. Thank God! with the help of His grace and His holy Mother's prayer, I have changed my life. My experience was a bitter one, but it will be, I hope, the stepping-stone to higher things. My last illness was a blessing in disguise. It awakened my thinking faculties. Now I see how false the world is. It allowed me to stay in the spot where I fell. The Sister of Charity was the first to pick me up."

"God is good to us even when we go astray," exclaimed Cutting.

"Too true, doctor," continued Rose, "and how much gratitude do I not owe to our dear Lady of Carmel, whose holy Scapular I never laid aside. Ah! heaven knows what part these hallowed bits of cloth played in my tragic career. Ah! doctor, each bead which passes through these fingers of mine these October days is an act of thanks to Mary Immaculate."

"I think that during your remaining days you should imitate the example of that great saint of Carmel—St. Teresia," said Cutting.

"How so, doctor?"

"Why, by taking the Blessed Virgin as your mother, which indeed she is to all of us."

Cutting did not leave the hospital. He remained after a little persuasion. He consented to give a course of lectures to the trained-nurses. These professional chats of his were very instructive, and during them no one hung on his lips with closer attention than Rose Withers. Poor girl! Her's was a strange case. Cutting was glad to embrace her among his medical pupils, and there was also hope that one day he would start her again in life.

Rose herself now had but one thought, which ran like this:

"Should the past rise to reproach you,
Live to make your future well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FEAST OF THE ROSARY.

By Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O.C.C.

IN the south of France, at the close of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, there was a heretical sect known as the Albigenses, which took its name from Albiga, the modern Alvi. This city is the capital of the department of Tarn, and is situated on the river of that name, about forty-one miles northeast of Toulouse. It is an Archiepiscopal See, has a cathedral, a magnificent Gothic structure, and is dedicated to Saint Cecilia. In doctrine the Albigenses were closely allied to the Paterini an Italian sect, to the Paulicians, a sect that arose in the East about the sixth century, and to the Manichæans, who had their origin at an earlier period. The two sects differed very little from the latter in doctrine, so they might be considered as its legitimate offspring. Especially the Albigenses, who held the dualism of the Manichæans with regard to the person of Christ, and who rejected the authority of the Old Testament, and repudiated marriage. They held many other absurd doctrines, too numerous to mention here, but their hatred to the Catholic church and its holy doctrine, appeared to be the leading feature of their religion. It is necessary that scandals must come, and heresies go out from the church from age to age, they flourish for a time and frequently wax strong from opposition, but when left to themselves, unopposed, they find that a pure denial of doctrine is a foundation too weak to lean upon, and they either die of inanition, or dwindle away into insignificance. All heresies have their origin in sin; men forget their duty to God, to their neighbor and to themselves. Morals being corrupt, indulgence is elevated to the dignity of an idol, authority is then despised and heresy and infidelity is the natural result. Had not the first man sinned, there would have been no heresy, no deviation from the truth, but his fall left a permanent wound in his nature and impaired the noble faculties of his soul. According to the Angelic Doctor, actual sin, if mortal, produces the above-mentioned effect on the offender, each time he commits it. We can then easily understand how the repetition of sin hardens the heart, blinds the intellect, and leaves the will to resign itself with complacency to the animal instincts of man's lower appetite. Thus when a people once Christian, through sin fall into this weakened condition, they become an easy prey to heresy.

However, at that distant period, we find the Albigenses occupying the fairest provinces of a great Catholic nation. Not content with the exercise of their own religion, such as it was, they became aggressive and displayed the most fierce passions in their hostility to the church. They set at defiance all authority sacred and profane; neither the holy precincts of the sanctuary nor the sacred rights of home, were a sufficient barrier against their lawless conduct. Nothing was too sacred to escape their sacrilegious hands; persons consecrated to God were the victims upon whom they delighted to pour out

vengeance, and the altar and the sacrifice they were not ashamed to desecrate.

In this lamentable state of affairs the secular power was invoked against them to restrain them, if possible, within the limits of order and decency. It may be said that that power dealt severely with them and that at the instance of the Church. The secular power dealt not more severely with them than it would at the present day, with citizens rebelling against lawfully constituted authority, especially with those desecrating and tearing down places of worship and taking the lives of innocent persons. But this was not a remedy sufficiently efficacious to deal with the evil, the wound was too deep-seated to be reached by such power. In most cases force has the contrary effect of that intended, and this case was no exception to the rule. It only aroused and intensified their hatred and confirmed them in their obstinacy. Simon De Montfort could restrain them with his army from open violence, for the time being; but it was only St. Dominic preaching the Rosary, it was only the grace attending his words that reached down to the depths of the soul and there healed the wound that was grown chronic by the long indulgence of unrestrained passions. The then reigning sovereign Pontiff, Innocent the Third, exhausted all peaceful means to bring them to a sense of duty. As early as the year 1198, he sent delegates to instruct and, if posssible, bring them back within the fold of the Church. The two first were Cistercians, Guy and Renier, in the following year they were joined by Peter of Castelnau, and afterwards by the Bishop of Osma and Saint Dominic. Peter of Castelnau fell a victim to his zeal, being martyred by his enemies. He sowed the seed of Christians in a sterile soil and fertilized it with his blood.

Still the missionaries seemed to make but a slight impression on those obstinate people. The Cistercians left, and the Bishop of Osma died while returning to his diocese, so that Dominic for the most part afterwards was left alone. This great athlete of Christ fasted and prayed as only a saint could do, laboring amongst them for many years; he instructed, and by the power of his eloquence convinced them, but he could not change their hearts, and they still adhered to their errors; Under these trying circumstances, when all seemed to fail, and when years of great suffering and labor seemed to be lost, he turned his heart to Our Blessed Lady, and his confidence in her, whom he loved so well, was not in vain. Appearing to him she taught him the mysteries, and the manner in which the Rosary was to be recited and admonished him to explain it to the people. It is needless to say that he joyfully complied with her admonition, and from that day forward his labors were crowned with success. The hearts of a heretical and obstinate people melted when contemplating the mysteries of the holy Rosary, and in a short time, through the labors of St. Dominic one hundred thousand strayed sheep were brought back to the fold of Christ. With regard to the authenticity of the apparition, there is no room for doubt, as the Church examined and set the seal of its approbation upon it. Even as late as the sixteenth century, the venerable Pontiff Gregory the XIII., in a bull dated Anno Domini 1577 bore testimony to the divine origin of the Rosary. The life and sanctity of the saint, his labors and miracles, are a sufficient guarantee against any doubt that might be thrown on this matter.

Born of a noble house in Spain, despising the goods and the honors of this world, he gave, without reserve, his young life to the service of God. And that in no ordinary way. He was devoured with zeal, on fire with the love of God and his neighbor, a veritable holocaust, for nothing of self remained. The Church enrolled him in the catalogue of her saints, and has exalted him upon her altars for the veneration of the faithful. But Dominic did another work of divine origin by establishing one of the Mendicant Orders, the Friars Preachers. To the Mendicant Orders how much does the world owe? Venerable for their antiquity, sanctity and learning, they left their impress on the civilization and religious development of the European nations for the last seven centuries. How many saints and doctors they have given to the Church? But as I am writing of Saint Dominic and the Rosary, I will mention here two of his most renowned sons, though he had very many more. The name of Albert the Great is still green in the memory of every scholar throughout christendom, but what shall I say of Saint Thomas, the Angelic Doctor, who was not only an ornament to the Order to which he belonged, but who is today a shining light in the universal Church, and bids fair to continue so as long as time shall last? This venerable Order is a living testimony and has been for the last seven hundred years of the efficacy of the Rosary. If its members could give us a record of the innumerable miracles that have been wrought during that time, the glory that has been given to God, the sinners that have been converted and the souls that have been saved through it, we would have the whole Catholic world reciting the beads daily for the future.

The Feast of the Holy Rosary was established by Saint Pius the Fifth and the day of its celebration is the first Sunday of October. It was established as a perpetual commemoration of the great victory gained over the Ottoman Empire, at the battle of Lepanto, through the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary. The Pope did not at that time extend the festival to the universal Church, this was done later by Clement XI. in commemoration of another great victory gained through the Rosary over the same power at the battle of Belgrade. For centuries the Cross and the Crescent stood opposed to each other and contended for the supremacy of enemy, on many a battlefield, from the battle of Poitiers in the eighth century to the battle of Lepanto in the sixteenth. The Turks broke the power of the Eastern Empire and entered Constantinople in the year 1453. For a century they pushed forward their conquests, and, elated by success, Selim the Second decided upon the conquest of Western Europe. He would pull down the Cross, and in its place the Crescent would float triumphant over the subjugated Christian nations. For this purpose he collected a mighty army, and over three hundred vessels well manned and well supplied with the munitions of war, rode at anchor in the Gulf of Lepanto. All Europe stood appalled at the threatened danger. Christian nations, divided among themselves, could offer but little resistance ; but there was one man who rose to the occasion and that was the then reigning Pontiff, Saint Pius the Fifth, the glorious son of Saint Dominic. How often has the Papacy saved Christendom? How much do Christian nations owe to the Holy See for the civilization and the liberty they now enjoy, but alas, it is needless to say

how ungrateful they are for the boon conferred? With what forces could be collected in the states of the Church, and with all the means at his disposal, the Pope made an alliance with Spain and Venice. He himself was at the head of the coalition, but he appointed Don John of Austria commander in chief of the forces. He called upon Christian people to recite the Rosary and beg the Mother of Mercy for success for the Christian arms. It was a solemn moment in the history of the world; the fate of Europe seemed to tremble in the balance. The Christian army with two hundred and forty vessels, though much less in number than the enemy, advanced and met the Ottoman forces in the Gulf of Lepanto. The battle raged from early morning until evening, and was fought with the greatest obstinacy on the part of the enemy. During this time the confraternities in Rome were reciting the Rosary, imploring the God of battles through the intercession of His blessed Mother, and the result was a glorious victory for the Christian arms. At the moment of victory, the Holy Pontiff was speaking with the cardinals, on a sudden he became thoughtful, going to the window he looked out, and returning he said: "This is no time to transact business, let us go and thank God for the victory that is gained by the Christian army." The victory was complete; the Ottoman Empire as a naval power was broken, and from that time forward began to decline.

On this occasion, in gratitude to Our Blessed Lady, he added to the Litany of Loretto the title (Auxilium Christianorum) Help of Christians.

Though the power of the Turks was much weakened, and though they never became as formidable an enemy as they had been, nevertheless they did not entirely relinquish the dream of subjugating Western Europe. Always a warlike power, they once more became aggressive, and in the year 1683 we find them investing Vienna with two hundred thousand men, Turks and Tartars. Innocent the XI., seeing the danger, called upon the princes of Europe to repel the enemy, but the only one to respond was John Sobieski, the renowned King of Poland. Uniting his army with Austrians, the allied forces drove Mustifa across the Danube, where he lost a great portion of his army. But the last hope of conquest had not yet departed from the Ottoman Empire, for we find them threatening Europe once more by renewing the war of 1716. Clement the XI. called upon Christian nations to recite the Rosary, and send up their prayers to heaven for succor in the threatened danger, and the victory of Belgrade was the response to his confidence and devotion to the Mother of God. In gratitude for such a signal favor, he extended the festival of the Holy Rosary to the universal Church. From that time forward, that once powerful empire began steadily to decline and never after became a menace to the nations of Europe. Our present venerable Pontiff Leo XIII. is not an exception to the great Popes that sat in the chair of Peter before him, and who in time of danger to the Church, had recourse to the Holy Rosary to bring down the protection of heaven and dissipate the enemies who sought her ruin. Only a few years ago we know how earnestly this holy Pontiff besought Christian people throughout the world, to recite the Rosary daily during the month of October. And in his love for this holy form of prayer, and in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary, he has added to the Litany of Loretto the beautiful invocation—Queen of the Most Holy Rosary pray for us!

A ROYAL TERESIAN.

IT is fitting if we give a brief sketch of one of St. Teresa's noble daughters since in this month we celebrate the feast of the mother herself.

"When we turn our eyes upon the court of Louis XV. of France, it appears to be the last place in which a religious vocation might be supposed to grow. Vice seemed to have run wild, and it must have been a greater trial of faith to have lived in those days in Paris than in the worst fury of the Revolution," said a writer in the *Ave Maria*. But God has at all times living witnesses that His grace is sufficient for all temptations and circumstances. In the midst of that corrupt French court, Marie Leczinska, the Queen of France, lived a holy life and had an influence over her children which resulted in their consecrating themselves to God. The most lively and gayest of the four princesses was Louise. She was educated by the Benedictine nuns of Fontevrault, and the holy example of her mother corrected what faults she had. Louise could find no rest in the world. When the King consented to her wish to enter religion, the great desire of the princess was to enter one of the poorest convents of the Carmelites, and having heard that the one at Saint Denis answered the description, she chose that house for her future abode. The same convent had been reduced to poverty, and it was feared the house would be sold. The nuns made a novena to Our Lady begging her to send them a postulant with a true vocation, who would bring them money to save their house. Before the novena had ended, the Carmelites saw entering within their doors one who would bring with her sufficient riches to re-establish and clear their house from debt. The Blessed Virgin had heard their prayer, and sent them a rich princess with a true vocation. No luxuries or dispensations were introduced into that community. The Carmelites themselves, stunned almost at the event which had rung throughout Europe, that a daughter of the King had come to adopt their poor life, and fearing to make the change from the palace to the cloister too abrupt, tried to soften the rigor of the rule for the Princess. She, however, would not suffer it, and bravely set to work to conquer her natural repugnances. She occupied her time as a novice in washing the dishes and cleaning the candlesticks in the sacristy. She disliked to hear her title of Madame Louise, but loved her religious name of Sister Teresa.

The day on which Madame Louise took the habit was a grand occasion. The Pope sent his Nuncio to give her the habit. Almost all the French bishops, the royal family and many distinguished persons were present. The Princess herself was arrayed in all her royal splendor. She calmly answered all the questions of the ritual put to her, and receiving the habit and veil withdrew from the chapel to lay aside the rich garments of her birth. The mantle of Saint Teresa, which had been preserved in one of the convents, was brought to St. Denis for the occasion, and Madame Louise was seen lying prostrate covered by this mantle, according to the custom

of the Order. Most of the assembly was in tears.

As soon as Madame Louise retired to her convent, the world said she would never remain to be clothed with the habit. When she was clothed, the world said she would never be professed. The day came, however, when the bells of Paris announced that Madame Louise had forever consecrated herself to God by the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The most fervent nuns were edified by the rapid advance the Princess made in virtue.

Thus passed her life, daily increasing in sanctity, in devotion, in love to God and His most blessed Mother. Her last illness came on, and she showed the same spirit of patience as when in health. When she was too weak to go to the chapel, it was proposed to erect a chapel in the infirmary. But she did not wish this privilege, saying, "Living and dying I will be a simple Carmelite." Nothing but prayers and holy words flowed from her lips. Keeping the Rule to the last, she would not break the strict silence which is prescribed for the night. She called the community and asked pardon for all her faults against them. "I never could have thought it was so sweet to die," she was heard to say. Her whole soul longed for the holy Viaticum, and having received it she was in peace. On December 23rd, 1787, she went to receive an imperishable crown. Death came to her as tranquil as sleep. Her last words were: "Come, let us arise, and make haste to go to heaven."

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

An Instance of Our Lady's Power Regarding Those Who Wear Her Scapular

Having been asked to contribute something to THE CARMELITE REVIEW, I will relate for its readers a wonderful instance of Our Blessed Lady's power to *hold in life*—that is, to keep back from death—those who wear her Brown Scapular. This was told me by a priest of New York, for whom I was giving a mission. He vouched for the truth of it, and said that it had happened in one of the Sisters' hospitals in that city.

One day a woman was brought to the hospital in what seemed—and, to some extent, certainly was—a state of demoniacal possession. She was blaspheming horribly every now and then. And yet she was a Catholic!

The Sisters, after putting her to bed, were informed by the doctors that she could not live thirty-six hours. This, of course, made them all the more anxious to bring a priest to their patient and get her reconciled to God. But the moment they mentioned a priest, or confession, out came a volley of blasphemy so dreadful that, after two or three attempts, they gave it up and let her alone.

Well, the wretched creature did *not* die within the time allotted by the doctors. She lived on, to everybody's surprise; and gave no sign of dying. Yet she was, evidently, in a constant struggle with something, and was noticed to clutch frequently at the portion of her dress which covered her bosom.

After two or three days had passed, beyond the thirty-six hours—the Sisters

thought they would give her a bath. It certainly could not hurt her, and might do her some good. But when they came to prepare her for the bath, it took two of them to get her dress off. They had to take it off by main force, she held on to it so obstinately. And behold, no sooner was it taken off than —she fell back dead !

Another astonishment. But, on examining the dress, they *found the Brown Scapular sewn to the inside of it, and just under the spot she had been clutching at.*

Our Lady of Mount Carmel had given one proof more of her faithfulness to her promise, and, no less, to her marvellous power. By the laws of nature, this woman should have died within the thirty-six hours : but Our Lady *had the right* to hold her in life so long as the Scapular was on her—thus, of course, leaving her abundant time for repentance, had she chosen to accept it : and having the right to do this, Mary had the power—for her Son has given her both. But the moment the Scapular was taken off—and it was the Divine Justice which allowed this to be done—the impenitent sinner was claimed by the demon, who had, doubtless, long made her his slave.

There is precious encouragement here for those who wear the Mount Carmel Scapular devoutly and perseveringly, looking up to our sweet Mother to be "delivered always from all dangers"—especially in the hour of death. But there is also a much-needed warning for those who leave the Scapular off in moods of indifference, or of wilfulness, or of despondency. They run a great risk of dying with it off—and dying in mortal sin.

Yet, what a common thing it is for people to leave it off, and perhaps for years together ! How many who have been invested with it at First Communion do not take the trouble to get, or to make, a new one, when (as, of course, must be the case) the one that was put on then is worn out ! So, again, young women will leave it off all summer—a time of special temptations to them—because the strings are disagreeable, or because they wish to wear a low-necked dress. They ought to know that the softest satin tapes may be substituted for woollen strings. And these tapes may be made *ornamental* : which reminds me of what that noble woman Mary Anderson did while on the stage. Having to wear low-necked dresses, she attached to her Scapular tapes of silk, wide, and richly embroidered ; and thus she was never without that badge of devotion to Our Blessed Lady, or the priceless protection which it gives.

Another lesson, too, may be learnt from our sad story : a warning to *presumptuous* Catholics, who, while wearing the Scapular, go on living in mortal sin—taking no pains to amend their lives, and despising what the Church has to say to them. The Mother of Mercy was not given to us that we might neglect the more daringly to "work out our salvation," and people who thus presume are sure, sooner or later—unless, of course, they repent in good time—to end by dying with their Scapular *off*, as the miserable woman did when the moment of her judgment came.

REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

ST. MARY'S RETREAT, DUNKIRK, N. Y.,
FEAST OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA, 1897.

THE SAINT OF THE BEATITUDES.

By Ennant De Marie.

I.

SOFTLY the "gentle air" is o'er him stealing
From the lone Mount, where Jesus taught of old.
"Blessed the poor in spirit:" their's the Kingdom,
Pearly its gates, its streets of purest gold,
Swiftly his dreams of earthly treasures vanished,
Like to the clouds of glowing summer's even.
Calmly the star of hope with silvery shining,
Points, as a guide, to endless joys of Heaven.

II.

"Blessed the meek!" O heart most sweet and tender,
From thy abundance breathes that soothing strain;
They, e'en on earth, receive thy holy blessing,
They to possession of the land attain.
Often the gaze of Francis gently rested
On that mild image of "the Lamb of God."
Nobly his spirit soared in contemplation,
O'er the meek ways our Savior's footsteps trod.

III.

"Blessed are they that mourn," in earthly exile,
Moistening with tears the weary upward way;
Soon shall eternal comfort be their portion,
Soon shall our God wipe all their tears away.
Forth from his heart as from a living fountain
Gushed forth St. Francis' tears of bitter pain
Mourning the Crucified, on Mount Alvernia,
Jesus, the Lamb, for us poor sinners slain.

IV.

"Blessed are they that hunger after justice;"
Thirsting for grace, as for the crystal stream,
Pure are the waters that shall e'er refresh them,
Glorious the light that over them shall beam.
Burning his thirst for Calvary's sacred fountains,
Eager his hunger for the altar food;
Crimsoned his spirit . . . e'en his very body,
Dyed in the love-marks of the holy rood.

V.

"Blessed the merciful:" the kind and patient,
Lightening earth's sorrows with a ray of love.
Softly on them shall fall the Savior's mercy,
Like to the dew-drops from the clouds above.
Gladly the Saint of fair Assisi wandered
Far o'er the world to win, to soothe, to save;
Breathing sweet words of Jesus' loving mercy,
And the great power of His Blood to lave.

VI.

"Blessed the clean of heart:" the glorious vision
Shining eternally, unveiled to them shall be;
Dazzling the robes of glory that await them,
Sweet is their song before "the crystal sea."
Stainless the heart of Francis—while awaiting
That happy Kingdom with its vision blest,
He saw the beauty of the Infant-Savior,
Who came within his loving arms to rest.

VII.

"Blessed" are they who, like their gentle Master,
Calm the heart's storms with words of joy and peace,
Holy their title "God's beloved children,"
Restful their home when earthly sorrows cease.
Joyous St. Francis passed along life's wayside,
Singing of peace, as angels sang of old,
Offering to men its everlasting blessings,
Kindling new love in hearts that had grown cold.

VIII.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution:"
Likening their spirits to the Crucified;
Radiant their glorious crowning in His Kingdom,
High amidst the blest who lived for Him and died.
Thirsting to suffer for his Lord and Master,
Seeking in vain the martyr's holy palm;
Ah! but the Passion still awaited Francis,
Sealing his spirit with the suffering Lamb.

PRAYER.

Saint of the "poor in spirit!" we thy children
Though in the gloom, by faith thy vision see;
Safe may it lead us in the pathway chosen,
On to beatitude with God and thee.
On to the pearly gates of that fair Kingdom,
And to the mourner's comfort 'midst the blest.
There where "the wicked ever cease from troubling,"
There may our weary spirits find their rest.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The month of May is especially dear to Catholic hearts, and now October in all its autumnal beauty comes to give us added joy because it is dedicated to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

While we are young the things of faith are everyday affairs to us. We take them as a matter of course, as part and parcel of our daily lives. It is only as we grow older that we learn to know and appreciate them, because they are our comfort and our strength when all else fails.

The Scapular and the Beads are our treasures, which year by year grow nearer and dearer to our hearts. Fidelity to them will be the assured proof of our fidelity to God, because as St. Alphonsus says, "It is impossible that a child of Mary should be lost."

There is great danger nowadays in a multiplicity of devotions.

People say many prayers and stop at that. St. John Berchmans, S.J., was once asked what form of devotion he thought would be most acceptable to Our Blessed Lady.

"Any little thing," he replied, "only let it be CONSTANT."

Constancy! that is the test of devotion. The faithful wearing of the Scapular and the daily recital of one's Beads would certainly entitle us to the unfailing protection of Our Blessed Lady at the hour of death.

Death is not a very cheerful subject to think about, dear children, but each day is bringing us nearer to it, and therefore we should give a little thought to that last journey.

Before we go to the country in the summer we make great preparations. For weeks before, we plan and fix things, and the packing of our trunk is a very important part of our preparation.

We are all going on the great journey to eternity one of those days, and it were well if each day would find us thinking of the things we need.

Practical piety teaches us to think only of the *necessary* things. First and last one's duty faithfully done. Many make the great mistake of thinking that piety consists in church going, and that provided one goes to daily Mass and Benediction and attends the various devotions of the parish church, all is well with him before God. Decidedly not. Duty is always incumbent upon us while church going is not.

Very often we indulge our self-love and our own whims in the pursuit of piety, forgetting that the sacrifice of our self-will is, in many cases, the offering most pleasing to God.

Home is the sanctuary which should have our first care, and devotion to its interests is our first duty. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the only commandment which has a promise attached to it, and the piety which is ever mindful of that commandment is the only one that stands the severest test.

October 2nd brings us the sweet feast of the Guardian Angels.

Devotion to our angel guardian is sadly neglected by most of us. We all *know* that we have an angel, and in a half-hearted sort of a way we recognize his presence. But anything like a constant devotion to him influencing our lives is unknown to us.

This is neither just nor generous. We all need a faithful friend and such, in the highest degree, is our guardian angel. If our faith were strong, we would believe in him more sincerely and trust him more lovingly than we do. Our interests are his, and surely gratitude demands that we have even an ordinary attachment for him.

Anything, any *little* thing, provided it be constant, will do, for a rule for our angel guardian ("more than brother," as Fr. Faber calls him) as well as for Our Blessed Lady.

To ask his blessing each morning and evening; to turn affectionately towards our right side from time during the day to salute him; to talk familiarly to him when we are blue or lonely;—these are the little things that will win for us many happy moments and many precious graces.

Dear children, pray this month for those who are in sorrow. The world is full of suffering hearts, and a Hail Mary each day for the afflicted, is a practice worthy of the saints.

God, in His sweet mercy and loving providence, sends sorrow to each individual soul. Blessed be His holy will which does all things well. That it may be done most lovingly in you and me is the earnest prayer of

Yours devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN SEPTEMBER.

1. Leif Ericson, a Norseman.
2. Hammerfest in Norway.
3. Land of the midnight sun.
4. Bergen in Norway, on account of its rainy weather.
5. Helen Hunt Jackson.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN SEPTEMBER.

1. The second time he cut too little off.
2. When the dove brought the green back to Noah.
3. Just above two feet.
4. The one is missed from heaven, the other is mist from earth.
5. Merely a difference of opinion.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Where was the largest diamond ever found?
2. Who is called the "Hoosier Poet?"
3. Where was the first temperance meeting held in America?
4. Where is the oldest version of the Holy Scriptures?
5. What country enjoys the privilege of using sky-blue vestments on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin?

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My *first* is used sometimes on the floor.
   My *second* is a grain.
   My *third* is all desire.
   My whole is one of the united states.
2. My *first* is a kind of butter.
   My *second* is a licker.
   My whole is used in hunting.
3. What word can be made of the letters in roast-mules?
4. Make a word of the letters in this sentence: Sin sat on a tar tub.
5. For what was Eve created?

MAXIMS FOR OCTOBER.

1.

Ah me! how lovely must they be
Whom God has glorified;

Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.
—Faber "on the Angels."

2.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign.
Consecrating Love our own forever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

3. A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson.

4. God in His goodness mingles purgatory with every day of our life. Let us accept, let us clasp to our breast the cross He offers us.—De Ravignan.

Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have errred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and sorrow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Saint Anthony of Padua!
Dear Saint, whose ready prayers
Have healed so many miseries,
Have eased so many cares.

"Saint Anthony of Padua,
Dear Saint"—we oft repeat;
The sweet child Jesus in thine arms,
His lilies round thy feet!

Bedtime.

Three little girls are weary—
Weary of books and of play;
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching.
Bowed is each little head,
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their chatter,
Sleep comes quietly to woo;
Slowly their eyes closing,
Down again drops every head;
Three little heads are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest;
Claiming they are sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest.
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is for ever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed.

The wound in the side of Jesus is that city of the sun of which Isaias speaks; because in the opening of the side of our Lord was opened the gate of paradise, whence comes to us the splendor of eternal light.—*St. Anthony of Padua.*

A GOLDEN MESSENGER.

By Enfant de Marie.

"The earth was fair with blossoms white
That lovely month of May,
When Eva Mary's baby-life
Was ebbing fast away."

SOME youthful readers of The Carmelite Review may feel inclined to ask: "Is this true? Did it *really* happen?" I have sometimes been obliged to satisfy queries of this nature from petitioners for "a story," so, by way of preface, I assure you all, dear children, it is "really true," and that it happened in "the Emerald Isle," May 12th, 1884.

Eva Mary was about a year old; a fresh flower with baptismal dew-drops sparkling on her soul, like those on the May-blossoms adorning the trees with beauty just then. But *our* blossom was fading that lovely night. God was about to transplant it, by angel-hands, to His garden of Paradise above, and present it to the ever Blessed Virgin, in her own sweet month. The nursery was very still, and the faithful nurse watched patiently by the cradle trying to soothe its dying occupant, well aware that life "was ebbing fast away." Suddenly a childish voice, (that of Eva's brother, not more, perhaps, than four years of age) startled her. "O, nurse! I see a golden man beside baby's cradle." "Lie down, child," she answered, "you are dreaming." "I am not dreaming; he is there," repeated the child earnestly.

The nurse, in alarm, hastened for the children's father, fearing perhaps the scene might be a trying one for their young mother. He came at once, and took the little babe in his arms, and before morning dawned she passed from them to those of her Father in Heaven.

The brother steadily repeated his assertion. "Nurse said I was dreaming, but I *was awake*, and saw it. He took away baby." When asked if he was frightened, he replied: "O, no! I could not be frightened, he was *so* beautiful!"

There are some lessons for you in this little story, not very hard to learn, and very useful besides. And first: you all know that every baptised infant has a holy angel appointed as guardian, but not only young people, even those who are grown up, have need to be reminded occasionally of the fact, for they seldom think of that glorious spirit or pray to him.

I remember hearing a priest, in time of Retreat, commence an instruction thus: "You are all very ungrateful!" I wondered what was to come next, and then he went on to speak of our guardian angels, and how they are forgotten.

Sometimes children, as in the story just related, or great saints, have been privileged to see their angel. St. Frances of Rome constantly enjoyed this favor, and described his beauty and brilliancy, which was so great that she could read at night without earthly light. If she failed ever so little in virtue, he seemed to fade away, and

only returned when she repented. We, who cannot aspire to such favors, ought, at least, remember that St. Bernard tells us we owe three things to our angel: "Respect for his presence, gratitude for his benefits, confidence in his intercession." I wish you would all learn and daily repeat these lines from one of our Irish poet's Book of Aspirations:*

"Good day my Guardian Angel,
The night is past and gone,
And thou hast watched beside me
At midnight and at dawn.
The day is now before me,
And as it glides away,
O help me well to make it
A good and holy day."

Many of us have little members of our family among the angels of God, and they are ever pleading before the throne for those on earth. A pious lady, who lost *all* her children, told me she said every day several "Hail Maries" and gave them to these beloved of God, as a bouquet to offer our Blessed Lady. It was a holy and beautifu thought.

Lastly, remember we must all die sooner or later, and therefore we ought by love for Jesus in His most holy Sacrament, and for our Immaculate Mother, to merit having one of their golden messengers sent to bring us home to our heavenly Father, as little Eva Mary was borne on wings of light in the sweet month of May.

*Rev. M. Russell, S.J.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR

Under the North Star.

The American people have of late had occasion to praise and admire the priests and religious who have braved the snows of Alaska. This, too, should remind us of the work of the monks and nuns now progressing in the cold north—particularly in Denmark. That country has learned now to go beyond tolerating Catholics. It was a sad day for holy Church when the so-called "Reformation" played havoc in that land. At no distant day we hope to treat the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW to an extensive and interesting sketch of a valiant Carmelite, who, single-handed, fought the demon of heresy when he went abroad seeking to devour souls in Denmark during the days of the "Nero of the North."

To Our German Friends!

On the first of this month appears the first number of the "*Rundschau vom Berge Karmel*," a German counterpart of our own magazine. It is to be published by the Carmelite Fathers, and will be the only German periodical gotten out in America in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. It can thus claim the right to fill a long felt want. The contents will be of a high literary order. It will contain 64 pages monthly, thus making a good sized book when bound in volumes. A beautiful work of art will accompany each number. All subscribers participate in the privileges obtained by the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW. His Holiness, the Pope, many Archbishops and Bishops have blessed and approved of this German magazine. As a premium, new subscribers receive a copy of one of the well-known German calendars. The subscription price has been put very low, namely, $1.50

per annum. For sample copies and other information, address *Rundschau*, 507 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Young America.

Last month we again saw the schoolboy

"With his satchel,
"And shining morning face,"

and now he is hard at work. There is nothing new in speaking of the schools. Nevertheless, truths must be repeated until driven home. There are bushels of wisdom in the advice now being given by Catholic editors, and, would to heaven it was taken to heart by parents. Just in season comes the beautiful Letter of the Holy Father on Education. "It is not by any means the first utterance of the Church on the subject of Education," says our esteemed contemporary the *Casket:*

"There never was any excuse for the erroneous views of the professing Catholic who looked with favor on the separation of religious and secular instruction: he must, if he was not quite illiterate, have had at least a strong suspicion that those views were at variance with the teaching of the Church. At the same time he might not know just where his opinions were condemned. Now, however, by reason of the publicity given to the Holy Father's Letter to the Bishops of Austria, Germany, and Switzerland, and of the wonted clearness of his instructions, no Catholic who reads anything can longer be in doubt as to the Catholic position regarding education."

Moreover, to quote the *Catholic Telegraph*, "more than a million of American children attended our Catholic schools last year; and the attendance will be still larger during the scholastic year that is now commencing. Indeed, were there a Catholic school in every parish in the United States, there would be comparatively few Catholic children found in other schools, for Catholic parents realize fully the dangers to which their children are exposed in schools wherein all moral instruction is forbidden."

Separate Schools.

Catholics in the United States are taking a strong interest in, and some of them use strong language in favor of, the Manitoba Separate Schools. Here are the words of a prominent Chicago gentleman in his general appeal through Catholic journals:

"His Grace Archbishop Langevin, of Manitoba, has made direct appeal to all the Catholics of the United States and Canada, to help his schools, threatened with destruction by the radical and masonic elements, led by Sir Wilfred Laurier who has just been, for his perfidy, lavishly decorated by the Protestant government of England and by the infidel government of France. Catholics of Irish origin have double cause to remember Sir Wilfred, whose English titles come through Ireland's arch-enemy, Joseph Chamberlain: first, because of his efforts to destroy Catholic education in Manitoba, and secondly, because of his flagrant insult to noble old Catholic Ireland, by sending as his Commissioner to that country, one C. R. Devlin, ex-M. P. who imitating the infamous Judge Keogh, swore by his Maker, to stand by the Catholics of Manitoba and then betrayed them. Let every Catholic of Irish origin stand by the brave Archbishop Langevin for God and for the Right!"

The Monks Came Back.

The hills around Ebbs Fleet, near Ramsgate, in England, were crowded with dark-robed monks on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—September 14th last. These monks have been there before. Thirteen centuries ago they came to plant the Symbol of Salvation on the soil of Albion. In this year of grace they come to offer thanks on the spot where their saintly predecessors knelt. Now that the loyal Briton has reached the last item on his diamond jubilee programme, Catholics, none the less patriotic, turn their eyes towards the ceremonies com-

memorative of the landing of St. Augustine, who with his holy companions gave Catholicity to England long before a Columbus had given an America to Catholicity. And what pages of history bridges over this great gap between the Sixth and Nineteenth centuries! Bright, glad days there were soon after the landing of Augustine. England was then *great*, if we take the word in its better sense. She then gloried in her title of the "Isle of Saints," but alas! how did she not dwindle down—from a Christian view point—from God's land to a diminutive "isle of man." Great was Britain in the eyes of faith. Well could her monarchs lay claim to the title of "Defender of the Faith" which to-day as it stands on the coin of the realm has, perhaps, as little meaning as "In God we trust" on the dollar of our own republic. History tells us that England was "Mary's Dowry" and that the land was dotted with the Virgin's shrines. We wearers of Mary's livery are likewise well aware that England was the favored place where our Blessed Lady deigned to leave her holy Scapular. But those halcyon days of faith and piety were followed by days of darkness, days of persecution and days of infidelity. The monks were put in the balance and were not found wanting. They cheerfully faced the rack, the sword and the gibbet. And in later days the gloomy clouds were lifted. Then came the days of Newman and Manning. And now at last when the monks once more pour out their prayers at Ebbs Fleet, all roads seem to lead to Rome. Many are they who travel them. It is our prayerful hope the number may go on increasing until the English people return once more to the faith of their forefathers.

HOSPICE NOTES.

A novena will be made on the nine days prior to all festivals of our Blessed Lady from now until next May, for all our kind benefactors who help us to heat and furnish the finished wing of the Hospice.

***

To our many American and Canadian friends who favored us with their presence during the past season, we tender our heartfelt thanks. We are always "at home" to our guests, and they can always expect a hearty welcome to come again and stay all day.

***

To many enquiries we beg again to say that our Hospice will likewise be open to lay-men and women.

***

All subscribers to the CARMELITE REVIEW participate in two weekly Masses *until their subscription expires*, as is printed on the certificates sent to each. We still have some delinquent subscribers, and beg them not to forget us for Her sake in whose Name we approach our dear readers.

***

To avoid impostors, who make an easy living by representing good works like our own, be sure to demand a letter authorizing persons to collect—or consult your pastor. *All our collectors have credentials from us signed and sealed.*

***

Now is the time to send in the names of your deceased friends and relatives if you wish them to be benefitted by the Novena of Masses offered up by our Fathers during the coming month of All Souls at Our Lady's shrine.

***

Many among the thousands of our friends and benefactors throughout the continent ask how to reach the Hospice at Falls View. In reply we beg to say that all roads lead to the Falls. All those coming over either of the Niagara bridges can take the beautiful coaches of the picturesque Electric road which all stop at frequent intervals, at the Canadian end of the upper and lower bridges. Tell the conductors—who are

all polite—to "Put me off at the Monastery crossing!"

***

Since we had the good fortune to possess a portion of the precious bone of the great wonder-worker—St. Albert—we have had a great demand for the water blessed with the relic. The cures are many. It will be a pleasure for us to continue supplying the requests of our friends and readers, trusting that those at a distance will generously consider the necessary expense of carriage.

Minor Notes.

The Right Reverend Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas, last month reminded his clergy of the blessing of seeds. It is a good old custom of the ages of faith and worthy of revival. The prayers of faith is more reliable than cyclone-cellars.

***

The reverend Carmelite Fathers of New York are soon to erect a new Church at Tarrytown Heights. *Floreat!*

***

In speaking of pilgrimages to Lourdes, Catholic papers reproduce an article calling Lourdes a "Mecca." "This is an offensive comparison, and an indication of very bad taste," remarks an exchange. "If there are two creeds diametrically opposed they are certainly the Catholic Church and Mohamedanism."

***

Our own and other Catholic magazines are excellent advertising mediums for educational institutions. Speaking of their advertisements the *Catholic Review*, of New York, says:—"If we have any preference, it is one that affects each in its turn, for our preference is for the school or college nearest the student; so that the influence of home may never be lost."

***

The reverend editor of the *Rosary*, Father O'Neil, in his review of Rev. J. Talbot Smith's recently published life of the lamented Brother Azarias, anticipates us by properly informing that author that Brother Azarias was not a monk, as the sub-title of his book calls him.

But a few weeks ago, says the able *Cæcilia*, published by Prof. Singenberger of Milwaukee, a certain church choir produced, during Mass, at the Agnus Dei, instead of the rubrical *Communio*, Richard Wagner's "Wedding Chorus" from Lohengrin. The CARMELITE REVIEW knows also of an instance where "Nearer My God to Me" was sung at the Offertory during a solemn Requiem in a Church which boasts of its *Catholic* music.

***

In a late proclamation by the leader of the insurgents in the Philippine Islands he demands as one of the conditions of peace that all friars shall be expelled and their lands confiscated; and further that all the land belonging to the Church be sold at public auction. These conditions ought to be acceptable to the enemies of the monks. This is the gratitude of an ungrateful world towards its greatest benefactors. But those who hate Christ must necessarily hate His followers.

***

The Sacred Heart League this month asks its associates to pray for religious instruction in our schools. Every Catholic should pray earnestly for so important an object. It is only too true what the saintly Bishop Neuman, of Philadelphia, once said, namely: "Our Catholic youth can only be saved in Catholic schools."

***

Rev. Fr. Edmund, C. P., the well-known writer in prose and verse, contributes a beautiful little sketch to this number of the REVIEW. We hope our Blessed Lady will inspire him to favor us on some future occasions.

***

Some of the Buffalo papers lately published a lot of rot from their special correspondent in Ottawa, Ont. With flaming scare-heads the well-padded item told the thread-bare tale of a young lady being forced into a convent. There was a lie on the face of it. The newspaper ought to know better than trying to thrust such rubbish on intelligent readers. It is unprofitable, except to the lucky compositor who gets such a "fat take."

LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE.

MARY, THE DIVINE CHILD, AND JOHN.

(After Raphael in the Louvre)

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1897. NO. 11.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

"*From the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord!*
Lord, hear my voice."
"*His Hand hath touched me.*"

[The plaint of a poor soul whose friends still weep and pray for him, and whose body is not yet buried.]

I.

His hand hath touched me! Yes, when death
Released my spirit from its frame,
I felt His anger's fiery breath,
His Hand was as a living flame.
My spirit shrank before His ire,
My soul, in terror, tried to flee,
But streams and gyves of molten fire
Swept over, and encompassed me!

II.

Of His divine and lovely Face
That moment's sight showed all I'd lost.
O God! could I my life retrace,
Thee would I win at any cost.
But let the fire that tortures me
The stains upon my soul consume,
For in Thine awful sanctity
I see the justice of my doom.

III.

In life it seemed so slight a fault
For which we writhe in anguish here!
The scornful look, the little halt
'Twixt false and true; the covert sneer
At holy things; the idle thought,
The hasty word that held a sting—
O God! how lightly then we wrought
Such fearful punishment to bring!

IV.

O ye who still on earth remain,
Where works can merit, prayer may win,
Bethink ye of the fearful pain
Exacted for the smallest sin.
The tortured soul in anguish moans,
But His relentless hand doth press;
No pity hath He for our groans,
Who once was all sweet tenderness!

V.

It seems in truth a thousand years
Since first I saw this prison cell.
No one remembers me.—The tears
From loving eyes that freely fell
Long, long are dried.—My friends are dead.
Perchance from heaven they look on me,
But knowing how my life hath sped
They leave me to my misery.

VI.

From out these depths I cry to Thee:
Lord, Lord, in pity heed my prayer!
Withdraw Thy chast'ning hand from me,
My tortured soul no more can bear.
Yet, no, dear Lord! Let me abide
In scorching flames akin to hell,
Until, by fire purified,
With Thee I may forever dwell.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

Cincinnati, November, 1897.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THIS day like a lily, falling sweet
Straight out of Paradise. We seem to hear
Its blessed bells, exultant, close anear,
Resounding through our pain. How light, how fleet
On its soft sward, the gleam of angel feet!
How white they shine! A-bloom in holy cheer
The lilied fields, where souls surpassing dear
To us below, rejoice in rest complete!

O Saints redeemed, ye know our sin-dark hours!
Mother of Mercy, thou hast shared our strife!
Earth is but sad;—drop down celestial flowers
Of interceding peace!—Thou Source of Life
In earth and heaven, wilt hear! Thy pity falls
On us, to-day, from Heaven's transcendent walls.

LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAINT JOANNA IS SADDENED BY THE TREATMENT THE CARMELITES HAVE TO ENDURE; BUT SHE FINDS CONSOLATION IN THE MIRACLES WHICH FOLLOWED EVERY ATTEMPT AGAINST THE CARMELITES. REFLECTIONS. OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE persecutions we have just narrated deeply moved the heart of St. Joanna. She saw her most cherished work, the foundation of the Carmelite monastery in her native city, so seriously threatened. She beheld the miraculous image of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, exposed to insult and profanation, and saw the confraternity of the most holy Scapular dissolved and dispersed.

Who can imagine the anguish of her soul? No more could she write and pour out her heart to her spiritual protector, St. Simon Stock. She, however, prayed more than ever and increased her austerities. Heaven hearkened to her desires, and granted them beyond measure.

She witnessed the great miracle wrought by the most Blessed Virgin, when the son of the judge of Toulouse was so fearfully punished for his audacity. She saw the conversion of the same young man, and how he made most generous and edifying reparation for his attempted outrage.

She had hoped against hope. The endeavor of Vignes, ready to kill the Carmelites, to burn down their monastery, and to destroy the statue of the holy Virgin, reminded her of that which befell St. Paul, when an unbeliever, and on his way to Damascus. In each case, the intended crime was enormous, the change wonderful.

Doubtless, the heart of Vignes was not so bad. He blasphemed and muttered what he did not know, and in the uprightness of his soul, fully believed that, in crushing all and everything at the instigation of the Jewish party, he was rendering a service to humanity.

Similar spectacles we may witness in our own day. How many good and otherwise honest people are convinced that, by persecuting the Church, our clergy, and the monks and sisters, they deserve popular applause! It is our most heartfelt desire that, through the intercession of St. Joanna, they, too, like Vignes, the son of the Jewish judge of Toulouse, may be so happy as to be converted on their way to Damascus! Indeed, our century must return to God, and to obedience His law; and this can only happen through prayers and miracles.

At the same period—A.D. 1264—there occurred the institution of a Feast day, the solemnity and splendor of which have always, and will always, truly rejoice Christian hearts: namely, the Feast and Processions of the Most Holy Sacrament. This event filled the

mind and heart of St. Joanna with happiness.

Urban IV., St. Thomas Acquinas, St. Bonaventure, St. Louis of France, St. Joanna of Toulouse, the Blessed Juliana of Mt. Cormillon, St. Simon Stock : all appear to my mental vision, forming a magnificent circle of worshippers of God, hidden in the Eucharist, under the sacramental species !

Behold the strange contrasts presented by the thirteenth century ; a period of time extolled by one party, and decried by the other. The most wonderful faith, and the most criminal habits are presented, side by side ; sanctity and barbarism have both their disciples and followers.

We now come to treat of Saint Raymond, of Falgar. He was a Bishop, and occupied his see during thirty-seven years. Powerful, equally, in words and deeds, his episcopacy was the most fruitful of good, which the church-history of Toulouse could record.

Protector of the Carmelites, of St. Joanna, and of everything worthy and noble in his diocese, he never grew weary, nor relaxed in his warfare against the heresy of his time, the audacity of which continued to be exhibited, incessantly, threatening the Catholic Faith, and imperiling the salvation of souls.

His enemies, who were, at the same time, enemies of the Church, brought against him all kinds of calumnies, even accusing him of simony and immorality. The Roman court, at first perplexed by such charges, became, in due time, enlightened as to the true state of affairs, and did full justice to this irreproachable Prelate, who had come to Rome, to plead his cause before the Holy See.

All these trials and tribulations arising from satanic influences, against the religious, and the most saintly persons of her time, and of her country, induced St. Joanna to detach herself more and more from worldly affections, and to increase her attachment to heavenly objects, alone. God, and the salvation of souls were her only passion. These inclinations, far from weakening with age, only grew the stronger. Amidst her solitary hours, she was interested in everything that concerns the Church.

In the year 1270, she heard that Saint Louis, a great and devoted protector of Mount Carmel, was about to visit the Holy Land, having heartily favored the new Crusade inaugurated against the Turks. In the same year, her cousin Jane, Countess of Toulouse, with her husband, Alphonse of Poitiers, passed through Toulouse.

It is not certain whether or not Joanna, our recluse, received her illustrious relatives, but we can safely say that, during all the time, and all the festivities in honor of their presence in the city, she never ceased to pray for their spiritual happiness, and for the noble and pious enterprise of the saintly Louis.

Alas ! the end of this crusade was not a happy one. In the year 1270, St. Louis died in a foreign land, Tunis, in Africa, being before his very eyes. Jane, of Toulouse, and Alphonse, of Poitiers, after their return to Europe, died in Genoa, leaving no children. The county of Toulouse was then definitely united with the crown of France.

Philip III., surnamed "The Bold," eldest son of St. Louis, succeeded his father by the right of inheritance. From this moment, our local history loses its importance. The *Capitouls*—gentlemen of the Chapter—no more play a political part.

Meanwhile, the life of St. Joanna was not, entirely, an unbroken web made up of cross and thorns. In the midst of her sadness, the Lord favored her with some pious joys.

In the year 1265—one so trying to the Carmelites—our Saint saw the general chapter of the Order held at Toulouse. This chapter selected Fr. Nicolaus Francois, a Toulousian, to be the successor of St. Simon Stock. Father Nicolaus was succeeded, A.D. 1270, by the Most Rev. Fr. Radulph de Fresburn, by birth an Englishman. In the general chapter, held at Bordeaux, A.D. 1273, Mt. Rev. Fr. Peter de Molland was elected. He was the last general of the Order whom St. Joanna knew.

In the year 1270, Raymond of Falgar died, and St. Joanna rejoiced to see elected Bertrand de l'Isle Jourdain to the Episcopal See of Toulouse. He was, to her, a protector and father. In him she found a friend of God, and a kindred soul. In fact, this Prelate was a cousin of our Saint, being, by the mother, a grandson of Raymund V., Count of Toulouse. At his own expense, he built the choir of the present cathedral of that city. No church, no religious community in his diocese was overlooked when he lavished his riches on worthy Christian objects.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST YEARS OF ST. JOANNA. HER HOLY DEATH. CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. AFFAIRS IN EUROPE. EVENTS IN FRANCE. IN TOULOUSE.

Peace reigned supreme in Toulouse, the Carmelites and the Confraternity were no longer harassed, and an opportunity was given to St. Joanna to throw aside all earthly care and anxiety. She now gave her thoughts solely to things celestial, passing her days in the delights of contemplation.

We find more details of her angelic life in the writings of the Carmelite Father John Paleonidorus (1495) and others contemporary with, and subsequent to, him. These authors tell us enthusiastically, and none the less truly, that Joanna of Toulouse was, indeed, a faithful imitator of the Virgin Mother of God and first among the consecrated daughters of Carmel. She was a beacon-light on the holy Mount three centuries before the great Teresia had shed lustre on modern times. This woman, par excellence, St. Joanna, was among the first to tread the cross-covered path of the cloister, and the first to embrace the strict Rule of St. Albert. She, seraphic virgin and unspotted dove, gave herself up to every act of suffering, sacrifice and self-renunciation. Silence and solitude were her constant companions. Paragon of every Christian virtue, like a wise virgin, she followed after the Lamb with her lamp ever trimmed, and never swerved from the path which led to perfection. Perseveringly, she trod the rugged way to Calvary until at length before her vision, in all its glory, burst forth the glory of the Son of God.

Mary Immaculate was her daily model, and Mary herself conducted the saint into the sanctuary of the holy Spirit, where, in ecstacy, her soul was lost in transports of divine love.

But Heaven was jealous of earth, and the winged harvesters were sent to cull this fair flower, whose sweet odor was henceforth to diffuse itself throughout the heavenly courts. The peaceful passing—some call it death—of St. Joanna to the company of the angelic hosts, took place on the last day of March, 1286, under the Pontificate of Pope Honorius the Fourth.

The precious remains of the Saint were conveyed to the Church of the Carmelites, where members of the Scapular Society and throngs of the laity came to venerate the precious relics. Long after death, the face of the holy virgin retained its former beauty and freshness. With great pomp and ceremony the body was deposited in the chapel of St. Martial. Miraculous cures were wrought daily at her tomb. When the remains of St. Joanna sought their last resting place, the world saw the last of the illustrious line of Raymund IV.

* * * * *

The 13th Century was drawing to a close. Till now the spirit of Faith had cemented Christian Europe, and sweet Charity held unruly princes in captive bonds. The voice of Peter was heard and obeyed by ruler and people, and the kingdom of Christ had verily come upon the earth. But now all was changing. The Papacy, always listened to with respect, and which had ever used its influence to procure and augment human happiness, was left unheeded by the restless nations.

From his august throne, the Pope beheld Germany torn by cruel intestine war. The Electors of the Holy Empire were strongly divided on the choice of a leader, and Albert of Austria had sent to an untimely grave his rival Adolphus of Nassau. Ecclesiastical thunderbolts fell powerless before the fires belching from such stormy battlements.

Rome itself—Eternal city of the illustrious Pontiffs! feigned an attempt to overthrow the Papal throne, erecting in its stead, for the nonce, a so-called Roman Empire whose confines were circumscribed by the walls of the city itself.

Philip, the Fair, King of France, being at war with King Richard of England, scorning the proffered pontifical mediation, fell under the ban of excommunication. But all to no purpose. Most of the clergy and nobility went so far as to form an unholy alliance against the Holy Father; and the Pope's legates were dishonored and thrown into dungeons. In vain, by way of conciliation, did Pope Boniface VIII. proceed to canonize Saint Louis, predecessor of an unworthy successor—Philip the Fair. Blind to all ecclesiastical favors, the French King insisted on his so-called royal rights, and backed up his angry threats by sending his officers to insult the Holy Father within the sacred precincts of the pontifical palace.

In these stormy times, Clement V. assumed the tiara. This Pope saw the last of the Order of Templars, and in his days the Papacy sought a temporary abiding place at historic Avignon.

But why all this historic retrogression? Let us yet for a moment keep our eyes on the times of St. Joanna. Notwithstanding the noise without, quietly and securely, Christ, the King of saints was reaping a harvest teeming with spiritual fruits. Toulouse did its share to replenish the divine granary and, as always, the Religious Orders, bearing the heat and labors of the day contributed the best and richest sheafs.

The Canon Regulars of St. Augustin, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, can offer up the laurels won and worn by their brother-martyrs of Avignonnet. The Cistercians have their Blessed Foulques, and Peter of Castelnau and the Brother Minors St. Louis of Anjou.

During these days the monks and nuns of the Order of Mount Carmel may well feel proud of the part they played in peopling the Calendar of hallowed names. Theirs was no small share of the harvest. Scholars and saints there were among them and they gave glory to the priesthood. In pointing out a living model of heroic virtue in these days of revolt and disobedience, they have not to go far. We have an example here before us in the life of the great virgin—ornament of her Order—glory of her people and true Child of Mary—Saint Joanna of Toulouse.

[End of Part I.]

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"*Parents are generally more careful to bestow wit on their children than virtue; the art of speaking well than of doing well; but their manners ought to be the greatest concern.*"—FULLER.

FAITH FENTON was bundled off to Miss Shemale's School. But her days there were few. In after years, when she grew up to be grave Sister Fidelia, she used to laughingly retail amusing bits of her experience there.

"Strange set of girls they were, those giddy schoolmates of mine," she would say. "They had queer notions behind their bangs. How they would plan for the future and build castles in the air. Some of them thought that in order to sail smoothly through the world, it was only necessary to have a curling iron and a thirty-nine cent manicure set. Poor dears! they thought all perfection consisted in writing in a nice vertical hand on the loveliest pink paper, or talking in the most elegant Bostonese. They would go into ecstases during Benediction and, perhaps, aver they had had a beautiful vision and in the morning fly off on a tangent because some other girl said 'she did not know enough to keep her hat on straight.' I don't believe some of them had a serious thought during chapel services. One day I asked my room-mate what struck her most forcibly during the sermon. 'Why,' she replied after taking the gum out of her mouth, 'why Father X has lovely hands, they are simply elegant.'

"On one occasion I mortally offended the red-headed stage-struck girl in our class, who was to do Portia on the next commencement day. She deigned to ask me, as a compliment, which play of Shakespere I preferred. I replied that *Twelfth Night* was nice.

"'Can you repeat any of it?' asked the would-be actress.

"As an answer I quoted

Women are as roses—whose fair flower
Being once displayed falls that very hour.

"'Ah! Miss Fenton,' she said, 'you should go and bury yourself—why, you are unfit for this world. Go and read up your Lives of the Saints, and you will wind up in a nunnery, which, you know, George Eliot called a mild kind of an insane asylum.'

"To-day," continued Sister Fidelia, "that same woman would throw all her cooks and coaches to the dogs could she for a day taste the sweet peace and happiness of the cloister.

"Poor children! How they would drum away for hours at waltz music, giving little thought to the necessary culture of womanly dignity and usefulness."

Culture, forsooth! At the risk of interrupting good Sister Fidelia, let us pause and drink in the truth of this

common-sense comment of a Catholic editor—who said :

"There is a vast amount of rubbish afloat in these days to which the name of culture is given ; but for which devil's drift or drivel would be a more fitting title. Men and women prate about everything, from God, the human soul, the world of matter, eternity, to a new wash for the hair, or the neatest thing out in bonnets, with equal zest and equal profundity. Puppies who hardly know how to read assume the air of placidly despairing atheists, and girls "prate protoplasm in gilded saloons." Conversation has assumed a vague, nasty, effeminate tone, with no bone or marrow, or common sense manhood in it. Men and women and things are "lovely," "sweet," or "perfectly delightful," or "quite too awfully horrid," or "impossible," instead of being honestly right or wrong, good or bad. Delicate words and phrases are constructed to cover bold indelicacy or bold indecency. A gauzy veil is thrown over naked sin, and a superfine sense of a refined world is shocked that decent people can not gaze with calm eyes at indecency so gracefully veiled. This is the new culture, the development of the esthetic sense of which we learn so much. It shows itself in modern art and the favorite literature of the day ; the one jejune or debasing or low in itself ; the other meretricious and elaborately corrupt. It becomes more and more a duty to study Catholic literature, to frequent as much as possible Catholic society, or, better still, to multiply truly cultivated Catholic homes and firesides."

But to return to Sister Fidelia's reminiscences :

"In recalling names," she said, "I must confess I was more amused than enchanted by the girls' Christian(?) names.

"I remember one girl in particular. Her parents, and I say it not to their discredit, came to Castle Garden as poor as church-mice. Their child, born in the dark damp steerage, was soon after christened and called plain Bridget. As time went on, the father bossed a gang of Italians and getting up in the world, and besides having a 'pull,' as they say, in his ward, was able to move his household goods beyond the limits of Paradise Alley. Now his better half could go to church in a gorgeous blazor jacket and Madamoiselle Bridget went to the big Academy—but Bridget was too common a name, so on her immaculate linen was conspicuously stamped 'Miss Birdie X.'

"The only falling out I ever had at school happened on All Hallow E'en. It was all over my own name 'Faith.' Daisy Blank was engineering a practical joke on the 'Saint' as they called me. But I appeared suddenly in their council chamber and spoiled all their fun. I told them they ought to be preparing to go to Confession for All Saints—that it was not right to be eating so much fruit and confectionery on a vigil and fast day. One of the smart girls,—the one who said she was glad October was gone since she would be rid of the never-ending Beads,—she remarked that she was willing to wager a box of caramels, if I could bring a proof that I was really named after a saint. I told her she might keep her abominable sweet-meats. However, I would make another pious bargain. The person in question had the bad habit of laying aside the Scapular of Mt. Carmel, and she was to agree never to take it off if I could prove from my favorite Lives of the Saints that there *was* a St. Faith. I easily gained my

wager, and got a splendid chance to rub in a good moral lesson.

"I related briefly the story—a true one, of the virgin-martyrs and devoted sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity. Chaste and pure they were, more so, indeed, than the fabled icicle which, we are told, was curded from purest snow and hung on Diana's temple. These sisters were carefully educated by their pious mother Sophie. They naturally fell an easy prey to the wicked officers who carried out the diabolical work of the cruel Emperor Hadrian. Riches, honors, in fact all that the world treasures most, was offered to these valiant maidens would they but sacrifice their faith and virtue. Threats nor promises they heeded not, and young and tender as they were, they sought and gained the martyr's crown.

"The lesson I drew for my giddy companions was, of course, that having the example of such Christians before us what folly it was to pamper and adorn our miserable bodies to the detriment of our own and the souls of others. What nonsense to lose our sleep thinking of some new cure for wrinkles, and neglecting to give our conscience a spiritual massage-treatment, so to speak, by stirring it up occasionally. Then I spoke of the dangers of these wicked modern days. I told them no decent girl should flirt or dance ; that she had one foot in hell as soon as she took up a bad novel, and so on.

"In the beginning curiosity made them listen to me, but, by and by, they became interested, and, I think, really did listen to the prompting of their consciences. At least, I never saw so many of them go to holy Communion before. It seems hard to be hammering at the girls. I hope they will forgive me, but, let me whisper it, the boys can put it all in their pipes and smoke it—if they do not all indulge in cigarettes, a luxury unknown to most girls.

"To make my story short," concluded good Sister Fidelia, "the girls could not resume their nut-eating when I stopped talking. They were to receive holy Communion and must go to bed fasting now, for the midnight matin bell over at the monastery already announced the coming of All Saints.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"*While there is hope left, let not the weakness of sorrow make the strength of resolution languish.*—Sir P. Sidney.

After Faith's departure things at Boomfield, for a time, ran on in the even tenor of their way. Doctor Pillroller's rheumatic annihilator refused to annihilate, so poor old Mrs. Werker commenced to speak of going back to the farm to live, where she was sure she would find instant relief in Mrs. Somebody's herb-tea. Charity was of course to accompany her mother, and, in Fenton's presence, expressed pleasure in doing so. Such remarks of hers gave Fenton a shivering sensation. Something must be done quickly, or the bird would be out of the cage and he would be checkmated. He would put his troubled thoughts into a letter to Cutting. Perhaps 'twas better, for did not old Doctor Johnson say that "in a man's letters his soul lies naked."

Unknown to Charity, Fenton had had a confidential chat with Padre Angelo, after which he became very taciturn. Charity noticed this, and was bound to know the Why and Wherefore. She was left none the wiser. She tried all female schemes to pump him, but it was useless.

"Oh!" she would say to herself, "if Harry would at least say a word—or even write it down!"

We all know the pangs of silence between friend and friend. Perhaps we could say of Charity that

"Words may be shafts that wound with piercing dart,
When anger severs heart from yearning heart;
But gladly would she bear their pain who knows
How deeper far the pain of silence goes."

One gleam of hope came in this note of Doctor Cutting's. It ran briefly:

"DEAR FENTON,—Am awfully busy. Couldn't get up to Boomfield. Lady patients steal a fellow's time. Everything between you and Charity will be 'O.K.' She is willing, and speaks of leaving only to give you a hint. Break the ice, old boy! Entre nous, I myself am *somewhat* interested in someone. Remember the woman in the ambulance? We are both in luck, eh? We will come out even in the game—in other words a stalemate. Looks that way. You have your fish landed all right. But for me luck may change. It will be a great day when good Padre Angelo joins in wedlock you and Charity—Rose and me. Advent is approaching, so wake up.

P.M.C."

That night Fenton put the awful question to Charity. Their only witness was our Lady of Carmel, who looked out of the beautiful gilt frame hanging in the studio.

"Some wills and contracts have codicils, my dear. Have you any suggestions?" asked Fenton of Charity next day.

"Yes, Harry. You must explain everything satisfactorily to Father Angelo," replied Charity.

"That's all right. I saw him and had a talk."

"Of course you did, but it more concerned Italian opera and the weather than it did the main question."

"I'll see him again, but I fear he will scold, Charity."

"No fear, Harry, he is all kindness and gentleness. You remember, how, preaching on the Blessed Virgin, he said we must be quiet, sweet, courteous and gentle to all if we wish to imitate Mary. The padre practices what he preaches, as you will see."

"There was none of this trouble, dear Charity, at my first wedding. It was quiet and over in a jiffy. The only show was the wedding breakfast."

"Rather pagan, Harry, but next time we will be married at Mass in the church, like Christians, not in the parlor. We will go to Confession and Communion, and thus bring a blessing in place of a curse upon our married life."

After dismissing Harry Fenton, Charity retired to her little oratory where she tried to rid herself of worldly thoughts and perform some little acts of devotion for the poor souls, especially since this second day of November was devoted to these suffering saints. She picked up a little Carmelite Manual and, commencing to read, she tried to recollect herself by doing sheer violence to her rebellious imagination.

The first passage in the book which presented itself was this saying of St. Augustine:

"*I pray for the souls departed, that when they have entered into eternal bliss, they may not forget to pray for me.*"

The last words "pray for me" gave birth to a resolution in Charity's mind. She resolved, there and then, to offer

some special prayers for the poor souls and this she would do at once. She was convinced they would help her. Her mind was now at ease, as she devoutly kissed her holy Scapular before retiring.

A barrel of opiates would not suffice to bring sleep to Fenton's eyes. His thoughts came fast and furious. When he did get to sleep, after the milk man had rattled past, it was only to dream of the inevitable chess-board. The pawns were tumbling all over his tortured brain. His head was the playing-board, and the queens swept rapidly here and there, and the bishops and knights carried on a hot battle. His own playing-pieces seemed to go against him, and one of his pieces, a "bishop" nearly cost him the game.

"Check! That finishes it, and I have captured your queen. You better resign!" the adversary seemed to cry.

"No, no! I have yet one more move," Fenton seemed to say. He pulled himself together for a supreme effort—threw out his arms—and struck the picture of the Queen of Carmel hanging over his head. Down upon him came the picture and he was wide awake.

"Significant!" he said to himself. "Perhaps it is a reproach. Here I am gone to sleep without my Scapular on. I must not leave it off again."

Then he recalled the dream. The chess game was so life-like. He could see his "bishop" flying here and there—symbolical, it seemed, of the prelates of the Church fighting for the integrity and indissolubility of the holy marriage bond, and guarding it against the abuses of a sensual and hyper-refined age. "Thus far and no farther! Woe be to transgressors!" he could hear these fearless churchmen say.

"There is no use fighting Providence," he mused, "or in doing violence to my conscience. I will do justice to Charity, cost what it will, and I'll go straight to Father Angelo. My Scapular strings pull me along duty's path and they are held fast by the powerful arm of prayer. And for once let me utter a morning prayer—just as mother taught me long ago. Help me, Carmel's Queen, while my heart recites an act of faith, hope and charity!

At 7 o'clock Fenton started for Father Angelo's house. He met Charity coming home from Mass which she had heard for the poor souls. Fenton was ignorant of all this, and asked Charity if the priest was yet up and around.

"Such a question, Harry!" she exclaimed. "Why, Father has been up since 4 o'clock, meditated and prayed for an hour and offered holy Mass."

"Goes to bed at sunset, I suppose," said Fenton.

"To bed? Why, he was out nearly all night visiting the sick and dying," replied Charity.

Padre Angelo with a benign smile and sweet low voice greeted Harry Fenton, and seemed ready to devote hours to him, although a thousand worrying duties awaited him elsewhere. The priest saw Fenton was nervous and excited, so he gave him a cigar as a sedative, and took down his violin, as if getting ready for pleasure rather than business. As he softly played a bar or so of an *Ave Maria*, he turned to Fenton and said, pointing to his violin:

"This teaches us harmony. Sin and disobedience brought discord into the world. The world would be one sweet song only for the devil, who tries to tune everything to the pitch of his own fiery fork, whose sound has the serpent's hissing sound. Yes, he

would destroy, disrupt, disunite, divorce all that keeps time to God's laws—and, speaking of divorce reminds me of the curse—misery—if we apply it to matrimony, it has wrought on society."

The bell rang. Fenton was glad, for he was nervously expecting a long lecture from the priest. So he got up to go, promising to put off his wedding until after Christmas. He would, he said, in all things abide by the priest's decision. He meant what he said.

That day Fenton left hurriedly for the South, hastily telling Charity, that urgent business called him away. Moreover, he told her that everything was practically arranged, and that in a month, about New Years, they would be enjoying a happy honeymoon.

"May heaven hasten the happy day, Harry, but," said Charity, "at times 'the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang oft agley,' as the poet says."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," we read, and the truth of it was illustrated in Charity's face. She gave a longing look to the picture of the Madonna, who had never abandoned her. Opposite was the famous picture of the chess-players—reminding her of the gains and losses, and strange freaks of luck in the game of life.

Fenton stood at the door. His face reflected a breaking heart, although he tried to look indifferent. He raised his arms as if to wipe away Charity's tears, and turning around he was off to the train, saying in a tearful voice, Goodbye—Auf Wiedersehen!

CHAPTER XIX.

"*What cannot exist together had better separate.*"—SCHILLER.

Rose Wither's wedding was approaching rapidly. Dr. Cutting had told her that nothing remained to be done except drive to the church. But in the low depths of her heart she knew that something important had yet to be accomplished. Would it separate her from the Doctor? Perish the thought! But the thought remained. Conscience was awakening. Resolves made in our Blessed Lady's name had to be carried into execution. The salvation of her soul was at stake. Must the poor girl remain a deceiver, a hypocrite? "*Yes!*" said the tempter. "*No!*" said her guardian angel. It was now a silent battle to the death. Which banner would she follow—Cutting or Conscience?

"Poor, dear Doctor! He means well," said Rose to herself. "His noble heart led him to lift me from the lowest depths. I owe all to him. Do we love each other? Heaven knows! Must we separate? Why should we? Ah! but the dream! The warning! What of that? Will I defy Providence? Will I thus repay my dear Queen of Carmel, her whose Scapular shielded me? No, no! Help me, Mother! I am weak and faint of heart. Hold me up thou Help of Christians! Point the way, O Queen Immaculate, and I *will* follow, be the road strewn with coarsest thorns."

Rose was just recovering from a fainting spell as Cutting entered. She calmed his fears by telling him that she had been worrying over milliners' bills and what not, and asked him for a little cologne.

"Just like women. In cases of this kind, Rose, a good confession is sometimes the best tonic," replied Cutting.

"You are tonic enough for me, Doctor," said Rose with a forced laugh.

"I have a bit of disappointing news, Rose," went on the Doctor. "It will

not change *our* dates. Fenton is away, and can't be here. However, his fancee will be here in a day or so. She is bringing her invalid mother. She is a nice old lady. Hope you'll be kind to her. She needs careful nursing."

"Oh! talk of anything but sick people just now, Doctor. I want something to cheer me up," said Rose.

'All right!" said the Doctor. "I suppose it will be no breach of confidence—for it is a public secret—if I say the young bone-setters here are getting a lovely cross, entwined in forget-me-nots, for you, and for me they have a pretty scarf-pin with a beautiful golden anchor set in it. They asked me if I would not prefer a golden heart, but I left it to their choice."

"Talking of secrets, suppose I should say my name is not Miss Withers?" half inaudibly said Rose, as the Doctor ran to answer his emergency bell.

"Oh, well, my darling!" he shouted back. "No matter what you were called. It is now a question of a few days, and then no power on earth will prevent you from being called Mrs. Doctor Cutting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

By Rev. Theo. J. McDonald.

THOSE whom we understand by the term "Saints," taken in its widest sense, are all persons united to God by sanctifying grace, be they in Heaven, on earth, or in Purgatory. Taken in its strict sense, are men, and by analogy, angels, who enjoy the beatific vision of God in heaven. But those who enjoy the benefits of the communion of saints, are all persons, saints and sinners, who belong by baptism to the mystic body of Christ. The *cultus* of the saints, as the theologians call it, is an act of religion, by which we give them proper honor and veneration. This *cultus* is either interior or exterior, the former being that which is in the mind alone, without any outward manifestation, whilst the latter is always outwardly expressed either by words or signs. In the outward manifestation, we express the esteem and the love we have for them in our hearts; and whilst esteeming and loving them, we rejoice in their felicity, as though it were our own; for love is common among friends. Love underlies the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. All holy persons are united to God by the golden bond of charity. It is charity that gives the impulse, that reaches out, and produces that interchange of holy offices between the members of the different states of Christ's Church. These different states, however, the Triumphant in Heaven, the Militant on earth, and the Suffering in Purgatory, are but one and the same Church, as they constitute but the one mystic body of Christ, of which He is the head. It is a glorious privilege, to belong to the mystic body of Christ, and live in fellowship with Christ and with one another. Saint

John said to the people whom he instructed in the mysteries of faith: "You may have fellowship with us, and fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. Saint Paul also told the Colossians, to rejoice in the enjoyment of such a privilege. He said: "Giving thanks with joy to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers, of the lot of the saints of light.

Let us here, consider the sanctity of the militant Church on earth, which in spite of her human side, is entitled to that characteristic mark, clear and distinct above any society, that has ever been organized since the foundation of the human race. Persons casting a glance over the world, and viewing society in its present condition, perceive a tendency amongst millions of civilized people to worship the three great idols of the age, ambition, gold, and lust; or, to speak more correctly, they see multitudes of worshippers kneeling at their unholy shrines. Therefore, taking these things into consideration, and looking at the dark side of human society, they come to the conclusion that there are but few holy people, or if you will, few saints on earth. This is a mistaken notion; they ought to know that God is a hidden God; that His most precious gifts to His creatures, in the supernatural order, though not always, are for the most part hidden. "The beauty of the King's daughter is from within." We have a long roll in the catalogue of the saints; their lives shine like beacon lights coming down to us through the ages of Christianity even until now. But there are innumerable hosts of saints in every country, whose lives are hidden from and despised by the world. They look so much like other people, that one would never suspect them to be saints. They lead interior lives; their hearts are altars, from which their self-sacrifice, their devotion and their love, go up like a holy incense, before the throne of their Creator. They carry the cross in the footsteps of their divine Master; at times it is heavy, and in the hour of trial, it sometimes is so weighty, that the heart is crushed, but from the depths of their resignation and their love, comes forth an odor of sweetness pleasing in the sight of their Redeemer. Over all this holiness is thrown the mantle of humility, for the world is not worthy to draw aside the curtain, and cast its unholy gaze down into the depths of such hidden sanctity.

But there are others whose lives are public and whose virtues cannot be hidden, and these constitute the visible sanctity of the Church, a sanctity that stands out so prominently before the world, that only those blinded by passion fail to see it. If any one doubt this statement, it would be well to remember, that the holiness of the members of the Triumphant Church in heaven, depends on the holiness of the members of the Militant Church on earth. It is only those, and those alone, who were holy in the Church on earth, at least departing out of this life, that now inhabit the triumplant Church in heaven. The twenty-four millions of martyrs, who now stand before the throne of God, clothed in purple garments and bearing in their hands the palms of victory, were once the children of the Church on earth. The host of virgins whom Saint John saw following the Lamb, with the crowns of their virginity sparkling on their brows, and singing a new canticle that no others could sing, were nurtured in the bosom of the militant

Church. As long as the world lasts, a large number of the children of the Church will be ever prominent for their holiness, for they are the outward product of the operation of the Holy Ghost, working within the bosom of the Spouse of Christ. As well might you expect to find a valley favorably situated, rich in the fertility of its soil, watered by the limpid streams of an unfailing river, without flowers and fruit, as to find the Catholic Church without a host of holy and self-sacrificing members.

The spirit of sacrifice is ever in the Church, and ever has been from the beginning. As soon as the sword of persecution had been sheathed, and the early Christians had come forth from the catacombs, with a sense of security and peace, a new impulse began to actuate the minds of men in their search after a higher state of life. Numbers left the world to commune with God alone, and pour out their petitions for their fellow-men whom they left behind. But the recluse could not bury himself deep enough in the solitude of the wilderness, to protect him from the intercourse of men. Disciples flocked around him and, in an incredibly short time, in place of the hermit's cell, the stately monastery arose. The industry of the monks changed the desert from a lonely solitude, to a fertile paradise, and not unfrequently the city grew up around the monastery. Thus the desert of Thebaid was peopled with religious at a very early period in the history of theChurch, and it is to that period we owe the lives of the Fathers of the Desert who reveal to us a new world, entirely opposed to the world in which we live. The disinterestedness, the self-sacrifice, the love of God and their neighbor, the simplicity and the sublime sanctity of these holy men, come down to us like a benediction through the ages of the world. But this religious movement, this striving after a higher degree of perfection, is not confined to any particular period in the history of the Church. The spirit of God is always active, and His fruits are always operating in the lives of the members of the mystic body of Christ. Hence, at all periods, religious bodies were multiplied, and, even at the present day, the Church is not wanting in the number of her holy and self-sacrificing children.

One of the characteristic marks of the saints on earth is charity; a charity that knows no bounds, a charity, that is stronger than death, towards their neighbor, whether the neighbor may be a saint or a sinner, or whether he may be a friend or a foe. The priest enters the pest-house, where the air is laden with the vapor of death, and though he were certain that his life was at stake, he would willingly make the sacrifice, to administer the last sacraments to the dying Christian. The Sister of Charity moves in a poisoned atmosphere, to bring consolation to the dying, hope and resignation to the suffering; the young man and the young virgin, leave the home of their parents, when there is question of bearing the light of the Gospel to the pagan, seated in darkness and in the shadow of death. Every tie that bound them to the earth is broken; the most sacred love of parents, the deep affection of relatives and friends, that twined around their young hearts, are rent asunder, and they go forth with joy because there is a soul to be rescued from ruin. No distance is too long, no solitude too frightful, no land too inhospitable, to deter them, not even the jungles of

Africa or India, when there is a hope of gaining one soul to God.

If then, the children of earth, weak as they are, bearing the sad inheritance of a fallen race, the heirs to many natural infirmities, can sacrifice all things for the love of their neighbor, what must be the ardor of the saints in heaven for our salvation? Here we see God as it were in a dark mirror, there we shall see Him face to face. But what is it to see Him face to face? It is to enjoy the Beatific Vision, to be bathed in an infinite ocean of beauty and love, to be transfigured into a more perfect likeness of Him who is the joy of the blessed. There the knowledge of the saints is perfected; there, they see the value of the soul; there, they understand what its loss would entail; and above all, as far as the finite can penetrate the depths of the infinite, they see and appreciate the value of the Blood of Jesus Christ, that was shed for the salvation of men. With what ardent desire, then, must the saints, on fire with divine love and with such a divinely extended knowledge of the soul and the infinite price paid for it, seek the salvation of men. We should, then, entertain for them the deepest veneration and love. We should have recourse to their holy intercession, and to their powerful protection, in all our necessities and in all our wants both spiritual and temporal.

If the saints on earth have suffered so much, and if they have made such sacrifices for the glory of God, for their own salvation, and the salvation of their fellow-men, certainly the people living in the world should take pity on themselves and at least do something for their own salvation. The saints were human as we are, they had passions such as we have, and some of them may have had stronger passions even than ours, but by the grace of God they subdued them. Why should not we, then, subdue ours with the same divine assistance? It is not necessary for us to perform the heroic works of charity which they performed, nor is it necessary for us to leave the world, and bury ourselves in a wilderness, or undergo the mortifications and rigorous fasts that they underwent. But we can at least do a little; we can lead a Christian life, we can hear the Sundays Mass, we can approach the Sacraments even frequently, and restrain ourselves in all things within the bounds of decency and propriety. There is no necessity in going to so many places of amusement. The rage for amusement among the youth of the present day has left the Christian home desolate. This should not be, for after the Church there is no place so sacred or so sweet as home. The poet, who during most of his life had no home, and who frequently felt the want of its protection, immortalized it in song, and his beautiful and plaintive verses will remain ever enshrined in the hearts of the people. It is a pity that this sacred and holy place, where the Christian family dwells, and where the purest joys are felt, should not have a deeper attraction for the pleasure-seeking youth of our day. There are, however, in many places one thing wanting in the home and that is religious pictures, especially of the saints. One can hardly tell on entering many homes whether they are Christian or pagan; instead of a painting of the Crucifixion occupying the most conspicuous place, where one enters, there are the portraits of the most favored ones of the family. Where a painting of the Blesed Virgin or some of the saints should occupy, you find a landscape scene, and in the more humble dwellings, very frequently, there are all kinds of cheap prints which do not indicate that the inmates of such a home are Christian.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

IN the year 1845, the sailing ship King of the Ocean, left the London docks with a full complement of passengers for the far off land of South Australia. Amongst the passengers was a devout English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Fisher and his wife and two children, James and Amelia, aged respectively, about nine and seven. The good ship gallantly ploughed her way through the wild waste of waters until about making her eastward course, some five hundred miles west of Cape Agulhas, where the trade winds generally keep revel with the fierce under-current in that part of the Indian Ocean.

The sun had scarcely sunk beneath the western waters when a wild tornado swept the ocean from the north-west. The waves were lashed into fury, the sails torn to shreds, and all the wooden structure on deck were only as reeds before the angry winds and waves on that memorable occasion. The passengers were sent below; the captain and crew, who had lashed themselves to the deck rigging, were unable to act. Moans of despair and cries of mercy, mingled with prayers, were heard alike from passengers and crew. Wave on wave washed over the apparently doomed boat, and nothing, but the intervention of Providence, could now save her from a watery grave.

The Rev. Mr. Fisher, with his family and others, came on deck and asked all to join in prayer for mercy and forgiveness, as their doom seemed inevitable, but the prayers and cries of help seemed only to be mocked by the hissing and moaning of the infuriated elements.

Amongst the crew was a young Irish sailor, a native of the county Louth, named John M'Auliffe, who opening his vest, took from his neck a pair of Scapulars, given him by a pious mother. He waved them in the form of a cross and then threw them into the ocean.

This action was only witnessed by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, his wife and children. Immediately the waters abated their fury, and the howling tempest calmed, as it were to a zephyr, but a wavelet washed over the side of the boat and cast near the sailor boy the Scapulars he had thrown into the seething foam some minutes before. All was now calm; captain and sailors freed themselves from their lashings and set about re-rigging their boat and steered her safely into Botany harbor.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher approached the sailor boy with deep reverence, and begged of him to let them know what these simple pieces of brown braid and cloth marked B. V. M., signified. When told, they, then and there, promised to join the Faith which has for its protectress and powerful advocate the "Star of the Sea," and "Mother of Help."

On landing at Sydney, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher fulfilled their promises. They repaired to the little wooden chapel of St. Mary, on the

site of which now stands a most gorgeous and magnificent church—and sought the advice and spiritual assistance of the then pious Father Paulding, afterwards Archbishop, by whom they were received within the folds of the Catholic Church.

This good family afterwards settled down on a farm on a nice plateau on the Blue Mountains, distant from Sydney some two hundred miles. The writer, to whom we are indebted for this true and edifying story, had the pleasure of conversing in the same house with James Fisher, the son of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, and heard from him the foregoing facts, and no more devoted and practical members of our holy Faith at the antipodes can be found than the Fisher family of the Blue Mountains, New South Wales.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, CARMELITE.

By Rev. A. E. Farrington, D. D., O. C. C.

SAINTS differ. There are those in whose lives, remarkable though they may be in various ways, we can, nevertheless, recognize much that is perfectly intelligible to the most ordinary mind—much that, pointing suggestively to our own individual position, duties, trials, and graces, we can set before us, as an ideal at least, for our personal imitation. When we read about these Saints, we feel as if it were possible to have boldness enough to put our hands into their kindly grasp, and walk on, at least for a short distance, in the sweet company of their example. This month we celebrate the feast of all the Carmelite Saints—but one of them—glory of his Order—we particularly commemorate on the 24th, namely, St. John of the Cross, therefore let us turn our eyes on him—the master of the interior life.

St. John of the Cross was born in a country which is famous for its Catholicity. Even to this day, it is the glory of the Church. For centuries it held out against the encroachment of the Moors. The Spaniards fought for their altars and their homes with a fierceness and chivalry not to be found in the pages of the history of any country, Catholic Ireland alone excepted. The struggle was long and bloody, but faith triumphed over infidelity, and the standard of the Cross was planted in every city, town, and hamlet from the Bay of Biscay to the Straits of Gibraltar. The Cross replaced the Crescent; the pure of heart, whom Jesus called blessed, drove out the followers of Mahomet. Though the power of the Moors was fast declining, it did not finally die out until 1492 just as America met the gaze of the explorer and fifty years prior to the birth of our Saint.

Even to-day, at the dying hour of this 19th century, grand and noble Catholic Spain valiantly holds aloft the Banner of Christ and Our Lady of Carmel in her colonies and at home, and, undaunted, she fights the cohorts of satan, who under the false pretense of liberty would give death to all that is good and true in the Cuban and the Philippine Isles.

St. John of the Cross was born at Fontibero, in Old Castile, in 1542. His

family name was Yepes. His mother was a woman of great piety, and much devoted to the Blessed Virgin. As the mother, so the child. Jesus and Mary were the first words lipsed by little John Yepes. His love for the Blessed Virgin was unbounded. His confidence in her was recompensed by miracles. One day, at the age of five years, he was playing with some other children near the mouth of a cistern. Distracted by the play, and forgetful of the danger he was in, he fell into the well. His companions cried out for help, and when he was taken out of the well, he was quite dry and uninjured. He told those present that a lady had protected him from danger, and held him in her arms above the water.

On another occasion, as he was trying the depth of a pond, he accidently fell in and went twice under the water; a laborer, attracted by the cries of John's companions, ran to his assistance and helped him out. He said, whilst he was in the water, a lady of great beauty, and magnificently dressed, came to him and offered him her hand, but his being so soiled with the mud of the water, he did not like to give her his hand, she, however, took him by the arm and kept him over the water. This lady was none other than the Mother of God. The enemy of the human race, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, resolved to attack young Yepes. Two years after the above mentioned event, John and his brother Francis went some little distance in the country, when they beheld a furious monster, which was no other than the devil, coming towards them with his mouth open ready to devour them. John, with a courage far beyond that of his age, was not the least alarmed, and without stirring or crying for help, made the sign of the Cross, and the demon at once fled, verifying the words of Scripture, "The eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear Him, He is their powerful protector," "Thou art my protector and refuge."

At the age of nine years, he had a great love for the Cross and for mortification. His good Mother, whose eyes were ever upon him, often found him both night and day, pouring forth his soul to God in prayer. She left nothing undone to enourage him in his devotions and the practice of every virtue. He was sent to school to Medina, where he was a model for the children of the school. He was modest, thoughtful, circumspect and most docile to his teachers. His manner was so composed that he attracted the attention of everyone. His progress in his lessons was very great. He possessed a genius of the first order, and had an extraordinary memory. Every spare moment was given to piety, and his devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar was very great. He heard several Masses in the morning, and served many others; showing such recollection and fervor, as to astonish all that beheld him. When thirteen years old, his mother had to take him from school, as she was too poor to defray the expense of his education. He willingly returned home, resigned himself to divine Providence, and joined the hospital corps. He acquited himself with such activity, sweetness, and zeal, that he attracted all hearts towards him, even the most troublesome invalids. He never ceased consoling them and applying remedies to their maladies. His manner, and the exactness with which he fulfilled all his duties animated the

officials in the discharge of theirs. Notwithstanding his numerous occupations, he found time to devote himself to prayer and meditation on the Passion of Jesus Christ. He gave little time to rest or recreation, and mortified his body by sleeping on the floor and taking very little nourishment. Thus he laid the foundation of that great sanctity which made him so great in the eyes of God.

The minister of the hospital was delighted with his extraordinary piety, and sent him to study at the college of the Jesuits. With prayers and tears he besought God to direct him in the way he should go. "Show me, oh Lord, the way I should go, and thou, O Sacred Virgin, who wast always my protector, be to me a guide, in an office in which my eternal salvation is concerned!" God, who sometimes conceals himself, as it were, under a cloud, that He may afterwards show forth with greater glory the humility of His servants and the designs of His Providence, kept John for a long time in great doubt and perplexity.

One day, as he prayed with greater fervor than usual, he heard a voice from heaven, which said to him, "You will enter into a Religious Order, wherein you will contribute much to re-establish its ancient observance." Those words so impressed him, that they became deeply engraved in his heart. He besought God, more earnestly than ever, to let him know more fully His Divine Will in the matter, so that he might commence that life, which He wished him to lead.

The Carmelites had at that time a convent at Medina, and in honor of the Blessed Virgin and in honor of her mother, they called it the convent of St. Anne. John was looking about on every side, to know what religious order he was to enter, and was much struck with the Carmelites. They were very holy men, and much devoted to the Blessed Virgin; he believed this was the one God had designed for him. Having thanked his benefactor for all his kindness towards him, he went out, cast himself at the feet of the superior of the monastery, and asked to be permitted to receive the habit of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. He was admitted on the feast of St. Mathias. His mother lost much in losing her dear son. St. Teresa, in consideration of her great piety, some years after, had her supported for the remaining years of her life, and on her death had her interred in the monastery.

Never was there a novice, who fulfilled with more zeal and exactness the duties of his calling, than did John of St. Mathias. He commenced by studying the spirit of his vocation. Having entered into the house of God, he forgot all that he left behind him in the world. His only desire was to live for Christ alone, continually occupied with the love of his Savior.

The sweetest moments of his life were those he spent before the altar. Obedient to the voice of his superior, he learned how to obey without asking any reasons for so doing. He loved his cell. The Book of the Holy Gospels and the "Imitation of Christ" were his constant companions. From these he took the subject of his mediations, the rule of his conduct, and learned that perfect self-denial, which, in cutting away from the very roots all the obstacles which he had to overcome, in order to arrive at the summit of that evangelical perfection which he so fully shows in his own book on the "Ascent of Mount Carmel."

As a novice, he was a model for all.

After the usual time of probation, he made his profession. His zeal, far from abating after his novitiate, was continually on the increase. His superiors recognizing his great abilities as well as holiness, determined on sending him to Salamanca to complete his higher studies. The austerities he practised there were excessive. He chose for his cell a little dark hole at the end of the dormitory. A hollow board, something like a grave was his bed. He platted himself so rough a hair shirt that, at the least motion, it pricked his body to blood. His fasts and other mortifications were incredible. By these means he studied to die to the world and to himself, and by assiduous prayer and contemplation in silence and retirement, he gave wings to his soul. He lays down in his works as a fundamental maxim of perfection, that a person should study, in the first place, to do all their actions in union with those of Jesus Christ, desiring to imitate him, and to put on His spirit. This was his own practice. His second rule was to mortify his senses in all things, denying them whatever did not seem most to contribute to the glory of God, whether in his hearing, seeing, or other senses. It was his desire to be a lay brother, but this was refused him. He had distinguished himself in his course of theological studies, and, in 1567, being twenty-five years old, he was promoted to the priesthood. He prepared himself to offer his First holy Mass by humiliation, fasts, penitential tears, fervent prayers, and long meditations on the sufferings of our Divine Reedemer; deeply imprinting His precious wounds in his heart, and sacrificing himself, his will, and all his actions with his Savior, in raptures of love and devotion.

Saint Teresa was busy in establishing her reformation of the Carmelites, and coming to Medina del Campo, heard speak of the extraordinary virtue of brother John. Whereupon she desired to see him, admired his spirit, and told him that God had called him to sanctify himself in the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel: that she had received authority from the General to found two reformed houses of men, and that he himself should be the first instrument of so great a work. Soon after she founded her first Monastery of men in a poor house in the village of Durvelle. John, who had acquiesced in her proposal, entered this new Bethlehem, in a perfect spirit of sacrifice, was soon joined by others, who all renewed their Profession in the year 1568. This was the beginning of the Bare-footed Carmelites. He now changed his name of John of St. Mathias, to that of John of the Cross. So great were the austerities of the primitive Carmelites, that St. Teresa saw it necessary to procure a mitigation. The odor of their sanctity in their poor, obscure house spread all over Spain, and St. Teresa soon established a second convent at Pastrane, and, in 1568, a third at Manresa, whither she translated that from Durvelle, and, in 1572, a fourth at Avila. The example and the exhortations of Saint John inspired the Religious with a perfect spirit of solitude, humility, and mortification. His wonderful love of the cross appeared in all his actions, and it was by meditating continually on the sufferings of Christ that it increased daily in his soul: for love made him desire to resemble his crucified Redeemer in all manner of humiliations and sufferings. And Almighty God, to purify his heart from all natural weaknesses and attachments, made him pass through the crucible by the most severe interior and exterior trials; which is His ordinary conduct towards those souls which He prepares to raise to an eminent sanctity, and to enrich with His extraordinary graces.

The brilliant diamond receives from the hammer and chisel its lustre and polish. Trials were, by grace, the chief instruments of the admirable perfection to which our Saint arrived. St. Teresa made use of him to impart the spirit of her reform to the Religious in all the houses which she established. The convent in which she had made

her first profession at Avila, had always opposed her reformation. Yet the bishop of Avila thought it necessary that she should be made prioress there, to retrench, at least, the frequent visits of seculars. She sent for St. John, and appointed him the spiritual director of this house, in 1576. He soon enduced them to shut up their parlors, and to cut off the abuses which were inconsistent with a religious life of retirement and penance. Many seculars put themselves under his direction, and he preached the word of God with wonderful unction and fruit.

He was made superior of the little convent of Çalvary, situate in a desert, and, in 1579, founded that of Baeza. In 1581 he was chosen prior of Granada, in 1585, vicar-Provincial of Andalusia, and in 1588, first Definitor of the Order. He founded at the same time the convent of Segovia. In all his employments the austerities which he practised seemed to exceed bounds, and he only slept two or three hours each night, employing the rest in prayer, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He showed always the most sincere and profound humility and even love of abjection, an inimitable fervor and zeal for all the exercises of religion, and an insatiable desire of suffering. He used to say : " To suffer for the sake of God is the true characteristic of His love, as we see in Christ, and in the martyrs. And persecutions are the means to enter into the depth, or attain to the knowledge of the mystery of the cross, a neccessary condition for comprehending the depth of the wisdom of God and of his love." Hearing Christ once say to him : " John, what recompense dost thou ask for thy labors ? " he answered : " Lord, I ask no other recompense than to suffer and be condemned for Thy love." At the very name of the cross he fell into an ecstasy in the presence of Mother Anne of Jesus. Three things he frequently asked of God : 1st. That he might not pass one day of his life without suffering something. 2dly. That he might not die Superior. 3dly. That he might end his life in humiliation, disgrace, and contempt.

His love of his neighbor was wonderful, especially towards the poor, the sick, and sinners ; his continual tenderness and affection for his enemies, and the benefactions and kindness with which he always studied to return good for evil, were most admirable. For fear of contracting any attachments for earthly things, he was a rigorous observer and lover of poverty. All the furniture of his little cell or chamber consisted in a paper image and a cross made of rushes, and he would have the poorest beads and breviary, and wear the most threadbare habit he could get. A profound sentiment of religion made him bear an extreme respect to whatever belonged, even remotely, to churches, or to the service of God. The same motive of the honor of God sanctified all his actions. He employed many hours every day and night in prayer, and often before the Blessed Sacrament with extraordinary fervor. True devotion he described to be humble, not loving to be lofty ; silent, not active ; without attachment to anything ; without singularity or presumption, full of distrust in itself, following with ardor simple and common rules. By experience in spiritual things and an extraordinary light of the Holy Ghost, he had a singular gift in discerning spirits, and knew what came from God. After great labors and sufferings, he retired into a little solitary convent in the mountains of Sierra Morena, where he gave the final touch to his great ascetical works.

After a life of great holiness, he died in the year 1591. Two hours before his death, he repeated the psalm " Miserere." Full of holy joy he cried out : " Glory be to God," pressed the crucifix to his breast, and after some time, said : " Lord, into Thy hands, I commend my soul," and died. A great many miracles were wrought both before and after his death. He was canonized by Benedict XIII., 1726. He wrote several mystical works, in which he describes the interior trials and consolations of a perfectly detached soul.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 680 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The month of November brings to us with its first day the glorious feast of All Saints.

Let us lift our eyes to heaven and try to picture the multitude of blessed ones who are there, safe and happy, in an unbroken peace and joy, rapturously gazing on the Holy Face. What now to them are all life's sorrows? Heaven is the prize which followed all.

Dear children, we do not think often enough of heaven, and yet it is our home. Oh! that we could learn to long for it as the saints did. Let us pray for a desire for heaven during this month of November, which draws us very far away from earth because of its exquisitely beautiful devotion to the holy dead.

No month in the whole year has such a deep, strong hold on the Catholic heart as November.

Every household mourns its own loved ones departed, and, blessed be God for the precious faith that teaches it, *knows* they are safe in God's keeping, and nearer and dearer in eternity than they ever were before.

How good is God, and how full of sweetness and tender mercy are even the trials He sends us.

The holy dead are more our own, than when we held them in our arms and felt their warm breath on our faces. There is no doctrine of the Church *so* comforting to the poor human heart, which finds the world a desert place when its loved ones no longer people it, as this of the Communion of Saints.

Ours is no cold hopeless faith, which finds a barrier in the grave. No; we follow our dear ones to eternity and *thence* we stretch out our hands, warm with love and pity, to help them *more* efficaciously than we ever did in life.

Dear children, it is a special gift of God to have a tender heart.

The Sacred Heart of our dear Lord is especially characterized for its tenderness. Now, let me beg of you, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, to begin early to have a *very* tender love and sympathy for the dear suffering souls in Purgatory.

Perhaps your own happy home has lost none of its members. Long may it be so blessed; but let that not be a reason for neglecting the poor souls. Think of them in their sweet, silent, patient suffering. Try to recall the eyes of some one whom you loved tenderly, and who is now gone from you forever. Could you refuse a favor to one who looked at you piteously and imploringly?

That is what the holy souls are doing, particularly in November. Do not be hard hearted or selfish, but say for them, many times each day, "My Jesus mercy!"

One hundred days' Indulgence for each time you say it, and only God knows what *that* means to the holy souls. The Secretary knows some one who lost his dear mother lately and who said, "I say 'My Jesus mercy' a thousand times a day for her dear soul." Going along the street, riding

in cars, walking around the house, and in bed at night, how many times may we not send this act of truest love straight to the merciful Heart of Jesus, in sweetest petition for our own dear dead. There are many many things in life for which we should be very grateful; but a strong, lively faith is the greatest gift of God. By it everything in life is sanctified, yes, and made joyous for us. Think of those who do not believe in Purgatory, and so really *part* with their dead when they are laid away in the cold earth. Oh! what *anguish* it must be *not* to be able to folllow them, to talk to them heart to heart, to ask them to pray for us, to watch over us, and to live with them still in that most perfect union of soul with soul, which only the children of the holy Catholic Church know and enjoy. Is this very dry and doleful talk for you, dear children? I hope not. You must learn early to be in perfect sympathy with the mind of the Church. To feel as she feels, to sorrow with her and rejoice with her, for thus only can you be truly loyal Catholics. O! what a *glory* for us to be Catholics. No one ever felt it more deeply than the great Doctress of the Church, the glory of the Carmelite Order, St. Teresa, whose feast is celebrated on Oct. 15. One little devotion of hers we may easily make our own. She *loved* holy water. Take it often and make the sign of the Cross slowly, reverently, from forehead to breast, from shoulder to shoulder, for the holy souls. One hundred days' Indulgence for this also. Make an offering on the first day of November of everything you do the whole month for the holy souls. Don't count anything. Pile them up high as you can, all the acts of love and pity for the holy dead and leave them all to God. Do one thing for the Secretary this month, she never asked a personal favor before. Say one Hail Mary to our dear Lady of Mercy in thanksgiving for the grace of a sweet saintly death (on her feast Sept. 24) of a beloved mother whose dying words were, "My Jesus mercy and peace."

Dear children, love your darling mother while your lives are blessed with her presence. Shower on her all the tenderness and sweet affection of your warm hearts. You can never show her enough; and when she is gone, your greatest joy will be to recall the many many times when you *showed* her how much you loved her. Hold fast to her as your greatest treasure after God, and pray for the desolate hearts who yearn for the sound of that sweet voice which said to her children, "My best beloved!"

Don't forget the feast of Our Blessed Lady's Presentation, on Nov. 21.

Dear children, be faithful to our dear Mother Mary, and some day you will know, better than you do now, how much she loves you, and what a friend she is to those who are really her loving children.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN OCTOBER.

1. Matrimony.
2. Ramrod.
3. Somersault.
4. Transubstantiation.
5. For Adam's Express Company.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN OCTOBER.

1. In Golconda, in 1550. It weighed 900 carats.
2. James Whitcomb Riley.
3. At Sillery, Massachusetts, in 1648, by the Jesuits.
4. In the Vatican library.
5. Spain.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What mineral was called "*divine*" by Homer and by Plato, a "substance dear to the gods?"

2. A part of the ransom of Rome was demanded by Alaric in what substance?

3. What town in England contains but one house?

4. What is the most remote village in England?

5. Who was called "the School Master of the Republic?"

MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1.

The land beyond the sea!
Oh, how the lapsing years,
'Mid our most unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers,
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

—Fr. Faber.

2. Let us unite in heart with those we regret. They see us, they love us, they are affected by our wants. Having arrived safely in port, they pray for us who are still in danger of shipwreck.—Fenelon.

3. The friendship was never true that can have an end.—St. Jerome.

4. Oh! my holy, O, my tender mother, love me ever in heaven, as you did on earth, and never abandon me in my afflictions.—Bl. Henry Suso.

5. In the eternal life, God will no more separate those whom He united than He permits their separation in this world below. The truest family life, the most perfect union finds its highest example in heaven.—Tertullian.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

Geographical Nonsense.

A young girl named 1 (cape on south N.J. coast) 2 (mountain in N.H.) began to study 3 (bay on east coast of Australia) one day. She thought it very 4 (cape on coast of Ireland) at first, but as she got further into the subject she began to feel 5 (mountains in Pa.) and to 6 (cape on coast of N.C.) that she could never master the subject.

At length a schoolmate named 7 (cape on coast of Mass.) kindly helped her over her difficulties and then she progressed finely.

One day these two girls set out for a 8 (point in south N.J.) walk. Shortly after they started, however, it grew 9 (lake in Minn.) and as they turned and hurried homeward they got 10 (lake in Sweden) and 11 (the same). On their way home they saw a 12 (lake in B. America), a 13 (lake in B. America), a 14 (fort in B. America), a 15 (river in B. America) and a 16 (another river in B. America) in a large pond. Still they hurried on in 17 (fort in B. America) of 18 (Mt. in Alaska) when whom should they meet but the 19 (cape west of Alaska)! They had very little 20 (fort in B. America) that he would speak to them, though he was a very 21 (inlet of Hudson bay) in manner; so when he passed them with an 22 (cape north of Alaska) nod, they felt no 23 (cape west of Washington.)

They arrived home in safety and 24 (cape on coast of Mass.) said 25 (cape south of Greenland) at the door and hurried on to her own home, making a 26 (cape east of Mich.) to avoid a 27 (cape west of Mich.) which she had seen in the 28 (lake in south of B. America.)

The Most Beautiful Hand.

There was a dispute among three maidens as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another picked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant.

An old haggard woman passing by asked: "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?"

All these denied her, but another who sat near gave her a gift. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told, lifting up before her their hands. Then said she: "It is the hand that gives to the poor that is most beautiful."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Last of the Giants.

Charles Anderson Dana is a name that will live. The daily press has probably said all that could be said of the great editor. As Catholics, we had a great champion in Mr. Dana's *Sun*. At times its editorial expositions of Catholic teaching were masterpieces. In fact, as some one remarked, if a few objectionable features were eliminated, the *Sun* would be an ideal Catholic daily. "Many of my best friends are Catholics," once said Mr. Dana, and well can it be said that we, too, have lost a friend. A year or so ago, the famous editor remarked to the writer, "I venerate the Catholic clergy and envy their position. They do so much good." Little we thought then that the erect, courteous, bored and patient man who stood before us, akimbo with rolled-up sleeves, was so soon to be the subject of this curt and characteristic notice in his own paper on the day after his death: "Charles Anderson Dana, editor of the *Sun*, died yesterday afternoon." Now that its chief light has gone, let us hope that the great newspaper will faithfully follow the rays reflected on it by the spirit of its great editor—the last of the editorial giants.

Names Nice and Not Nice.

A few weeks ago our interesting contemporary, the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, invited its readers to a christening. Everyone was asked to suggest a name for somebody's child. The answers were interesting, and a host of names were suggested. Among others, we were glad to see Carmelita and Teresa on the list. Some names given to children at baptism are at times as ridiculous as they are un-Catholic, and our hyper-refined boys and girls would think it an outrage for their parents to have branded them for life with the name of "Patrick" or "Bridget." Another absurdity is the manner of disguising a name, or mutilating, for instance, "Teresa," "Augustine," or "Cecilia" into "Tessie," "Gus," or "Cissy." The Latin races are more happy in the choice of names. They are Christian and musical. However, in some places, it seems to border on irreverence to give children the Holy Name, as happens in Southern climes, and our fathers have discouraged the practice in some of their missions. Speaking of names reminds us that among the thousands sent us for registration in the Scapular Album, we come across strange kinds of Indian nomenclature, which in some cases are sesquipedal. All Saints is here once more, and reminds us of a myriad of holy names. It would be a practical thing did some one publish a handy little pamphlet containing all the names of saints as given in the Roman Martyrology. It would be a great help to Catholic parents when confronted with the question, "What shall we call the baby?" We take the liberty of adding to the *Telegraph's* list the names of Saints Faith, Hope and Charity.

"Forget Me Not!"

"Remember" rhymes with "November," and appropriately. We are very apt to forget our duty towards the suffering souls in Purgatory. "Remember, remember! You at least, our friends!" they cry this month, and adamantine would be our hearts did we lend them a deaf ear. "Out of sight, out of mind!" may be

true of our relation to these poor souls, but on their part there is no such thing as ungrateful forgetfulness. It is just as true now, as it was when St. Augustine wrote, "I pray for the souls departed, that when they have entered into eternal bliss, they may not forget to pray for me." During this month we recommend to our readers all our deceased benefactors, known and unknown, particularly those whose remains lie wrapt in the folds of the holy habit of Our Lady of Carmel. "Forget me not!" cries the suffering soul in these chill November days, which remind us that our love grows cold. Pious reader! Remember!

Convent and Cloister.

An exchange says that the opening of the new Carmelite convent in Boston to the public was a very wise proceeding, and has caused the removal of much misunderstanding. A remarkable example of this fact occurred in a town of anti-Catholic proclivities. In a certain prayer-meeting, a well known citizen of the place arose, and with no sneers or slurs he stated that he had taken a number of young people to see the monastery, and that they had been very favorably impressed by what they saw. "If these nuns," he continued, "could thus shut themselves away from the world, in this very austere community, in order to give themselves to prayer, what lessons ought not we in the world to learn from them in the earnest use and the power of prayer." The world, or at least, the sane part of it, let us add, is beginning to learn wisdom. If it proceeds farther in the search for truth, it will find that the monks and nuns have chosen the better part. When Right shall be called Right, and justice reigns once more, worldlings will look upon each monastery as an object of benediction.

Modern Martyrs.

"The announcement that the sixteen Carmelite nuns, who suffered during the French Revolution in 1794, are likely to be beatified soon," says the *Ave Maria*, "makes one hope that similar honors may one day rest upon the memory of the holy priests, who died during the Commune of 1871." Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, writing of these heroes in *Munsey's*, says: "To their honor be it said, that no priest, or any member of a religious order of men or women ran away from Paris at the time of the Commune. All remained calmly during their duty until they suffered death, or were saved by the entrance of the troops of the line." In truth, to again quote the *Ave Maria*, "The courage of the priests was almost the only bright spot in this carnival of horrors. One of them, Father Guerrin, chanced to be in civilian clothes when arrested, and, his beard having grown during his captivity, there was no sign to identify him as a priest. In the cell nearest him was a married man with wife and children dependent on him. The heroic priest offered to save the man by personating him. 'When your name is called,' said he, 'I will answer. They will take no trouble to identify me. All they want is blood. You will thus be saved to your family.'"

Socialism and Catholicism.

In some western towns there is a movement on foot to introduce the newspapers into the schools, in order to keep the rising generation posted on current topics and the burning questions of the day. Not to speak of the great moral danger to youth in this vicious innovation, it seems to us that a "newspaper" education is a rather superficial affair. But in these days of

small talk, every one must read up every "ism" and know the latest joke and newest "slang" expression. But how few have clear ideas on, for instance, Socialism? And, yet, to quote Cardinal Vaughan, "the Social Question has taken so firm a possession of the modern mind that no educated Catholic can afford to neglect it. The future of the world depends upon its solution. And the solution is being gradually worked out by the various parties into which modern society has been divided. The forces of evil which are compendiously spoken of under the three words: the world, the flesh and the devil, are playing their active and forward part. Against them are ranged the Truth and Charity of the Redeemer of Mankind. He is represented by the Church which He founded, and which He accompanies in its course through the centuries. He has not left us without a Guide in the intricate, personal and burning question which covers the main interests of society. His Vicar has been led to speak with no uncertain Voice, and in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* has traced the broad outlines upon which the study of the Social Question ought to proceed." Neither time nor money would be lost did our Catholic buy and read carefully the excellent work of Count Soderini, on "Socialism and Catholicism." This great work fully treats of the subject so wonderfully expounded by the Holy Father.

Funeral Flowers.

"Flowers gratefully declined" has lately appeared appended to the obituary notices of the Buffalo dailies. Naturally, the common-sense mourners who inserted the notice were Catholics. It is an example to be emulated. Flowers have their place in churches. They are used to adorn the altar, not the casket. If holy Church so desired it, she would have inserted a rubric in the ritual, ordering her ministers to follow the incensation by distributing flowers. However, on the contrary, the clergyman, and his attendants, who officiates at funeral obsequies, is properly robed in sombre vestments, to remind us of death, the thought of which we try to bury in a mountain of floral pillows, broken columns and other absurdities. The best flowers we can scatter around the pall of our deceased friends and relatives are prayers, acts of self-denial, fasting, alms-giving and other good works. Above all, let us neglect not to have the holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them. They will be thankful for this, while gratefully declining our flowers.

You will make us very happy by renewing your subscription to this magazine. The date next to your name will tell you where you stand. Don't put off to to-morrow what can be done to-day.

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The new invention of the Jesuit Father Devine, called the "Devine Train Signal," for signalling automatically any breakage of connection between the cars of a freight train, is pronounced a genine success. Recently it was applied to a freight train of twenty-seven cars for 287 miles west of Port Arthur and it worked like a charm. The railway employees expressed themselves delighted with it, as it enables them to communicate with any car with either the locomotive or the caboose.

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A letter from the now famous gold fields of Alaska has found its way into the office of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

It came with the subscription of a reverend reader who braves the dangers of the far North in quest, not of gold, but of souls—whose loss could not be repaid by a thousand Klondikes. Next year we hope to receive an interesting letter from the Yukon country.

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In his interesting sketch on the "Church in India," which appeared in the *Rosary Magazine*, Father Gleeson tells us among other things that, the "great apostle Xavier, who came in 1542, is said to have drawn to the faith somewhere between one and two millions, and he consequently made the most definite and permanent mark on the native population. This zealous laborer for God and the Church died twelve years after his arrival, but the work of conversion was carried on triumphantly by his followers, not only among the native pagans, but also among the Nestorian Christians, in whose behalf the archbishop of Goa, Alexias de Menezes, convoked a council in 1599 at Dampier, and received the submission of the Nestorian faithful to the number of 250,000 souls. Unfortunately, half a century later the descendants of these people had relapsed into their original errors, but the majority of these were reclaimed by Carmelite missionaries sent out by Pope Alexander VII." We might add that our fathers are still in India unostentatiously winning souls for Christ.

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The Carmelite devotion to the holy Infant of Prague is becoming more and more popular among devout Catholics. In one of the future numbers of this magazine we will give our readers a sketch of this devotion.

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The *Catholic Home Annual*, which made its first appearance fifteen years ago, has just been issued for 1898, and will, we are sure, meet with a hearty welcome from its ever-increasing army of friends. The present number is unusually interesting, and in its pages will be found contributions from the foremost Catholic writers. A glance at the number shows a delightful choice of reading: there are stories by Maurice Francis Egan, Walter Lecky, Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Marion Ames Taggart, Margaret M. Trainer; more serious articles by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty of the Washington University, and others. This splendid almanac will be sent to all our readers who pay in advance for THE CARMELITE REVIEW till the end of next year.

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THE CARMELITE REVIEW offers most generous terms to its agents. We want others. Write at once.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Pray for the dead! Bereft of all save hope
The poor souls now through Purgatory grope
And plead for help in their great agony,
That they from misery may soon be free.

Pray for the dead! Ask God for their release
From suffering—that all their pains may cease;
Though He is mighty and reigns Lord above,
He is our Father and His name is Love.

Pray for the dead! Oh, Father, now we plead;
For the poor souls we pray and intercede;
Grant them forgiveness—take them to your breast
That they may find the peace they crave and rest.

Our printed mailing-list is corrected a few days before the first of each month and it is not possible to insert corrections of dates sent in after the first of each month. In this case, the correction will appear the next month on the label on the wrapper. In the meantime, a receipt is promptly mailed to all who remit.

PUBLICATIONS.

Our Carmelite Tertians, and others who recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, would do well to procure a copy of Dr. Bernard Schaeffer's clear explanation of this Office, which is now translated, and sold at a low price by the Sisters of Mercy at their convents in Pittsburg, Pa. This handy little book will be a great aid to devotion and prevent this beautiful prayer of the Church from becoming a mere lip service.

Under the caption of "A Sweet Girl," Miss M. T. Elder is giving some excellent points to the readers of that excellent journal, the *Catholic Telegraph*. These articles are not dry. All concerned in the important subject of education will be behind the times if they neglect to read all about the "Sweet Girl" in the columns of our Cincinnati contemporary.

Late numbers of the *Sacred Heart Review* have contained some excellent articles particularly interesting to members and lovers of the Order of Mt. Carmel. Our excellent Boston contemporary is Catholic in every sense. It caters to a broad field of intelligent readers.

Our pious readers interested in the Life of St. Joanna of Toulouse, now appearing in these pages, will be pleased to know that the venerable Franciscans of Quebec have just issued a neat little "*Life of St. Louis of Anjou, of the Order of Friars Minor, Bishop of Toulouse.*" The Mendicant Friars, both Franciscan and Carmelite, can look back to a glorious line of saintly forefathers. In the preface of this new life of St. Louis the reverend author tells us that "our Pontiff Leo XIII owes his existence to St. Louis of Anjou, since the birth of his father, Count Louis Pecci, was due to the intercession of that saint." You can procure this book from 180 Grande Allee, Quebec.

"Duchess and Nun, Maria Felicia Orsini," is the title of an intensely interesting article by J. M. Cave in the current number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Mother Mary Felice, as she was called, is closely related to our own Carmelite Blessed Margaret Orsini.

We have received from William H. Young & Co., 31 Barclay street, New York, the *Life of Brother Azarias*, by Rev. John Talbot Smith, L. L. D. Like other works of the firm of Young & Co., this last work is a creditable example of book-making.

The current numbers of the *Stimmen von Berge Karmel* and the *Chroniques du Carmel* are full of interest. The former tells how a young man saved his life during the Paris bazaar holocaust by a medal of our Lady of Carmel, and the latter relates late wonders done through St. Albert's Water. We read, too, that the great Carmelite devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague is causing blessings in all directions.

We are in receipt of a copy of the special double number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, containing complete and graphic reports of the Champlain and Madison Catholic Summer Schools. The number contains one hundred twenty pages, including nearly one hundred half-tone photographic views of distinguished men, scenes and events, illustrating Summer School life. This number contains full and comprehensive abstracts of over fifty subjects, embracing nearly one hundred lectures on history, art, science, music, pedagogy, ethics, philosophy, psychology, social problems, biography and other branches of knowledge. It is an invaluable compendium of general knowledge. The average reader, as well as reading circles and study clubs, will find it useful and instructive. Besides the proceedings of the summer schools, there is also contained in this number an outline of the course of reading and study of the Reading Circle Union for 1897-98.

"Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. V. FALLS VIEW, ONT., DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 12.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

"*Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi.*"—CANT.

"My Love to me, and I to Him," who feedeth
'Mid fragrant lilies of affections white;
The tender smile that from His eyes proceedeth
Each flow'r refresheth as with dew and light.

"My Love to me, and I to Him," who sitteth
Throned on my breast—in fondest arms' embrace;
His little Hand about my bosom flitteth;
In royal beauty beams His baby Face.

"*Dilectus meus mihi*"—Best of Lovers!
Thrice blessed is Thy turning unto me!
"*Et ego illi*"—as to safest covers
The wild bird flees—so do I fly to Thee!

O Love! O Life! O Joy of earth and heaven!
Thou art my Sun; I am Thy faithful Moon!
To all Humanity hast Thou been given,
But men must find, through me, that priceless Boon!

Thy grace hath opened up a ceaseless fountain
Where sinful souls may wash them clean and fair;
Thy love hath crown'd me QUEEN OF CARMEL'S MOUNTAIN,
And all my servants CARMEL'S livery wear.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

PART II—CHAPTER I.

VENERATION OF ST. JOANNA—HISTORY OF THE DEVOTION PAID TO THE GREAT SERVANT OF GOD—ITS PROGRESS WITH ADVANCING YEARS—DEVOTION TO THE SAINT FROM THE YEAR 1471 TO 1688

T. JOANNA, who had been so deeply venerated during her holy life, became an object of far greater devotion after death had opened for her the gates of Paradise. It could not have been otherwise, in view of the miracles which, day after day, were performed at her tomb, and which are related, although in an abridged form, by the anonymous author of some ancient Carmelite chronicles.

These inventories of titles and documents (written in 1676) are preserved in the archives of the monastery of Grands Carmes at Toulouse. We read herein :

"St. Joanna, a native of Toulouse, daughter of a most noble and illustrious house, and Foundress, in the said city, of the Third Order of Sisters of the ever glorious Virgin Mary, died in the year 1286, and was buried in the monastery church of Grand Carmes of Toulouse. Tradition has designated the hallowed spot as the Chapel of St. Martial, dedicated, later on, to St. Honora and eventually placed under the patronage of St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi.

"In the year 1509, on the twentieth day of October, in consequence of the many miracles which were performed, and are still of daily occurrence, through the invocation of this glorious saint, Monseigneur, the Archbishop of Toulouse, Bernard de Rosergio, caused the blessed remains of the saint to be raised with all due solemnity, and was himself the celebrant upon the memorable occasion.

"He granted an Indulgence of forty days to all those who would visit the holy relics, after which a most eloquent and devotional sermon was preached by Reverend Father Ruppe, of the Carmelite Order.

"The impression made by this solemnity was so much the more profound and permanent, because he who had conceived and carried out the undertaking was a prelate whose great learning was only excelled by the holiness of his life. His happy death occurred soon afterwards, but not until he had given his approbation to the life of the glorious saint which was published at Toulouse.

"Her tomb was constantly visited by throngs of the faithful, and the daily miracles were the admiration of all.

The sacred relics were then placed in another chapel—beside the choir—dedicated to St. Laurence and St. Joanna, and the picture of our saint was beautifully portrayed upon one of the stained glass windows. The following inscription, in the vernacular, was

placed upon the portal:

"An aquesta cappella es lo corps de Sta. Sor Johanna . . . ., whilst beneath the above words might be read these pious invocations to the saint:

Hail! illustrious and holy Sister Johanna.

Whose venerated body can be seen in this chapel, grant the petitions we beseech thee of those afflicted.

And heed their mournful sighs!

O! Saint Joanna, through thy ineffable merits obtain, for those that implore thy aid, the grace of admission to the celestial Paradise: there, with thee, to praise our Lord forever more.

V. Pray for us, etc.

R. That we may be made worthy, etc.

Let us pray.

"Almighty and eternal God, who dost multiply Thy saints and elect, and dost make known their merits most gloriously to the world, obtain for us through the intercession of Thy servant Joanna, who, in the holy Order of Mount Carmel, was Thy devoted handmaid, the grace of a fidelity in Thy holy service equal to her own.

Deign, through her powerful intercession, to grant our petitions. Soften our hearts that divine grace may penetrate therein. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who, being God, livest and reignest with Thee and the Holy Ghost forever and ever. Amen!"

The casket which enshrined the holy remains was opened, with all the requisite solemnity, in the year 1616. The body of the saint appeared to view almost as she was in life, and a fragrance so exquisite that it must have been wafted from heaven, was instantly perceptible to every one present on the occasion.

In the year 1656, on the feast of St. Clare, the shrine was again visited with the most devotional and impressive ceremonies. Monseigneur, the Archbishop of that city, was there, his Vicar-General Father Delfaget celebrated Mass, and all the community received Holy Communion. They changed the casket, and again its precious contents were found untouched by the withering blight of decay.

One arm and hand had been removed by Henry Sylvius, General of the Order, on the occasion of his visitation to the monastery. He took the relics to Spain, where many marvels were accomplished thereby.

Numerous invalids regained their health by merely touching the wood of the casket where the remains were first enclosed, or by handling the flowers placed therein by those who revered and loved the dear saint.

These records are carefully preserved amongst the archives. (Box No. 133.)

On the twentieth of May, 1688, the remains of St. Joanna were again examined. The record of the event was placed with those above mentioned. This act was lost with the others in the archives, but at the Invention of 1805 it was found upon the body of the saint. The providential preservation of so important a paper must certainly be looked upon as a miracle.

We give an exact and literal copy of the parchment found in the tomb when opened, the same being in the Carmelite Church. January 24, 1805.

J. M. J., A. J.

"In the year 1688, on the twentieth day of May we visited the body of St. Joanna, whom tradition accredits with being the daughter of the Count de Toulouse, also with having received the habit of the Order, as a tertiary, from St. Simon Stock some years before he died at Bordeaux.

Reverend Father Saturnin of the

Visitation, Provincial of the province of Lyons, and Commissary of our Chapter, and Father Ignatius of Saint-Girard, who had been elected Provincial for the second time, together with all the community were at the opening of the casket. Our sisters of the Third Order were also there, and some young girls, relatives or friends of the deceased. Two Capuchin fathers, with two other friars, at that time in the monastery—Messieurs Carbonneau and Fronton—sworn surgeons—were present likewise. These removed the body —with ourselves—and saw that it was almost perfect, with the exception of the arm and right hand which Henricus Sylvius, General of the Order, had transferred to Spain. The left hand was also wanting, and some teeth. (Here a slight discrepancy occurs. A little book printed in 1805 describes the saint as looking fresh and lovely, as she may have appeared at the moment of her death.)

"We found the body wrapped in a kind of flowered damask robe, which we left undisturbed. Beneath was a linen shroud, or winding sheet, which we took out, but replaced after having cut off some pieces to satisfy the devotion of some who longed to possess a memento of the saint. Others were content to receive some of the flowers from around the body, or to have their medals and crucifixes touched to the precious remains.

"We permitted all present to kiss the relics.

"This was done, *januis clausis*. The Mass of the Holy Ghost had been chanted that morning: The brothers and sisters had, by fervent prayers and holy communion, prepared for a sight of those relics. At Toulouse, the same day and year, as the above:

"Father Dominic of St. John, Carmelite, unworthy director of the Third Order, says:

"We wrapped the remains in a white cloth. Apparently the shroud which was beneath was the first, and bore the impress of the body.

Fr. Alpimmian of St. Francis.

Fr. Eliseus of St. James.

Fr. Simon of the Infant Jesus.

Fr. Henry of St. Joseph.

Fr. Basthely of St. Anthony.

Fr. Hilary of St. Augustine.

Syndicate of the province.

Signed upon the parchment found in the coffin upon the breast of the saint.

Ne Varietur: Cambon, Vicar-General.

Permission to publish the above given at Toulouse.

Signed: The Mayor *par Interim.*

Foulquier.

"Several authors of note in the Order," adds the Inventory of 1676, "have mentioned the saint in their works, witness Reverend Thomas Saracenus de Bononia in his *Menologe*. Also Father Marc Anthony Alegra de Casanate, *in suo Paradiso Carmelitici decoris.*

Palsonidorus, lib. 3, c. 12.

Corea, lib. II, c. 16.

Saint-Ange, catal 98, 99, and various others.

In the inventories *before* the one of 1676 mention of St. Joanna frequently occurs, but with fewer details. It sufficed the writers to refer to the parts deposited in the archives. Unfortunately those very parts are lost.

Thus in the Inventory of 1617, we read:

"Investigation of the body of St. Joanna—No. 24.

In another Inventory of the same year we find the reference.

"St. Joanna, 105."

In the Inventory of 1650 we read:

"Process with the Chapter St. Stephen: —St. Joanna, page 96." At page 96—under this title—"Chapter of St. Stephen," on the margin occur the words, "For St. Joanna, documents No. 26."—Later on may be read in the text: "There was a process, (between the Chapter and the monks) in the year 1600, the record of which is preserved in our archives, document 30, fastened together with another casket where there are some papers of the official in regard to the pleading conducted in his presence, also certain papers and acts touching the affair of the body of St. Joanna.

CHAPTER II.

Devotion to St. Joanna begins to prevail outside of Toulouse. 1495—1793.

The chroniclers of Toulouse were not the only ones to know the dear saint of their city, or to offer their veneration at her shrine, for the great sanctity of her life, and the miracles wrought after her death, day by day, added new glory to her name. Her renown extended far beyond Toulouse. Writers who belonged to the Order, and writers entirely foreign to it dilated upon her virtues, and upon the honors paid to her; far and wide the fragrance of her holiness was diffused and the number of her devout clients daily increased.

We will give the names of these writers, in regular order according to date.

The most ancient of those whose works we have been able to procure is Palionidorus, who in his book edited at Mayence, in 1495, Chapter XXII., with the heading: "*Those who were distinguished in the Carmelite Order by great sanctity of life*," thus proceeds: "Of this number is St. Joanna, a virgin of Toulouse. She was the worthy client of our royal mother, the Virgin Mary, the spouse of Jesus Christ. Her lamp was always replenished with the oil of divine grace, so precious to the celestial spouses of the spotless Lamb of God. The splendor of her virtues was unsurpassed, and, with her heavenly Bridegroom, she entered into the joy of the perpetual marriage feast."

In 1610 Aubert Mirceus of Brussels, canon and librarian at Angers, author of a brochure entitled "*Origin of the Carmelite Theresiennes:*" "Theresianarum Origo," says in Chapter VI. *saints and patrons of the Carmelite Order* "This Order possesses innumerable virgins of a most exalted sanctity even without enumerating those two blessed ones Angela and Joanna, and their third illustrious and precious treasure, the ever blessed Theresa, of whom the two first were the precursors."

Peter Thomas Saracenus in his "*Meneloge Carmelitain*," edited at Bologna 1628, cites amongst those inscribed as having been invested with the Scapular by St. Simon Stock, the name "St. Joanna of Toulouse."

In 1637, Father Marc Anthony Alegre de Casanate, a Spanish Carmelite, edited at Lyons his "*Paradisus Carmelitici decoris*," "*Paradise of the beauties of Carmel.*" On page 272 of this remarkable work we read:

"Chapter 35, Anno Domino 1286. "St. Joanna, a native of France, born at Toulouse, the daughter of a noble and illustrious house, was a chosen lily of most dazzling whiteness and immaculate purity. She wrought many miracles, and the fragrance of her virtues arose to heaven, an offering of love to her celestial Spouse, until, absorbed by this divine love, her pure spirit fled from earth to heaven at Toulouse, where repose her precious

remains. This was during the pontificate of Honorius IV., spiritual prince of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Paleonidorus has preserved for us her saintly and illustrious memory, and there is scarcely a chronicle of Carmel that does not speak of this brilliant star in our glorious firmament."

In 1657, Father Arturus du Moustier, Recollet of the house at Paris, in his "*Gynecaeum Sanctum*," or "*Feminine Martyrology*" speaks of St. Joanna in terms similar to those employed by Father Marc Alegra ; he is, however, more explicit as to the place of her sepulture. He says: "Her sacred remains are venerated in the convent of Grands Carmes at Toulouse."

Jean Bonnet in his book called "*Jardin du Carmel*," ("Garden of Carmel") published at Barcelona in the year 1677, liv. I., Chap. XV., page 153, tells us that "the holy virgin Joanna, of the French nation, was originally from the city of Toulouse."

Fr. Daniel of the Blessed Virgin says in his "*Miroir Carmelitain*," published at Anvers, 1680, volume II. fol. VI., that in an ancient calendar, a manuscript of the Carmel, of Malines, he read, "March 31, Joanna of Toulouse, of our Order," and in a second calendar (giving the saints of our Order, the same script) there occurs this item: "The last day of March, *St. Joanna of Toulouse.* She is buried in our convent."

He also saw a Breviary of the Order, in —12, printed at Paris in 1517, and therein he remarked a picture of the Blessed Virgin, with the blessed Joanna of Toulouse at her right, and St. Angela at the left. Under the representation of the former was inscribed *Saint Joanna.* The picture is before the "*Sanctoral*" in the Breviary.

In 1681, Father Philip of the Visitation, edited at Namur a calendar containing the names of the principal Carmelite saints. His intention was that they might serve as patrons each month, for the confraternity of the Brown Scapular. Therein we read, "Month of March 31, St. Joanna of Toulouse, Virgin."

In 1699, Father Thomas of Jesus in his book, "*Antiquity of the Saints of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel*," published at Salamanca, page 44, says: "St. Joanna, virgin, and many other saints."

Father Giles Leondelicato, in his "Jardin Carmelitain," published at Lisbon in 1741, ch. 10, No. 4, thus speaks of St. Joanna :

"St. Joanna, of the city of Toulouse, was a virgin consecrated to the Lord in the Order of Carmel. In following the footsteps of our august Lady, the Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, and imitating her example, she merited to become the spouse of Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Besides the engraving above mentioned in the Carmelite Breviary at Paris, of which Father Daniel of the Blessed Virgin has told us, there is at the convent of the discalced Carmelites of Potay at Liege in Belgium, a picture representing the saints of the Order. At the base is seen the Prophet Elias planting a vine which is watered by the Prophet Eliseus. This vine escapes from the grasp of the prophet, and in its luxuriant development produces mystic clusters of grapes whereon are reproduced the saints of the ancient Order. Our saint is not wanting in the assemblage. Far otherwise ! She is there, vested in the Carmelite garb, and holds in her hand a crucifix, upon which her gaze is riveted in loving contemplation. This picture seems to be prior to the year 1600, and to have

originated in Belgium or Germany. This is not stated definitely, but there is a little record in the centre, on parchment, which states that it was dedicated by Reverend Father Gaspard Rinckens, prior of Anvers, to the most Reverend Father Sebastian Fanton, General of the Carmelites, (who died *in 1620*). At the suggestion, or request rather, of the most Reverend Promoter of the Faith, the existence, age and form of this representation have been juridically examined, by order of Monseigneur Doutreloux, Bishop of Liege. Two canons of the cathedral of the place, Messieurs Honnotte and Dubois, aided in the investigation. Their remarkable labors and successful exertions made a profound impression upon the most eminent and reverend Fathers to whom is given the jurisdiction of such grave matters in the sacred congregation of Rites, and won for them a ready co-operation.

After these citations, we can well believe that the cultus of this fair flower in the garden of the Church was not confined to Toulouse alone, but that almost the entire world knew of the veneration of St. Joanna, and invoked her efficacious aid.

We have also to mention an Italian manuscript of the seventh century, preserved in the library of *Santa Maria Transpontina* at Rome and a Directory for those of the Third Order of Carmelites, printed at Nice in 1775, where those words occur: "The Blessed Joanna of Toulouse was the daughter of a Count of Toulouse;" also, that "she lived a saintly life, and died a death precious in the sight of the Lord, March 31, 1288."

And now there remains to be written the history of the cultus from the Revolution of 1793, until the present time.

TO MARY IMMACULATE.

Ave Maria, Angel of light,
Comfort my soul in the coming of night;
Let on my trembling lips, linger alway,
The sweet salutation, Maria Ave!

Ave Maria, Mother most pure
When the morn breaks, guard my thought, I conjure;
For thou art the Morning star, leading the way
To heaven's bright vision, Maria Ave!

J. David Enright, A.M., L.L.B.

Niagara, '95.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XX. (Conclusion.)

"*We expect everything and are prepared for nothing.*"—MME. SWETCHINE.

ROSE WITHERS started from her chair, as the call-bell rang long and loud on that cold and dreary Friday evening. Doctor Cutting's ear caught the sound and he was at the door in a jiffy.

"Welcome, Mrs. Werker!" he said as he sprung down the steps towards the carriage which brought Charity and her invalid mother.

"Mother stood the trip splendidly, doctor," said Charity, as she grasped Cutting's hand.

"A good sign, Miss Werker. We will soon pull her through, and I'll stake my reputation on it that in two months she will be able to jump any fence in New France," said Cutting, with a laugh.

The old lady was comfortably tucked away into an easy chair, while the doctor with Charity went off to look after the necessary refreshments. While Charity was putting her wrap aside, and smoothing out the wrinkles in it, Cutting slipped away and bounded up to Rose's room.

"She's here, Rose!" he shouted. "Don't waste any time, my dear. Get a piping hot cup of tea and bring it down at once. It will be your introduction. Fine old lady—charming girl Charity—am sure you'll love her at sight. Lucky fellow, Fenton!"

"You men are just horrid," said Rose. "Why just think of it! You want me to go down as I am with this old skirt on me. Why, the idea! Just let them wait until I am ready," she said as she looked at her mirror, which reflected a very pale woman.

"O nonsense! Rose! You look pretty in any dress!" said Cutting, as he left her to join Charity.

"She will be down soon, Miss Werker," he said, as he reached the office. "She's a good girl, but mighty headstrong. Wants to have her own way, you know, in everything. Now, as to to-morrow. Really, I am getting a little fidgety over it. A man doesn't go through this wedding business very many times in his life. Rose, you see, has been through the mill before and has the advantage."

"I am afraid I myself shall make a poor bridesmaid, doctor," said Charity. "We country girls are so awkward, you know. By the way, what is Rose going to wear?"

"She will show you everything, Charity, and, by the way, I just think of something. Let me show you this pin with the pretty anchor worked into it. I got it from my friends here in the hospital. What do you think of it?"

"Very pretty," said Charity. "Perhaps, too, appropriate. The anchor, 'tis said, signifies hope—and——"

As she turned around to the light she raised her eyes which met the eyes

of Rose Withers. Both girls stood dazed for a moment. Then, with a cry, they rushed forward, and were tightly clasped in each others arms.

"Hope! Hope! My own sister Hope!" screamed Charity.

"Charity! Charity, forgive, forgive!" cried Hope Fenton, for she it was.

* * * * *

"Well, Rose,—or rather Hope, let us hear your side of the case," said Doctor Cutting, a few days after the unexpected meeting of the two sisters.

And here is Hope Fenton's confession.

"Let me say at the start that I was no hypocrite. I only lacked courage and delayed doing what I had all along intended to do. At the eleventh hour I was going to make a clean breast of it all on the day before our proposed wedding. Mother and Charity came along so unexpectedly—you know the rest. To commence at the beginning, let me say that there were three of us at New France—and happy children they were—Faith, after whom my daughter was called, Charity and myself. Faith is long dead, and was perhaps unknown to you. I probably left the homestead long before you called at our place, and hence my face was unfamiliar to you. As soon as I got away from New France, I went in for all the enjoyment the world afforded. I soon entrapped poor Harry Fenton. I knew little of his past history, although he said my face had haunted his dreams since the night he saw us posing as the three graces in the tableaux which passed by the Friedenhouse. Fenton was no Catholic, but promised to become one. But my bad example put an end to all his promises. We rented a flat, and for a time all went gloriously. The end came, though, and we went through the mockery of getting a divorce. Harry got our child—Faith, and I, being free, gave loose reins to all my evil propensities."

"I have decided to take things philosophically," said the doctor, as Hope concluded. "After all," he said, "a fellow has to be disappointed sometimes in life—checkmated, as it were, although my friends have always predicted a stalemate."

"And where is Faith—my child—now?" asked Mrs. Fenton.

"In good hands," replied Cutting. "She is a splendid child, and I think she will be a Sister some day. I must admit it was startling news to me to hear that Fenton had a wife living. The general impression at Boomfield was that he was a widower. If I mistake not, your sister Charity was of the same opinion. At times, though, she had her doubts, but do what she would she could get no information from Fenton. Now, as to your future plans, Rose—I mean Hope—I suppose you are yet undecided, however, be sure I will not abandon you at this critical moment. Charity and I will put our heads together and see what we can do to fix up things for you. As for Charity, I suppose, like myself, she will remain single. It gives one more time to indulge in philanthropic hobbies. Be sure that I will always be at your service and remain a friend in the true sense of that much-abused word, and, as 'tis said of others in the same predicament, let our spirits hereafter be espoused in God,

'And let our wedlock be as soul to soul
And prayer shall be the golden ring.'"

"How did it ever come about that you became Harry Fenton's housekeeper?" said Hope to Charity when the two sisters were again alone.

"Quite simple," replied Charity. "'Twas purely a matter of accident. Mother and I needed money—I looked for employment, and in the end was the lucky one among many less fortunate girls who read the advertisements. And now I have a question for you. How did you get to be known as Rose Withers?"

"That's easily explained, Charity. Being unconscious when I was brought into the hospital, the nurses had only to guess at my name. A girl named Rose Withers shared the same wardrobe with me at our boarding place. All her things were plainly marked with her name and got mixed when my effects were bundled with me into the ambulance. Silence on my part was consent, so everyone thereafter called me Rose."

Some time after the affecting meeting of the long lost daughter with her poor old mother, the latter said:

"Everything is an answer to my constant prayer to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, in whom I have always had unbounded faith and confidence, and, without asking the question, I am certain that all these years Hope has never thrown aside her Scapular. Do not forget, my dearest children, to have a Mass of thanksgiving offered in honor of our great benefactress on the coming feast of the Immaculate Conception."

"Mother," explained Charity, "always begged three special graces of the Blessed Virgin. First, that she might not die until she saw Hope; secondly, that Hope's children might be raised good Catholics, and thirdly, that I myself be left to console her till the end of her days. The prayer was heard, was it not, Doctor Cutting?"

"Certainly!" he replied. "Nothing extraordinary about it, though. Our Lady is working silent wonders every day. Your own sister Hope—as I must now call her—has already told me some wonderful things. At first I took it all for a dream. But it was all true. Poor girl. She was to be my last *rose* of summer and only *hope*. But I have built all my castles in vain. However, I am in good company. You can sympathise with me, Charity. I might also, now, let the cat out of the bag and tell you that I was helping to get you into Fenton's net. Poor fellow! I wonder if we can get him to face the music? There is hope. It would be a great charity if we help him to come to terms. Think it over, Charity; perhaps we may reach him with a letter. Good-bye! and when I am absent, remember that

'I am standing on your door-step as a beggar,
And the charity you give my soul shall be—
Pray for me!'"

"Oh, doctor!" said Charity, taking his hand, "how can I forget you—you who have done so much for Hope—for mother and for me? Go where you may, remember that at all times you will live in the heart of Charity Werker, and that in every evening hour

'When the twilight folds the flower,
I'll fold thy name in prayer.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Forgive! A gentle spirit cried,—
I yielded to my nobler part;
Uprose, and to my spouse I hied,
And forgave her from my heart."

The result of a long conference between Dr. Cutting and Charity Werker was the following note written by the latter to Harry Fenton. It ran:

DEAR FRIEND!—This note would remain unwritten did I not have unbounded faith in your goodness of

heart and sense of duty. The contents have been laid at the feet of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and good St. Anthony will see that you get it. All our plans and promises for marriage are now cancelled. I have met your lawful wife—my long lost sister Hope—face to face. She is a changed and better woman, and is ready to crave your pardon, and looks toward an early reconciliation. I beg and pray you to return at once. Duty calls. It is a trial, perhaps, for you, but He who purifies the heart will lend it strength. Resolve now, be a man! Remember that he who overcometh "hath a sweet tranquillity throughout his life." Bear in mind you are Hope's husband, modern divorce laws to the contrary notwithstanding. You yourself well remember the saying of the French that, "Divorce est le sacrement de l'adultire." Disappointment? I have had mine and am resigned to it. Dr. Cutting, too, takes it all like a man. Now it is your turn. You have always been kind to me, so now crown it all by following my advice. You know how carefully you managed your chessmen—apply it to the game of life, and consider well the next and all important move on your part. I will ever cherish the days passed with you for the "memory of things precious keeps warm the heart that once did hold them." Let me hear from you and— Vergisnichtmeiner!

Your friend,
CHARITY.

Fenton's reply came promptly. He said:

"DEAR CHARITY,—Shame, sorrow and surprise is the epitome of my feelings. 'Tis said that the world is a comedy to those who *think*—a tragedy to those who *feel*. I feel, and sorely at that. You are no prophetess, it seems, after all. You predicted a stalemate, but it looks as if we were checkmated out and out. Yes, I *will* come. Harry Fenton is a new man. A month ago I had other thoughts—thoughts that were bad—but curiosity brought me to hear a mission preached down here by some good brown-robed friars. They have put me on the right road again. Among other things I had to promise to wear my Scapular day and night. You can expect to see me before Christmas—the day on which I am to make my first holy Communion. Thanks, Charity, a thousand thanks for all your good prayers and Christian example, which has brought me back to a sense of duty. The unexpected has happened, but nevertheless

'You shall ever be my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember.'

Your penitent friend,
HARRY FENTON."

During these days another affecting scene had occurred at the hospital. It was the meeting of Faith and her mother. The child came home for the holidays and was to prepare for her first holy Communion at Christmas. At first she went into paroxisms of delight when she realised that Hope Fenton was actually her mother, and for days both kept closely together in and out of doors.

Charity and Doctor Cutting went up to Boomfield to make preparation for Fenton's coming, and in a short time everything was in apple-pie order. Cold and crisp was the outside air on the Eve of Christmas, but it was warm and cheerful within the house at Boomfield, where peace had gained a victory and joy filled many hearts.

Fenton had arrived on schedule time, and after the touching meeting between

him and his long estranged spouse, preparations were at once made for the early Mass, at which, as a great privilege, Fenton and his daughter Faith were to make their first holy Communion.

CHAPTER XXII.

"*Happy they! the happiest of their kind!*
Whom gentle stars unite."

—THOMSON.

Father Angelo had spared no pains to make his Christmas celebration in truth a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." That the good Padre had been successful in making it such, was made manifest to all who had the privilege of being present at that early morning Mass.

The decorations in the church were very elaborate and the floral display was most gorgeous. Charity Werker's hands had not been idle. The altar was beautifully trimmed with roses and forget-me-nots donated by Doctor Cutting. Here and there, and everywhere, through the flowers myriads of wax tapers burned brilliantly. Besides this, there burned clusters of pretty colored lamps. Above the tabernacle tiny gas jets were made to form a cross, an anchor and a heart, emblems of faith, hope and charity, and the three-fold birth of Christ. Moreover, high above the altar was a large and beautiful oil painting of the Madonna del Carmen and the Holy Babe, beneath which one could read the Latin subscription, "Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi." (My Beloved to me and I to Him.) This lovely bit of coloring was the work of an artist-monk, and now unveiled for the first time. Moreover, a handsome new set of vestments graced the occasion. Beyond the altar rail, stood a richly ornamental priedieu for the use of the first communicants.

The musical portion of the Mass was unusually grand, and altogether unlooked for, especially in a country church. How in the world did Father Angelo succeed in getting together this galaxy of singers with such sweet and cultured voices? Whence all those fine vestments? It seemed as if they dropped from heaven, but they did not. A company of famed Italian opera singers were making a tour in the country. With them was Signora Bellavoci (or some such name) the great soprano. This company had intended to pass a quiet Christmas in the city. However, they had gone up to Boomfield to pay their respects to Padre Angelo, who had known them as children and had baptized most of them. When the priest told his countrymen of the coming celebration, they at once volunteered their services. In addition, they promised to bring along some skilled instrumentalists. So that is how such enchanting music was heard in the Church of the Madonna.

It was an inspiring sight, when the priest and servers took their places in the sanctuary. Harry Fenton was well-nigh in ecstasy, while Faith, Hope and Charity seemed to be in another world. The harmonious and dazzling blend of light, sound, color and sweet smell of incense seemed to convince the devout worshippers that celestial loveliness had been brought down to earth.

What a torrent of sweetest harmony poured out on the entranced congregation at the *Gloria!* It was heavenly, thrilling, ravishing! Never before did our good Boomfield friends grasp the full significance of the angelic anthem "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

And the *Credo!* How shall we describe it? After the priest intoned the

first words, the full choir, utterly unaccompanied save by four trombones, began the *Credo* in the long-drawn note of a Palestrina choral. The first notes filled everyone with an awe and cold chills crept through the nerves, when in the long cadence of the words *In unum Deum*, the drums fell in like Niagara's thundering roar. The listeners seemed to find themselves in the infinite dawn of the eternal heavens, throughout which gleamed the far-off splendor of the Almighty. A bright light seemed to illumine the gloom of limitless space at the words *Factorem coeli et terrae.* When came the words *et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*—the most holy Name was breathed in the softest pianissimo, and then bowed down all heads like the grain before the gentle wind. Thus it flowed and streamed onward to the *Descendit de coelis.*

Now an andante in G. minor spoke peace to troubled souls, with the sweet flow of the softly touched violencellos—and a sweet soprano voice sang, as from the clouds :—

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine, et Homo factus est.

Like the fragrance from an orange grove descended the *Homo factus est*, with the blessed thought of Peace !

Yes, for *us* He became Man ! and the confidence of faith softly slumbered in the dreams of Paradise.

His voice was music and his face a benediction as Father Angelo turned to address his beloved flock. An exception to the Italian type of orators, Fr. Angelo was a very quiet speaker, hardly using a gesture. Nevertheless, his words were listened to with attention. He spoke from the heart, making no use of the tricks of oratory which amuse oftener than convince an audience.

"*Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi, justitia et pax osculatae sunt.*—"Mercy and truth have met each other, justice and peace have kissed," words taken from the 84th Psalm, and used by holy Church in the Office of the Nativity, made Father Angelo's text.

He spoke of God's love for man. How love had disarmed justice. This was the hallowed season when, to follow Christ's injunction, we leave our gifts at the altar, going first to be reconciled with our brethren, saluting them with the kiss of peace. Referring to those who were to receive the holy Babe for the first time, Fr. Angelo spoke of the great purity of soul demanded of those whom Christ deigns to visit. Continuing, he said, among other things :—

"Three is a mystic number. It is also symbolical. Three duties towards God were written on the first table of the Law. How much do we owe to the three persons of the Trinity ? Our duties are three-fold, viz.—to God, our neighbor and ourselves. We sin in three ways—in thought, word and action. Three places await us hereafter—Heaven, Purgatory or Hell. Three holy Masses are celebrated on Christmas, typifying the triple birth of Christ—in eternity, on earth and in the heart of man. A chain of three inseparable links forged by faith, hope and charity, draw us towards, and bind us to, God. The Magi brought three gifts to the Crib—gold, frankincense and myrrh. My dear children make warm His abiding place within you, and let it not be like unto the cold stable at Bethlehem.

"You will always find the divine Child with Mary. God, indeed, has covered majesty under the veil of humanity, and Mary, too, has wound about the Infant the swaddling clothes,

so, too, does she cover her clients with her own garment the holy Scapular to protect them against the chilling blasts."

"Beauty, be it on canvas, in marble, in sound or in the poet's lines moves our hearts to love. St. Luke, we are told, painted a beautiful picture of the Madonna, and to-day, as if he had dipped his pen deep into the spring of divine love, he gives us the most lovely word-picture. I mean his Gospel-story, wherein he narrates for us the circumstances of the Birth of Christ. Brief and simple as it is, this Gospel of St. Luke was the *first and best Christmas story ever written.*

"Go then to the Crib and see how God has loved you and me! In gratitude offer Him your faith, hope, charity and heart's devotion. Ask the Divine Mother to lead you to Jesus, and, may you leave this house of prayer to-day filled with faith in God's promises—hope for a never-ending Christmas-tide, and charity for your fellow-man. May there be music in your hearts—and your soul feel once more the imprint of the divine kiss of peace and happiness."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"And now, tho' many years have fled,
And tomb within the past,
Sweet memories survive the dead,
To bloom, in heav'n at last.
So thought of old will ever bring
To mind, that dear old scene,
When you were fighting for a king,
And I—did win a queen."

Two years had past since that well-remembered Christmas celebration in the Church of the Madonna at Boomfield. Harry Fenton and his wife, Hope, were happy. They were regular and devout members of Father Angelo's congregation, and nought but peace and blessing had followed their re-union. Faith had retired to the cloister, and hence once more Fenton inserted an advertisement of a "Girl Wanted." This time Charity Werker did not respond. She had other work over at New France, helping her husband's patients—for Doctor Cutting found his lovely wife no mean help in his medical practice.

One bright cold day in December, Dr. Cutting and his wife took advantage of the good sleighing and drove over to see Mr. and Mrs. Fenton. A rollicking good time they had together, and the conversation was mostly given to past events.

"Things usually go in threes," remarked Dr. Cutting. "I have been made happy on three particular occasions during my life. First, when I wrote that little prize Christmas story for the printer's boy; second, when I saw Harry Fenton and his wife again inseparably united, and thirdly when Charity Werker drove away with me to remain in New France."

"Your three graces—earnestly prayed for and granted—so to speak," said Harry Fenton.

"And a good mother-in-law in the bargain, doctor," said Mrs. Fenton.

"Too true, Rose—confound it—Hope I mean," replied Cutting. "Poor old soul! Since I have tired of the city and remain in the country, we intend to make Mrs. Werker's last days happy ones, and she will have Charity with her until the end."

"My husband's idea of true happiness is in making others happy," said Charity, looking towards the doctor.

"And," said Mrs. Fenton, "let me add that a good conscience makes for us a continual Christmas."

"And music in the heart," added Charity.

"Well, doctor," said Fenton to Cutting, when they were alone. "The game is over. There were many *miss*-moves (pardon the pun) and escapes from check-mates."

"We were both after queens," said Cutting.

"And both got them in a way unexpected," said Fenton. Everything went by contraries. It has turned out a draw and now we are both even. And, pray doctor, what do we call it?"

"A Stalemate!"

* * * * * *

The scene has shifted. No more shall we gaze on these pictures which hung on memory's wall. The chief actors are gone. They have played their part in the game of life. What remains of them lies beneath the sculptured figures of faith, hope and charity, beneath whose shadows there blooms the forget-me-not. The cross bespeaks faith in a better world, the anchor an unshaken hope, and the heart, sweet Christian charity, which like the sod o'er the grave covers past imperfections.

Perhaps, somewhere in the woof and warp of this tale there has been something to reward the reader's patience. At least, so the writer hopes. Let it be said in conclusion, that the old Friedenhouse still stands, and before its door pass many sad and glad faces. We, too, dear reader, are yet engaged in the serious game of life. Play it well; for much depends on the outcome. The graces we received during the past three hundred and more days were much above threefold. May the foregoing examples help to enliven our faith, strengthen our hope and inflame our love towards God and our fellowman. Let us forgive and forget. Now is the season to do it. Another Christmas for us may never come. Repent and resolve at this eleventh hour, for another year is gone and with it "a glorious throng of happy dreams." May our dear Mother of Carmel obtain for you every blessing from her Child and may your cup of joy be filled to overflowing. Make others happy, and you have learned well how you may fill your own heart with happiness.

And now this year of grace is dying and 'tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy and love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweets forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what passed to nothingness in

THE END.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The Scapular of a Young Working Girl.

A French dress-maker left her native town to settle in Paris. Her mother, whose only help she was, had accompanied her. Having some means and hoping for the future, the two women took simple, but comfortable lodgings. This young dressmaker was very skillful and she soon had so much to do, that she had to take apprentices.

Everything went on well for a time, and happiness reigned in the little home. Then the mother, by no means very old, fell into an incurable sickness. The daughter, as a devoted child, nursed her mother day and night, so, that she had little or no time to attend to her business. Two years the sufferings lasted and then the mother died.

The poor girl, who had no other relatives, was inconsolable. Broken down by fatigue and grief, she fell into a lingering sickness which undermined her constitution. Her means were soon exhausted, and she was unable to work. A dark future was before the girl and misery stared into her face, and she was too proud to beg. One night the poor girl lost her senses. Possessed by the devil, she abandons herself to despair. She resolves to end her life. She locks her room and then she kindles a fire on which she heaps coals. After this she lay down on her bed awaiting death. At five o'clock the next morning—it was in July—one of her old friends from her native town, having just arrived at Paris, went straight from the depot to the home of the poor girl. She knocked at the door and received no answer. Impatient and astonished, because she had been told that her friend was at home, she looked into the key-hole and saw that the door was locked from the inside. A horrible sight appalled her. She called for help. The door was opened by force, and entering the room they saw on the bed what seemed a corpse. It happened that at this very moment, Doctor Recamier, a famous physician, entered the house in order to visit a sick person living there. He was requested to come into the room of the poor girl. The famous physician put his ear to the heart of the girl. It beat no more. The arm he held was cold and stiff. "She is dead," he says. Then he saw on the breast of the poor girl a Scapular. The pious physician said. "She cannot be dead, for she wears the Scapular." Then he commanded: "Take two hammers and knock incessantly all the members of the body, mostly the breast. After one hour knocking, the face of the physician brightened. He exclaimed: "Life returns. I knew well that Our Lady would not allow her to die thus." The poor girl was taken care of. She recovered and for a long time bemoaned her crime. She begged to be admitted as novice at the Little Sisters of the Poor. She was admitted and during many years she was a model to all the good members of this pious order. A few years ago she died as Mother Superior of one of the houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, always full of gratitude to the Scapular of Mount Carmel.

* * * * *

We read in the *Stimmen Von Berge*

Karmel, the following written by a priest. He says:

"I was called to the bedside of a woman, about thirty years old. She was unconscious and death was near. The physician declared the case as hopeless and I shared his opinion. I gave conditional absolution, administered Extreme Unction, then prayed with the persons present and after this I put on the sick woman a Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, meanwhile recommending the poor soul to the mercy of the Blessed Virgin. Having done this I went to my church to say Mass. Toward evening a messenger came and told me that the woman was conscious again. I went to her, heard her confession and gave her holy Communion. To-day she is recovering and pretty soon she will be able to leave her bed. This certainly was an act of grace of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

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The *Chroniques du Carmel*, of Brussels, received on the 2nd of February, 1896, the following communication from Ghent:

GHENT, February 2nd, 1896.

REVEREND FATHER,—Last summer two men from Meerendre (Flanders) were under a tree during a thunderstorm. One of the men wore a Scapular, the other, whose name was Louis Praet, had no Scapular. Lightning struck the tree under which the men stood. Praet was killed, while the other with the Scapular was not hurt.

* * * * *

Ferdinand Brande, a young student of law at the University of Louvain, was incurably sick from adiposity. On the 9th of February, 1896, the Sacraments for the dying were administered to the young man. Brande, who had great confidence in Our Lady, continually prayed to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. On the 25th of February a change for the better took place and after a couple of weeks the young believer was entirely cured. The physicians say that this recovery was impossible without divine intervention.

A Great Sinner Converted at the Hour of His Death.

A Carmelite, writes that a great sinner, who had not been to the Sacraments for twenty-two years, was on the point of death. The monk went to the dying man and tried to reconcile him with God. The patient said: "I do not wish to confess, leave me alone." Then the monk said, "You will at least not refuse the Scapular?" "I may accept this," was the sullen answer. The priest took a Scapular, blessed it and hung it round the neck of the patient. Some days later the man sent for the priest, received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction and died reconciled with his Maker. Thus was another soul saved by the Scapular.

* * * * *

The Reverend Father Materne writes from the island of Tahuata to the *Chroniques du Carmel*, of Brussels:

At the school of the Sisters of Atuona was a girl from our island, from the valley of Hapatoni. Once the girl amused herself with a playmate; both were on a tree. Both fell from the tree and the girl of which I spoke hurt her spine. Being afraid of a scolding, the girl did not tell the true cause of her pains. Finally it became necessary to send the girl back to her parents. The poor child had to suffer much. During five months she had to remain on her couch and was not even able to sit up. The only way to alleviate her pains was by rubbing her back. At last the little sufferer told one girl who had come to see her how she had fallen from the tree and that since that time her suffering began.

The week before Assumption I brought to the girl a Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and told her to pray to the Blessed Virgin. This the child promised.

On Assumption-day after Mass, a relative of the girl asked me whether I would not go to the girl. I thought the child was dying, but I was astonished to hear that she was cured and well again. I went to the house and there at threshold—smiling and happy—stood the little girl, strong and free from pain. Thanks to the Scapular of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

BETHLEHEM.

By Enfant De Marie.

Bethlehem ! the word grows old, and year by year its mysteries come to us with the freshness of Him who is "ever ancient and ever new." Still do the stars seem as if shining over the "midnight cave ; still are angelic songs echoing in many hearts, and we realise more vividly that the Babe is in the Host, as we hasten to adore Him. Religious Orders in general are full of devotion to the Holy Childhood, and one in particular moulds its interior life on its lessons. The Franciscans have ever emulated the spirit of their glorious Founder, St. Francis to whom we owe the representation so dear to Christian piety,—the Crib. He was the first to establish it in the village of Grecio, and it is related that the Divine Infant appeared during Midnight Mass, in the arms of His seraphic lover.

St. Clare also, "the little plant" of his second Order, was frequently favored with similar visions, especially at the time of receiving Holy Viatecum. St. Anthony, true disciple of St. Francis, enjoyed for many hours the caresses of the Holy Child, and many similar favors are recorded in the Franciscan and Dominican Annals, as well as in those of other Orders.

In Carmel especially this sweet devotion is ever bringing forth new flowers and fruit. How could it be otherwise ?

The Virgin—Mother and Holy Child are inseperable, and St. Joseph is ever watching over the joys and sorrows of Bethlehem. As Father Faber says: "The earthly shadow of the Eternal Father rests softly on the Child." A saintly religious of the Carmelite Order, Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, beautifully styled ; "A Gem From the Diamond Mine," and again "that tender and solitary flower who in times past bloomed 'neath the eye of God alone, in the holy shade of Carmel," gave a fresh impetus to this devotion in the 16th century.

Later still, a holy Carmelite, Sister Mary of St. Peter, excelled in this love, and left us many beautiful and touching devotions to the Sacred Infant. We will again glean a few sweet words from Father Faber's learned work.

"The Bethlehem of that night, of those forty days has never passed away. It lives a real, unbroken, unsuspended life, not in history or only, in art, or in poetry, or even in the energetic Gentile worship and fleshly hearts of the faithful, but in the worshipful reality of the Blessed Sacrament. Round the Tabernacle, which is our abiding Bethlehem, goes on the same world of beautiful devotion which surrounded the new-born Babe, out of real hearts, and realised by God's acceptance."

Let us then, like the Shepherds "go over to Bethlehem" to adore ;—to gaze in spirit on "the King in His beauty ;"—to make reparation for many who receive Him not ;—to lay all our hopes, and fears, our joys and sorrows at His feet ; to learn of Him to be "meek and humble of heart."

Let us pour forth strains of Christmas music, according as to the Holy Spirit touches now one, now another inward chord by His holy inspirations and, like the holy and devout author so frequently quoted, pray to Him simply and lovingly thus:

"Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love is thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this !
Teach, O teach us Holy Child
By Thy Face so meek and mild
Teach us to resemble Thee
In thy sweet humility."

—Faber.

THE FRIAR'S WEAPON.

A MEXICAN INCIDENT.

EVE fell as through the vale we passed,
The gorge of death was neared,
A lonely spot, the bandit's haunt,
A place men shunned and feared,
But upward from its sinuous depths
The road from main to main,
Led o'er the heights traversed of old
By warrior sons of Spain.

The tree-clad slopes, the lichened rocks,
The shadow darkened way,
The tales of murder freely told
Amid day's failing ray,
Forced from each timid heart the cry
"Art armed to meet the foe?"
Swift dirk and pistol's polished steel
Flashed in the lingering glow.

"All armed save one," lo! one alone
No gleaming weapon bore
An aged friar whose years of toil
Blessed the Pacific's shore.
"Unarmed?" "Ah, no! thrice armed am I,"
And drawing from his breast
Our Lady's Beads, its carven cross
With reverent lips he pressed,

Saying: "My children let us seek
Christ's Mother in our need,
Her Son will not refuse us aid
If she but intercede."
Then softly in the twilight hush
The Credo's accents grand,
Pater, Ave and Gloria thrilled
The lonely mountain land,

Till all the long dark roadway seemed
A dim cathedral aisle,
Where pleading strains sweet echoes waked
In the heaven builded pile.
The blessed influence of prayer
Upon each soul was shed,
And banished by Our Lady's power
Fear's lurking phantom fled.

—MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 680 Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Many of you no doubt are familiar with Longfellow's translation of St. Teresa's book-mark :

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee ;
All things are passing ;
God never changeth ;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things ;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting ;
Alone God sufficeth.

No better sermon could be preached to us at the end of the year than this. Did St. Teresa find it easy do you think to practice it all. Indeed no. She was a very human sort of woman as well as a great saint, and she had her own battles to fight just the same as you and I have. Very often we make the huge mistake of thinking that the saints found the service of God an easy matter. They, above all others walked the way of the cross, and realized as none others do, that, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent only bear it away."

The secret of the saints was that they had no will save the will of God. They lived in perfect peace, and contentment made their lives a paradise on earth.

What *is* contentment? It is making the best of things; it is Christian philosophy ; it is submission to the will of God. It is that which, in spite of the sorrows and trials that beset our way, fills our lives with beauty and grace. The older we grow the more we are convinced that a carping and fault-finding spirit is the bane of family life, and the cause of much of its unhappiness. "By the faults of others wise men learn to correct their own." The selfishness which leads one to find fault continually is a detestable thing, apart from the right or wrong of it, and an earnest endeavor to be unselfish would certainly lead, not alone to loveliness of character, but to holiness.

At the close of the year dear children we look back and see many, many causes of reproach and regret. I wish we could one and all of us say honestly, "At least I have not been selfish."

Thoughtfulness for others ; trying to make people comfortable, setting aside human respect—which is *always* selfishness—when there is question of doing a kindness ; these are the things which make one beloved of all, and, if elevated by the motive of the love of God will certainly win numberless graces. God had His purpose in placing each one of us in this world, and a very large part of His plan was that we help to make people happier. Kindness is a gospel which *can* be preached to every creature. Our Blessed Lord Himself, "went about doing good." Not alone did He *preach*, but He was kind to all whom He met. One cannot imagine our Blessed Lady as speaking unkindly even to the Jesus on the way to Cal-

vary. What a vastly different world this would be if *everyone* in it were kind. Now many things are hard to do, and require an effort which is sometimes beyond our strength.

What if we were to resolve to speak only kind words. At first it *would* be an effort to buttonhole the lips over the critical words which impulse fain would make us utter ; but by and by, we *would* master it and the effort would result in a grace of character which would make us saints without our knowing it. December brings us the thought of the sweetest feast of family life—Christmas and the dear Christ Child. Prepare for it dear children by being kind to the poor. Save a little for them before Christmas comes, and so merit for yourselves the caress of the Divine Infant when you kneel before His crib.

The arms which are not outstretched to the poor, *dare* not ask the Christ Child to come to their embrace. He loves the poor as His very own. Riches He would have none ; but poverty was His free choice. And yet people go mad over money, wear their lives out in persuit of it, hold fast to it through life and reluctlantly part with it in death. Few wills are made in which are remembered the poor of Christ. Well, the wisdom of the world is *not* that of which our Blessed Lord spoke in His sermon on the Mount. Blessed are the poor—not blessed are the rich. Think of this during the gay holiday season and be mindful of God's poor. Happy is the open hearted, generous hearted Christian. Death will not find him clutching the gold and silver of life, which whether he will or not he *must let go.*

Dec. 8, brings the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Let your Holy Communion on that sweet feast be one of thanksgiving for our Blessed Lady's glorious privilege. Sinless ! Is it any wonder she was so dear to God ! Let us pray to grow like her, dear children. Let us remember that an act of contrition is a greater power than a standing army, and so make many short and fervent ones every day of our lives to pay our great debt to the justice of God. But never make an act of contrition without finishing up with an act of love. Sorrow for sin? Yes—but much, very much more, *love* of God. So with the closing of the year let us thank God for the great joy and comfort of belonging to the holy Roman Catholic Church. *Why* we are so privileged we do not know ; that will be one of the glad surprises of eternity ; but as the years come and go we realize more and that no matter where we are, no matter how miserable, our greatest joy is, that we are children of God's one true Church. Hold fast to your faith dear children ; let all else go, but cling to your faith. With it you always possess the hope of heaven and its sweet peace, some day, even if it seem very far off now. So a happy holy Christmas to you one and all. May the day be full of joy for you and may your homes be radiant with happiness and peace on the birthday of the dear Christ Child. Peace is what He came to bring to the world. Ask Him to give it to you in its fulness and be always sure of the affection of your

Devoted friend,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

Enigma.

1. My *first* is in Persia,
But not in Shah ;
My *next* is in Hindoo,

But not in Ayah ;
My *third* is in China,
But not in Hongkong ;
My *fourth* is in Hamburg,
But not in Mont Blanc ;
My *fifth* is in Naples,
But not in the Bay ;
My *sixth* is in Asia,
But not in Malay ;
My *whole* is what most
People living desire,
But really what very
Few people acquire.

2. What is that which when a man has it he wishes to gain, and if he gain it he has it no longer?

Transposition.

1. N n g r i w b o—poet of 19th century.
2. N i o d s e—a scientist.
3. A e n t d s l o g—a statesman.
4. E l s a t y n—a traveler.
5. I i g v r n—an actor.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Where are the first geographical records?
2. Where was the first printing press in America set up?
3. Who was called Morning Star of English Literature?
4. Who is the "myriad minded poet?"
5. How long does it take to make the shortest route around the world?

MAXIMS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Let us all join the angels in singing, "Glory to God, peace on earth to men of good will!" There is no peace except to those of good will,—good will, the will united to God's will, will find peace surely and everywhere.—Mother Francis Raphael Drane.
2. Our wills of themselves are weak, but anchored in the will of God they are strong.—St. Catherine of Sienne.
3. A faithful life is a sure passport to a happy death.—Mother Drane.
4. God loves the praises of the lowly.—Fr. Faber.
5. How good is God; let us say it a thousand times a day.—M. Dupont, Holy Man of Tours.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN NOVEMBER.

Key to Geographical Nonsense.

1. May	15. Fish
2. White	16. Gt. Whale
3. Botany	17. Good Hope
4. Clear	18. Fairweather
5. Blue	19. Prince of Wales
6. Fear	20. Hope
7. Ann	21. Chesterfield
8. Pleasant	22. Icy
9. Rainy	23. Disappointment
10. Wetter	24. Ann
11. Wetter	25. Farewell
12. Deer	26. Detour
13. Bear	27. Sleeping Bear
14. Moose	28. Woods

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN NOVEMBER.

1. Salt.
2. 3000 pounds of pepper.
3. Skiddam, in Cumberland.
4. Farley-Cum-Pitton, 31½ miles from a railway.
5. Noah Webster.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

What the Leaves Said.

I won't steal Alice's stick of candy;
I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;
I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;
I won't lie in bed every day and be late;
I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;
I won't make fun behind anyone's back.
Rustle and turn them so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall go.
I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;
I won't put my toes through all my socks;

I won't be greedy at dinner table !
At least—I think I won't—if I'm able !
I will not pinch, nor poke, nor tease ;
I will not sputter, nor cough, nor sneeze.
I will not grumble, nor fret, nor scold,
And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.
Rustle and turn them, so and so !
The good shall come and the bad shall go.

What the Winds Say.

What does the south wind say
On a holiday?
It says, "Come out with me ;
I'll chase you 'round the tree,
And toss your pretty curl ;
Come out, my little girl !"

List what the west wind says
On the holiday—
It says, "My little man,
Just catch me if you can ;
I'll hide behind the tree,
As still as still can be !"

Can't you hear the north wind say
On a holiday—
"See the tall oak, as I come,
Toss its arms in jolly fun ;
And the brown leaves whisk in glee,
Scattering off right merrily?"

Often doth an east wind say
On a holiday,
"Stay indoors my child, and play,
For I send the rain to-day ;
Storm or sunshine all is well,
Everything God's love doth tell."

THE NOBLEMAN'S GIFT.

THERE was once a nobleman, who took great pleasure in making others happy. One day, while traveling in a distant part of the country, he perceived, in a field, four laborers, who were eating their noon-day meal under the shade of a tree.

"Let us approach these people," said he to his followers, "and ask them if they think themselves happy."

Three of the laborers replied that God had placed them in their present condition, and they were contented and happy, and wished for nothing more in this world. The fourth frankly avowed that he wished for one thing to complete his happiness—that was, for a certain inheritance which his father possessed.

"And if you had that inheritance," said the nobleman, "would you be happy?"

"As much as I could be in this world," replied the peasant.

"And the value of the inheritance?" asked the nobleman.

"Two thousand francs," was the response.

"You shall have it," said the nobleman, "for I shall be glad to make one man happy in my life."

The next day the nobleman said to his followers, "Let us return, and see how much happier the peasant is than before he received our gift."

But alas! the nobleman found that instead of increasing the peasant's happiness, he had only rendered him more miserable. Before he received the gift, he returned home, after a day of toil, to a night of rest, and having nothing to lose had feared no one ; now he was in constant dread of robbers, and had been unable to sleep during the whole night. Before, he had always lived peacefully with his family ; but now they were constantly wrangling as to how they should spend the money.

As to his three friends, who had been quite contented, they, too, had become unhappy and miserable because they had not asked for money, and they envied him his treasure so much that they had ceased to be his friends.

The peasant begged the nobleman to take back his gift, and leave him as happy as he had found him.

The nobleman turned to his followers, and said : "You now see how little this man knew as to what would make him happy ; let us learn from him to seek for true happiness—not in the increase of our worldly goods, but in contentment and resignation to the will of God."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We wish all our friends a blessed, happy and peaceful Christmas, followed by a New Year of real and lasting happiness.

Venite Adoremus !

Once more holy Church invites us to celebrate the Birthday of her Spouse and calls us together around the manger at Bethlehem. The way to the Crib is an immaculate one and that way is Mary. Therefore holy Church first calls us together under the mantle of the Immaculate Queen, that she purify and prepare us for the coming of the King. As the hallowed cords of the Scapular pass from the hand of Mother to hand of Son, the way to Jesus is thus pointed out to us. Mary's own sign—that of her confraternity—leads and draws to Jesus, and as a provident Mother she covers us with her double garment to hide our defects when we come to offer our gifts to the holy Infant. And pray what shall we offer ? Oh, let it be more faith, more hope and more love. Now that the Prince of Peace is announced let us purify our souls and dedicate, once more, our hearts to the Heart of Jesus through the immaculate Heart of Mary. Let all disunion cease. Let peace be declared between us and God —between man and man. Labor and pray that all may serve and adore one God in one faith. So with one heart and one mind let us start a new year in that one holy Name through which alone we can hope for salvation.

Greeting !

A peaceful and happy Christmas to all our dear readers ! The season's greeting is apt, we fear, to be become but a mere formality, but we mean and feel all that we say. THE CARMELITE REVIEW has now rounded out the first five years of its existence and, thanks to our friends, our expectations are all fully realized. Our little magazine now makes its monthly journey, not only into every State in the Union and Canada, but also has its readers in far-off India, beneath the Southern Cross, and even in the Yukon country. Simultaneous with a word of encouragement from some far-off Florida bay comes, as we write, a cheering letter from a devout client of our Lady hard by the Newfoundland banks. Thus the end of the century finds devotees of our Lady of Carmel in every direction. To everyone we send greeting, wishing them peace, and the continued protection of our dear Queen. May her holy Scapular strings, sweet yoke and happy bond, draw us more closely to her, may it bring others to her, and, finally, unite us all in the bonds of brotherly love.

Places of Peace and Piety.

As in the Old, so in the New World our blessed Lady of Carmel has her shrines on spots now historic. The Queen of Peace reigns over hearts in regions where man met his fellow man in mortal combat. Hence we see erected her temples near where Niagara thunders the requiem of many a combatant ; in the Alleghanies, hard by the spot where Braddock met defeat ; in Kansas renowned for its civil war ; and now comes the new Carmelite church to be erected at once on the banks of the famous Hudson. This site is historic ground, made notorious during the war of the revolution as the place where the British cavalry squadron encamped whilst waiting for Major

John Andre, the Adjutant General of the British army who was the medium of communication between the traitor Benedict Arnold and General Clinton, for the betrayal of the Continental posts at Verplanck's and West Point. Andre was captured by the patriots Paulding, Williams and Van Wart on the high road a few yards above the present site of the Carmelite church. The church site is about midway between the home and grave of Washington Irving, gentlest and sweetest of great American authors, who spent the happiest years of his life at ancient Sunnyside, the stone mansion which during two centuries has looked out upon the broad bay of the Hudson river, which at Tarrytown is called the Tappan Sea. In that delightful home, the sweet story of Rip Van Winkle was written, and there the veracious "History of New York by Knickerbocker" was composed with the use of old tales gleaned from the farmer folks about Sleepy Hollow, who in Irving's time loved to tell the story of the golden days of New Amsterdam, when doughty Peter Stuyvesant and Anthony the Trumpeter mustered the Hollanders against the English.

Unification.

No one disputes the antiquity of the Carmelites. They knelt at Mary's shrine before the Christian era. The Vine of Carmel planted deep on the holy mount by our Founder and Prophet St. Elias, notwithstanding storms and whirlwinds in the shape of persecution, has never shown decay while spreading its branches to the bounds of the earth, and has brought forth fruit in abundance. Through all the centuries the successors of St. Peter have given their loving and paternal care to the order of Carmel. The vine has at times gone through much pruning, grafting and nourishing by the Vicar of the divine Husbandman, and it is not surprising that in these closing days of the century when the head of Christ's army on earth gathers and strengthens his forces for renewed battle against the combined forces of the world, flesh and devil, the Orders—the old and reliable phalanx of holy Church should renew their strength. The Holy Father has lately unified the Franciscan Friars and now in turn he has charged Cardinal Gotti to form a commission to consider the best methods adapted to bring about a unification of the Order of Carmel, and to-day a way is being prepared to effect a reunion of all its branches. Happy results are more abundant where unity and harmony are closely linked, for says St. Thomas "virtue is stronger the more united it is, and it is enfeebled by separation." St. Teresa also prayed that her spiritual children should ever remain together in peace and unity. Speaking of the causes of disunion we may apply to all orders what the Holy Father says of the order of St. Francis, namely a destruction force from without. "We speak" says Pope Leo XII "of the storms which assail the Church and have tried her for more than a century and which have, of course, dashed against her auxiliaries, the religious orders despoiling and banishing them. Is there a part of Europe which has not seen the members of these associations despoiled, banished, exiled, treated as enemies? That they have not been utterly destroyed is a most notable phenomenon and one that can be attributed only to Divine grace. But these joint causes have wreaked on the religious orders damages that are certainly visible; unity has been fatally

weakened and discipline relaxed, just as vitality diminishes in a sick body. Hence the necessity of a restoration."

Ending an Epoch.

The closing of another year of grace reminds us of the near approach of the Twentieth and close of the Nineteenth Century. From now till the end of 1899 the Holy Father invites us to say daily, "Most merciful God, grant through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin that by the tears of our penitence we may expiate the guilt of this expiring century and so prepare for the opening of the coming century, that it may be entirely consecrated to the glory of Thy name and the reign of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Whom may all nations obey in one faith and in perfect charity. Amen."

This short prayer outlines the spirit that should animate us, during these days. One of the greatest events of this centuries—ecclesiastically speaking, was the defining of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and rightly, therefore, do we crave divine mercy through the Immaculate Virgin. Well may we boast of the world's progress humanly speaking, but our proud heads should droop when we think of the great guilt to be espiated. The powers of hell were let loose at the end of the 18th, and the diabolical cohorts are not idle at the close of the 19th century. Persevering and united prayer, as in the endless rosary chain recommended by the great end-of-the century Pope, is the bulwark against satan and his satelites whose shiboleth is—divorce, disunion and dismemberment. On the contrary, the Church who is one, tries to bring men together into one fold, one family and one brotherhood, so that in fine, all may be united to the one God. We have seen the Pope's efforts to unite our separated brethren, and latterly we see the great Pontiff strengthening the pillars themselves by riveting the bonds of fraternal union in the religious Orders. Let us unite our prayers with Peter and invoke Mary Immaculate that she crush once and forever the serpent's head and destroy all heresies. Let us also join with the many pious souls who today are praying under the invocation of "Our Lady of Ransom" for the conversion of the English speaking races. *E pluribus unum* we are proud of as a national motto—God hasten the day when we can use it in a religious way. The spirit of the celebrations held at the end of the century means really that occasion be taken at every change of epoch to drawn nearer to God. Every division of duration, beginning or ending, marks a stage in our journey and thereby warns us to think of the end—God. Let us, so to speak, enlarge these feelings; make them more vivid, more solemn, deeper, and we shall have those dispositions of soul which prevailed in the ages of faith, when the night of one century and the dawn of another was at hand. In passing let us say that the "Anno Domini"—year of our Lord—and divisions of time according to Christian eras has been given to us by Denis, a Scythian, an "ignorant" monk whom an "enlightened" age has been bound to follow. In saying farewell to 1897 it may be well to ponder well a remark of the editor of the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* who says that "The want of the hour is a union of all Catholics in this country who in life and thought and speech and act will identify themselves with the Church and her glorious work for

Christian civilization. The priest should not be left alone to carry unaided the cross which ought to be the common burden of us all."

Priests in the Philippines.

The reverend editor of the *Rosary Magazine* lays bare the truth when he says:

"The bigots and jingoes are still howling for war with Spain. Of course, intelligent persons know that political purposes are masked behind this pretended military bluster, but the exhibition is humiliating and degrading, as a proof of the unprincipled methods of American spoils politicians misnamed "statesmen." There is also a deep-lying spirit of bigotory against Catholic Spain, which hesitates at no calumny or misrepresentation in its vile efforts to arouse animosity and hatred. In the October number of *The Cosmopolitan*, two unknown contributors attempt a description of Spanish rule in the Philippines. The paper is a tissue of passing observations, such as any travelling school-girl might make. Carefully we read the article in the hope of finding any references that could justify the sweeping denunciations of Spanish rule, but we were disappointed. The authors' conclusion that the "ecclesiastical and secular authorities in the Philippine Islands are a blight and a curse" unsustained by an iota of fact as to the Church, is a villainous slander. Of such, chiefly, is the "stock-in-trade" abuse of Spain in regard to her Cuban and Philippine possessions." And let us add to the glory of the sons of St. Dominic that since 1588 the Dominican Order has lost 2,400 members who have given their lives to spread the religion of Christ and to civilize and educate the natives of the East. These are the men whom the revolutionists tell the Spanish authorities must be banished from the Islands, if they wish the rebellion to end; that is what they are fighting for; they have no other real grievance, and their true character was manifested in the beginning by the murder of priests and religious.

Rule and Reason.

In its long and interesting sketch of the Boston Carmel the *Pilot* probably opened the eyes of New Englanders and others who enjoy a hearty Thanksgiving dinner by telling them that the "Carmelites keep perpetual abstinence and fasting during the greater part of the year; and their fast is not the very mild fast of the ordinary faithful, but the rigorous "black fast" which our sturdier forefathers knew and practised." But "although penance, silence, and solitude are so large a part of the spirit and life of Carmel," says the *Pilot* "it must not be supposed that there is no mercy on poor human nature. The monastery has its recreation room, and for an hour in the afternoon, and an hour in the evening, except during the most penitential days of the Christian year, the nuns assemble for conversation; "and a merrier crowd you never saw," said a Carmelite to the writer. And, indeed, if to put out of life those objects of heart or brain desire which, in the happiest lot, bring at least as much pain as pleasure, and if to seek happiness from Him who alone can guarantee it perfect and everlasting, be cause for joy—and a Christion cannot doubt it—then indeed, may the Carmelites laugh with light hearts."

How to Assist at Low Mass.

"According to the rubrics of the missal, all assisting at Low Mass

should kneel during the whole service, except at the Gospel. Custom, however, has modified the law."

So runs an item in one of our exchanges, following which the writer points out the parts of a Low Mass during which it is customary to sit. Speaking of *custom* modifying the law—would not *abusing* the law fit more pat? There are circumstances and times which make it necessary to take an easy position during Mass. Some sick and weak persons must and should sit. But any person in ordinary health ought to be able to keep his knees fixed to terra firma for at least twenty-five or thirty minutes. Acrobats assume and keep grotesque and painful position for a long time in order to amuse to the crowd which pays to see them, but we, alas! are so lacking in spiritual mortification that we dread to edify our fellow worshippers by assuming a reverential and penitential posture. Let us also bear in mind that, after all, church pews, like the organ-loft, are only tolerated by holy Church as necessary evils. As a last word, let us say that it gives faith, piety and good manners an awful shock to see persons racing from Church before the priest has left the sanctuary.

Monastic Monuments.

Periodically someone has to rise up in defense of religious, and put sense into the heads of some ephemeral ignoramus who starts out under a flaming "scarehead" to tell the world what he knows about the "Lazy Monks." Our bright contemporary the *Sacred Heart Review* lately commenting on this stale calumny about the monks says that the "writer must be little versed in history who accuses the dwellers in monastic establishments of indolence. They had little time to be idle, judging by their works, which were stupendous monuments to their industry and zeal. Who restored the lands that had been ravaged by barbarous hordes, bent only on plunder and slaughter, but these same monks; who made the wilderness to blossom like the rose, but the pious inmates of the monasteries; who found time from their religious exercises to set an example to their neighbors in thrift and the patient labor which accomplishes so much for the material benefit of man and the improvement of society? No wonder that the abbeys were the centres, as it were, of a nest of thriving towns and villages, for the good priests and Brothers encouraged all worthy efforts of mankind to lift itself above the condition of the brute. And how they cultivated and nursed the divine flame of learning, so that the humblest might gain in knowledge as they gained in virtue! It was the monks who preserved the literature, both religious and profane, that accumulated before their time, and copied it with artistic toil for the use of future generations. Many valuable historical records would have been lost but for the wearers of the cowl, who went about their work so quietly that the loud, bombastic, scholastic pretenders after the Reformation could not understand the self-abnegation of the monks, who sought no wordly honor, but only the permanent advance of their fellowmen in all that would contribute to their enlightenment. These holy laborers knew that all true wisdom and knowledge came from God, and that in giving it to the world they were only obeying His heavenly will. Therefore, they toiled silently, feeling that the seed they sowed so abundantly would produce good fruit in the future. "Lazy monks!" If it were not for them and the Church of which they were offsprings, we would, probably, have no civilization worthy of the name. Semi-barbarism would have ruled the world as it rules Turkey in our own day and generation."

PUBLICATIONS.

Free copy to all who send us five new subscribers.

A pretty and edifying little book, entitled "*Prince Arumugam : the Steadfast Indian Convert*," comes to our desk from the Herder publishing house (17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.) There is no time lost in reading such books. When we turn the last page we feel our own faith and devotion grow stronger and reproach ourselves at not doing more for holy religion. Forty-five cents will be well spent if you write for "*Prince Arumugam.*"

There are plenty well-meaning converts with only one foot in the church, who would with one sweep brush away all doubts and intellectual cob-webs, had they at hand such an excellent work as "*The Book of Book's*" just put on sale at a very low price, by the author, Rev. J. W. Book, R.D., of Cannelton, Indiana. Such books are a necessity these days. Father Book's book should have a large sale.

We would call Mr. Stoddard's new work on "*The Wonder-Worker of Padua,*" a book for Christmas. We all know St. Anthony by the picture in which he is shown holding the Holy Infant, and it inspires thoughts of the Crib. Again, the little work before us is both cheap and attractive. It is also neat and tasty, like everything from the presses of "*The Ave Maria.*" Such a book would be a more acceptable holiday gift than many other costly and useless presents. Many of our pious correspondents attach a "S.A.G." to their envelopes, and for them it will be interesting to read what the author has to say about it. Charles Warren Stoddard never wrote anything that was not interesting. In this last work he aims to arouse devotion in the hearts of his readers. He practices what he preaches. Send fifty cents with your order to the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The "*Chroniques Du Carmel*" for November, has an excellent picture of the International College of the Carmelites in Rome.

"*The Catholic Almanac for Ontario*" for 1898, is out, and ready for circulation among its admirers.

The apparatus and methods used in the production of animated photographs, in the cinematograph, biograph, etc., are fully described and pictured by J. Miller Barr, in Appleton's "*Popular Science Monthly*" for December.

"*The Young Eagle,*"—noble bird—fair and young as the ones who set him loose—has again perched on our desk. Birds of his kind, to judge from himself, soar high in literary circles, and his associates are the best. He has good taste, if we judge by what is served up for those who read him, and, moreover, his typographical plumage is as clean-cut and trim as his brother in white metal, who nests in purses, and is worth more than 16 to 1 per annum. May the highest peak remain his resting-place. Excelsior!

Messrs. Wiltzius & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., will have their directory and clergy list for 1898, out on time. Accuracy and promptness are the motto of this firm. Write them for list of things needed by all devout Catholics. A postal card brings you an early reply.

There is no more interesting or intelligent "Letter from the South" than the one appearing in the bright, "*Catholic Columbian,*" of Columbus, O. The Columbian is a paper to read. Clean and crisp, it catches the reader's attention.

The Owl came last month, as usual, brim full of wisdom. A thoughtful writer of '99 treats the "*Abuse of the Novel*" in a way that would do justice to older heads.

It is a pleasure to read that the Holy Angels' Academy, of Buffalo, has received a regent's charter. This institution keeps pace with the progress of Greater Buffalo, and appeals to a wide circle of patrons.

OBITUARY.

Very Rev. Dr. Bennett, O.C.C., a saintly and venerable Father of the Carmelite Order, died on the 2d of November, at the Carmelite College, Terenure, having arrived at the patriarchal age of 94 years. He was born in 1803 in Arles, Queen's County. He entered religion in 1834 in the Carmelite Convent, Dublin, and having spent the usual time in the Novitiate, he passed as a theological student into the University of Louvain. Endowed with great talents, he went through a most distinguished course, and obtained the degree of D.D. He returned to Ireland and labored as a zealous Carmelite amongst the faithful, working incessantly for the glory of God and of the Mother of Carmel. Archbishop Murray, who had ordained him priest, requested him to join the celebrated Father Hand, Dr. Colgan, O.C.C., and Dr. Woodlock, late Bishop of Ardagh, his bosom friend, in founding the great Missionary College of All Hallows. It was his great ambition in his Order, as well in All Hallow's College, to prepare priests for the missions. He was appointed to the Chair of Dogmatic Theology. Numerous bishops and priests passed through his class, and, in foreign countries, as well as at home, some of the most distinguished bishops and priests of the present time remember with gratitude the zeal and learning, as well as the amiability of Dr. Bennett. When Dr. Woodlock, the President of All Hallows' College, was in 1861 named Rector of the Catholic University, Dr. Bennett was appointed President of that Missionary College, whose bishops and priests are to be found throughout the world. He was a man of superhuman strength. Whilst acting as Provincial from 1852 to 1863 he was also acting as President of All Hallows' College, in which office he had to hold constant communication with the bishops of all nations who sought priests for missionary work. R. I. P.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Sister M. Sylvester Dougherty, of the Order of Mercy, who died at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, October 26.

IN MEMORIAM.

VERY REV. JOHN HALL, O.C.C.,

Who Died Sept. 28th, 1897.

R. I. P.

Rose wreaths for thy memory, O my Father!
Sparkling with our tears, as dewdrops bright;
Sunbeams lighting up o'ershadowed Carmel
Like fair gleamings from the land of light.

Mystic melodies, with touching sweetness,
(Thy dear words we never more shall hear;)
Murmur in this lonely autumn evening,
Low and plaintive to the spirit ear.

Breathing of the gentle Heart of Jesus,
Redolent with Mary's tender love;
Soothing every fear, and pain and sadness
With the hope of rest and peace above.

Many hearts are mourning, O my Father!
But for *thee*, all sorrow now is past;
Thou hast scaled the mystic heights of Carmel,
And the glorious vision shines at last!

Priest forever! gentle, loving Father!
We are standing on the exile shore,
And our wistful eyes to thee uplifted;
Bless, and help, and calm our souls once more.

Bright and glorious is this restful evening,—
Mary's Dolor month has passed away;
Now will twine for thee her fragrant chaplets,
With life's grateful fervor, day by day.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry from: Camden E., Ont.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Augustine, Ont.; Fortune Harbor, Nfld.; Quebec, Que.; Galt, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Buffalo, N.Y., Convent of Good Shepherd; St. Patrick's, St. John's, Nfld.; Falls View, Ont.; Niagara, Ont.; Slatersville, R.I.; Galt, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, Ont.; Church of Star of the Sea, Canso, N.S.

Names received at St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: New Haven, Ky.; St. Mary's, Oregon, Ill.; Koellstown, Mo.; Gonzaga College, Washington, D.C.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Augustine's Church, Lebanon, Ky., and Chester, Ill.

We hope you will be generous and soon pay up arrears.